# SEEING RUSSIA

E·M·NEWMAN

ATLANTIC OCEAN
ARCTIC OCEAN
Kara Sea
Kara Bay
Kara Strait
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
VAIGACH I.
Yugor Strait
DOLGOI I.
Yaimal or Samoyedes Peninsula
Gulf of Ob
Egorkaya
Kara
Obdorsk Mts.
Obdorsk
Tundras
SAMOYED
WEST SIBERIA
(ASIA)
Ob
Beresov
Hammerfest
North Cape
Tromsö
Vardö
Vadsö
NORWAY
Bosekop
Karasjoko
Lake Enare
Tana Elv
Pasvig Elv
Petchenga
Vaidaguba
Alexandrovsk
Murmansk
Kola
Murman Coast
Cape Kanin
KOLGUEV I.
Russian C.
Kanin Pen.
Cheskaia Bay
Pustozersk
Timan Mts.
Usa
Ust Usa
Koshva
Pechora
Izhma
Sailia Mt.
Mt. Toll-pos-Iz 5433
Obdorsk
Narvik
Kiölen Mts.
Torne
Gällivare
Lulea
Rovaniemi
Tornio
Kemi
Haparanda
SWEDEN
FINLAND
Gulf of Bothnia
Uleaborg
Kandalaksha
Kola Peninsula
Kandalaksha Bay
Gulf of Mezen
ARCTIC CIRCLE
Semzha
Mezen
Ust Tsylma
Tsylma
Mezen
Izhma
White Sea
SOVETSKII I.
Topo L.
Kutno L.
Kem
Dvina Bay
Archangel
Kuloiskoe
Onega Bay
Onega
Pinega
Kholmogory
Vashka
Pinega
Dvina
Mountains
Ural
Ust Unya
Wyg L.
Sego L.
Povienets
Kajana
Turmes
Vasa
Nikolaistad
Tammerfors
Kuopio
Joensuu
Orivesi L.
St. Michel
Savimaa L.
Petrozavodsk
Kexholm
Lake Onega
Pudozh
Shenkursk
Kargopol
L. Lucha
Ust-Sysolsk
Catherine Canal
Cherdyn
Mt. Denezhkin
Petropavlovsk
Mt. Konzhakovskii 5135
Tavda
Vychegda
Griva
Abo
Helsingfors
Viborg
Olonets
Lake Ladoga
Vytegra
Velsk
Veliki Ustyug
Kotlas
Vyatka
Kotka
Sveaborg
Gulf of Finland
Port Baltic
Tallin (Reval)
Kronstadt
Peterhof
Neva
Ladoga
Kimlov
Totma
Sukhona
Nikolskii
Dejuchin
Bogoslovsk
Alapaevsk
Verkhoturi
Tura
Kai
Leningrad (Petrograd)
Bielozersk
Volgoda
Chigarskoi
Slobodskoi
Obvinsk
Chusovskaya
Nizni Tagilsk
Irbit
Kamishlov
Narva
Detskoe Selo
Luga
Ustizhna
Soligalich
Galich
Chalturin
Glazov
Viatka
Perm
Dorpat
Peipus L.
Novgorod
Borovichi
Volkhov
Mesta
Bui
Nolinsk
Kungur
Krasno Ufimsk
Sverdlovsk
Shadrinsk
ESTONIA
Gulf of Riga
Windau
Staraia Russa
L. Ilmen
Rybinsk
Kostroma
Vetluga
Urzhum
Yaransk
Krasnokokshaisk
Izhevskii
Sarapul
Malmysh
Kama
Viatka
Ufa
Kineshma
Unzha
Volga
Yaroslavl
Vyshnii Volochok
Valdai Hills
Ostashkov
Torzhok
Tver
Ivanovo Voznesensk
Cheboksari
Kazan
Menzelinsk
Birsk
Belaya
Tuyapa Mt.
Zlatoust
Mt. Kamel 5248
Chelyabinsk
Troisk
LATVIA
Riga
Mitau
Reshitza
Pskov
Kholm
Ostrof
Dvina
Dvinsk
Shavli
LITHUANIA
Kovno
Niemen
Dissna
Polotsk
Belyi
Smolensk
Vitebsk
Vilna
Suwalki
Grodno
Minsk
Dniepr
Elnya
Kaluga
Tula
Moscow
Vladimir
Kovrov
Oka
Nizhni Novgorod
Murom
Arsamas
Serpukhov
Kolomna
Ryazan
Saransk
Buinsk
Spassk
Chistopol
Bugulma
Mt. Yaman-Tau 5400
Sterlitamak
Buguruslan
Orenburg
Kaniuralsk
RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATED SOVIET REPUBLIC
ESTONIA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
ALAND Is.
DAGO
ÖSEL
20°
30°
40°
50°
60°
70°
60

## Provinces in The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic and The Ukraine

1. Odessa
2. Nikolaev
3. Zaporozhe
4. Artemovsk
5. Dnepropetrovsk
6. Kremenchug
7. Kiev
8. Kamenets
9. Jitomir
10. Chernigov
11. Poltava
12. Krakov
13. Kursk
14. Orlov
15. Briansk
16. Tula
17. Rianzan
18. Tambov
19. Voronezh
20. Stalingrad
21. Astrakhan
22. Akmolin
23. Samara
24. Ulianovsk
25. Viatka
26. Nizhni-Novgorod
27. Penza
28. Saratov
29. Kostroma
30. Archangel
31. Murmansk
32. Vologda
33. Olonetz
34. Cherepovetz
35. Leningrad
36. Novgorod
37. Pskov
38. Smolensk
39. Kaluga
40. Tver
41. Moscow
42. Vladimir
43. Ivanovo-Voznesensk
44. Yaroslav
45. Rybinsk
46. North Dvina
47. Orenburg

Charlotte Smith

CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW

Built by Ivan the Terrible, who is said to have blinded the architect so that he could never duplicate its domes

NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS

# SEEING RUSSIA

*By*

E. M. NEWMAN
Author of "Seeing Italy"

OVER 300 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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# INTRODUCTION

I DID not go to Russia to solve any problems, nor did I go to commend or condemn what the Soviet Government has done. I went to study and observe the human side of conditions under Soviet rule.

Having been there in Czarist days, I was able to contrast living conditions of the earlier time with those of to-day. Naturally, the political changes have brought about conditions that are a paradox. These I have endeavored to bring back in picture and story.

In presenting the first uncensored photographs of Russia as I found it, I have tried to maintain a neutral attitude, preferring to present the facts and thus permitting readers to form their own opinions and make their own deductions.

With such conflicting reports as have come out of Soviet Russia in recent years, it was essential that I should not permit myself to be swayed by those who accept or decline to accept Soviet doctrines; and with this constantly in mind, I took my photographs and made my observations without regard to the favor or disfavor of the present régime.

There is no attempt, in this volume, to gloss over or to exaggerate conditions. It was my desire to have my camera at hand at all times to provide unimpeachable evidence of what I saw, thus making comment from me merely an explanation of what the eye of the camera reveals.

Eventually, when the full story of a great human experi-

ment shall have been written, I hope that this prelude will prove an accurate presentation of the first act in a wonderful drama that involves a considerable portion of the human race.

E. M. NEWMAN.

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# I CROSSING THE BORDER

THE KREMLIN SEEN ACROSS THE MOSKVA RIVER

Both a fortress and a city in itself, the Kremlin of Moscow is an epitome of Russia's tragic history

# SEEING RUSSIA

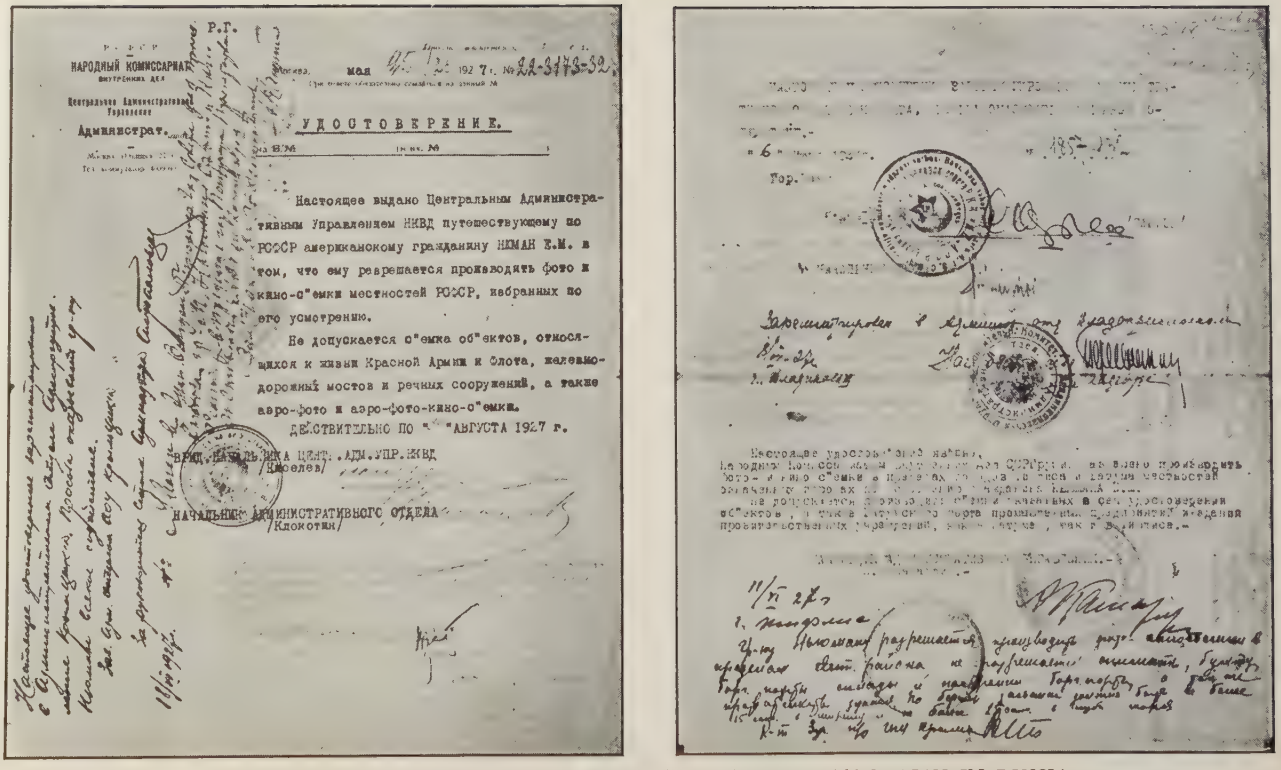
## I

## CROSSING THE BORDER

TWO years of hard work were required before I finally received permission to enter Soviet Russia with my cameras. Every one said it could not be done. When I am told that a thing can not be done, the desire to accomplish the seemingly impossible becomes an ambition. Leaving no stone unturned, I did not rest until I obtained my visé and credentials, which insured my entrance with cameras and photographic material. But this, I later discovered, was only the beginning of my troubles.

When the Soviet Government finally consented to visé my passport, the various officials knew that I was not a Communist, but belonged to what they call the useless or capitalistic class. Nevertheless, they had given me many assurances that I would be welcome; I had received invitations that might well be considered cordial. I had been assured that I would receive official aid in making observations. But this was exactly what I did not want, and I said so, which naturally resulted in many delays, followed by other invitations, politely extended, yet promptly withdrawn or circumvented when I made my position plain.

What I wanted was the privilege of going where I pleased without official suggestion, photographing what I pleased



НАРОДНЫЙ КОМИССАРИАТ
внутренних дел
Центральное Административное Управление

Администрат.

Р.Г.

Москва. мая 192 7 г. №22-3173-32

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НАЧАЛЬНИК АДМИНИСТРАТИВНОГО ОТДЕЛА
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MR. NEWMAN'S OFFICIAL O.G.P.U. PERMIT TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IN RUSSIA

Each round stamp indicates a release from arrest, and the written addenda are instructions to local police to let the bearer go unmolested

PEASANT LIFE IN THE HEART OF RUSSIA
A buffalo cart in Petrovsk

and as I pleased—with the exception of anything of a military nature—and then, most important of all, absolute assurance that I would be permitted to pass from Russian territory with the pictures uncensored. And all this I finally obtained; but the path to success, as will be seen, was everywhere beset with enough thorns to satisfy the most ambitious traveler.

My demands in the matter caused innumerable discussions; but finally I received word that the Soviet Ambassador at Paris would grant the required "conditions" of my visit. He did so, and, fortified by his assurances, I arrived at Moscow. One of the first things I did there was to hurry to the Foreign Office and present my credentials, which gave me the right to photograph at will. To my consternation, I was informed that no individual could give me such authority

—that the sole right to take pictures rested with the O. G. P. U., the secret police, successors to the celebrated *Cheka;* without their consent I could not take a single snap-shot. "Doubtless your permissions were granted with all sincerity," they told me; "however, all photography is rigidly forbidden, and as yet there has been no exception to the rule."

This was not only disappointing, it was disconcerting. Apparently I had traveled all the way to Moscow to no purpose. Driven almost to desperation, I fairly haunted the Foreign Office, but to no avail. I had traveled many days and made plans for the summer in Russia, to be followed in the autumn and winter by a series of lectures in America, with Russia as my topic. Now all these arrangements seemed to be lightly brushed aside by the Government, which merely

CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, LENINGRAD
Built on the spot where Czar Alexander II, emancipator of the serfs, was assassinated in 1881

A BUSY MORNING AT A MOSCOW MARKET

commented that one of its accredited officials had exceeded his authority.

I told the Moscow officials that I would go in person to the O. G. P. U., explain the circumstances, and make the request. They explained that this would be impossible, and further inquiry revealed the fact that the secret police force of the Soviet Government is so secret that one department does not know the personnel of another department. One member of the police is not supposed to know any of the other members, so that they are left unhampered and may spy upon one another as well as upon civilians.

After ten days of insistence on the fulfilment of my agreement with the Government, the tide turned in my favor. The necessary documents were obtained largely through the efforts of Madame Kamineff, head of the bureau for Cultural

A FAIR GARDENER
In the Rosenwald Colony, in the Crimea

Relations with Foreign Countries. She demanded that the Government keep faith with me and grant permission to travel and take such photographs as I wanted. It was the first time that such privileges had been granted to a foreigner, and I proceeded joyfully on my way.

That seemed like the end of my troubles, but it was far from it. When I set up my camera in the Red Square I was arrested. Showing my credentials was useless. I was informed that the Kremlin was a fortress, and photography in its vicinity was forbidden. Another appeal to the military authorities, and after a long argument their consent was obtained. Russia to-day is bureaucratic. There are innumerable bureaus, and each exercises sole supervision over everything pertaining to that particular office. I had to tramp from one bureau to another for special permission. At each I was told that such a thing had never been done before, and they would have to investigate. It was a new problem, and needed thought, so I was the victim of one delay after another.

When I eventually started down the river Volga on a ten-thousand-mile trip through many of the autonomous republics that make up the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics), I soon discovered that local Commissars either

ignored or denied authority from Moscow. Armed with credentials which I thought could not be questioned, I was nevertheless arrested so many times that a police station became as familiar as home to me. It was not an inclination to be mean, but a state of mind that prompted the actions of the officials. Fear, hysteria, grips all Russia. The sight of a camera was so rare that when the police saw my huge stand camera they became panic-stricken and at times came rushing toward me, bayonet in hand, as if to run me through, but in reality so frightened themselves that they did not realize what they were doing.

Showing my credentials from the secret police calmed their fears, but did not allay their suspicions. "Come and tell it to the Commissar" was their invariable answer to my assurance that I was within my rights. Not until their superior officers had passed on the genuineness of my permit did the local police breathe freely. And this state of hysteria is not confined to the police, but extends to all officials. The alarming thought that they would be punished if they permitted me to take a picture when they could prevent it, was sufficient to move them to threats, which finally almost reduced me to a nervous wreck. Commissars

BELLES OF TIFLIS
Pausing to look at the camera man

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE CRIMEA HAVE A RARE BEAUTY UNDER MILD SUMMER SKIES

assert that Russia is still in a state of revolution—that photography which may be used as hostile propaganda is not permitted—and they are reluctant to take any chances.

When, after three months of hard work in the interior, I returned to Moscow with all the photographs I had made, my first thought was to have them sealed and stamped by the censor bureau, so that I could take them out of the country. Notwithstanding a signed agreement that they were not to be censored, however, the officials insisted on going through my negatives—for the purpose, as they claimed, of seeing what I had taken. I maintained that this was censorship and a violation of our agreement. They argued that they had a right to examine my pictures, and that such action on their part did not constitute censorship.

We finally called in Madame Kamineff, and again she sided with me, so the head of the censor bureau asked, as a compromise, whether I would not permit him to see the photographs I had taken in his home town. This was quite a comedown from his original attitude, and it convinced me that if the traveler is persistent, he can get what he wants even in Soviet Russia. Needless to say, I drew from my negatives a collection I had taken in the town which he called home, and was rewarded by his statement that he had never before appreciated the beauty of his birthplace.

From the time I entered Russia until I left the country, I had to fight for my pictures. It was a constant argument with officials, from minor functionaries to the heads of the Government, and including members of the censorship bureau, who had never before permitted such pictures as mine to pass. Yet these pictures actually got through uncensored. Newspaper men and others have asked me how I did it. I attribute my success to the fact that as a public man I have never interfered or mixed in politics or religion. Perhaps for that reason the Soviet Government trusted me. It is possible, also, that my persistence had something to do with my success. I clung tenaciously to my ambition to win out where others had failed, and perhaps the Soviet officials finally gave in rather than

KALMUK YOUTHS ON A VOLGA STEAMER

have me on their hands any longer. In any event I may say, with all the modesty of Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

My other experiences in entering Russia are best told by beginning with my departure from Paris. The shortest and best routes to Moscow are via Paris or Berlin. A sleeping-car leaves Paris daily directly for the Russian boundary, where every one must change cars, because the gage of the Soviet railways is wider than that of any other country on the Continent. The journey from Paris to Moscow takes a little more than three days, and from Berlin about a day less. Passing through Germany and Poland, I reached the Russian border at about eleven o'clock at night. The Russian train awaited the arrival of the express from Paris. Entering a sleeping-car which had formerly belonged to the Wagons-Lits Company, and which had been "nationalized" or con-

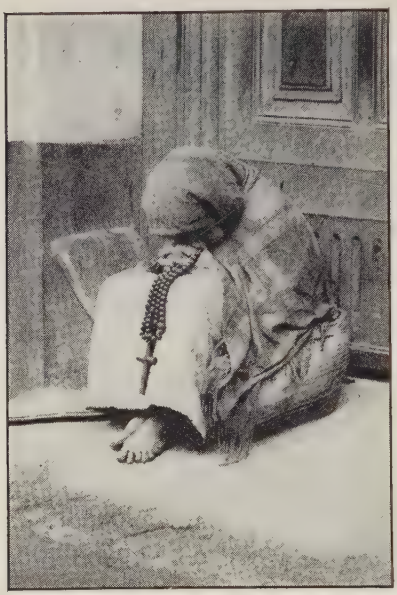
RUSSIAN TYPES AND COSTUMES

The couple on the right are peasants in full dress. (Ethnographical Museum, Leningrad)

A PEASANT WOMAN IN HER HOME
Ethnographical Museum, Leningrad

fiscated, I found it more comfortable than most sleeping-cars, because it was larger and wider.

We had gone but a short distance when the train came to a stop and some Red soldiers stepped on board. An officer approached and courteously asked for my passport, which he took, informing me that it would be returned to me later. I think we had traveled about ten miles farther when the train again stopped, and all the passengers were told to get out. Alighting, I found myself at a customs shed. The examination of baggage is rigid, including manuscripts, newspapers and books. Only a limited amount of personal wearing apparel may be brought into the country. Most of the absolutely necessary belongings thus allowed to enter are enumerated in the customs regulations.



BEGGING FOR A FEW KOPEKS TO KEEP HER ALIVE

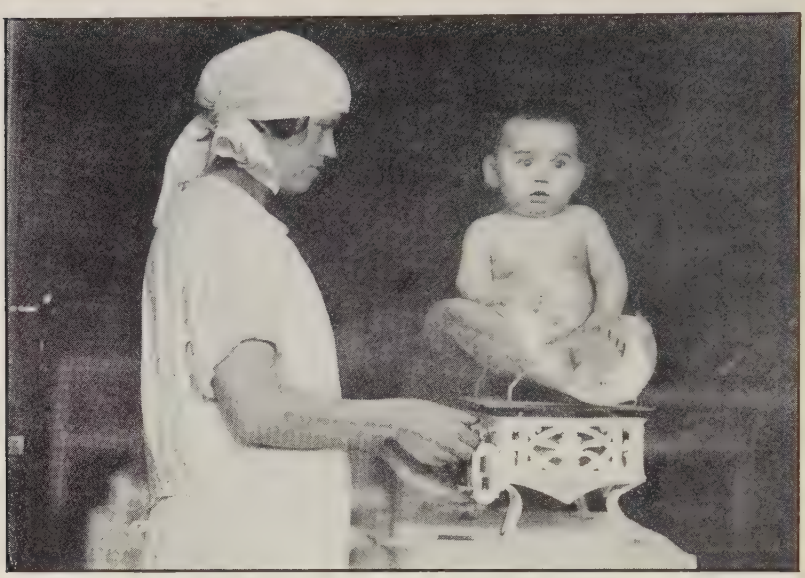
Foreigners crossing the border, for instance, may bring in one fur article, one cake of soap, one-fourth pound of tobacco, and two pairs of galoshes. Printed matter of every kind is subject to the closest scrutiny, and as a rule is not admitted, altho, when such things as books and magazines are confiscated, the traveler's address is recorded and he is told that if the articles are found "desirable" they will be forwarded to him. The Soviet has a monopoly on all printed matter that is allowed to circulate freely in the country. It is true that certain books are in circulation which were strictly prohibited in Czarist times; but it is equally true that publications which would have been tolerated or approved by imperial authorities are forbidden within Russian boundaries under Soviet rule. Censorship in literature seems to be about as strict to-day as it ever was; Russia has always regulated the reading matter of its people.

These restrictions upon imports result in amusing scenes at the border custom houses. Travelers who enter Russia should be sufficiently informed to know that what is passed in other places can not enter the U. S. S. R. But they are not. There were two enterprising American salesmen on the train the day I crossed, each eager to "develop the Russian market."

Samples of various lotions and toilet preparations were found in their luggage. After the first tiny bottle had been measured and its contents (merely eau de cologne) had been weighed, they were told that the duty on this single item would be $87.50 in American money. In effect, the salesmen said that there was no use in appraising the rest of the samples. They would take the next train back to Warsaw and leave Russian women without these artificial aids to beauty. "Soviet industries must be protected" was the explanation of the Russian officials.

My attention was attracted to some singing which I heard outside the building. When I went out for a moment, I was astonished to find that the "Third Internationale" was being sung in German, and that the singers were more than a hundred children of German Communists who had arrived to visit Russia and study its school system. A young woman,

SHEPHERD CHILDREN IN THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS



WEIGHING THE BABY, RUSSIAN STYLE

who spoke German fluently, had been sent by the Soviet Government to meet the children at the boundary; and tho the hour was near midnight, their entrance into Russia was being celebrated.

When I returned to the place of customs, a man approached and in perfect English asked, "Are you Mr. Newman?" All kinds of thoughts flitted through my startled mind as I haltingly gasped, "Yes." I was greatly relieved when a moment later he said, "I have sleeping accommodations for you through to Moscow."

It takes about eighteen hours from the Russo-Polish boundary to the Soviet capital. We arrived at three o'clock the following afternoon. Many porters awaited the train. A charge of twenty kopeks, or about ten cents in our money, is made for carrying each handbag, twenty-five cents for a

trunk. There is no haggling, and the traveler is soon on his way to his hotel.

Soviet Russia to me was still a land of mystery. I had been in the country under the Czars, but all I knew of conditions since the revolution was what I had read in newspapers, magazines and books. I did not know whether I was entering a city of the dead or a living metropolis. I came prepared to see men murdered in the streets, perhaps women outraged. My first shock, therefore, when I entered the main streets of Moscow, was of the pleasanter sort. I saw motor-buses and electric street-cars running peacefully. They were crowded—even overcrowded. The sidewalks were thronged. Women walked along apparently unconcerned about their safety. "Ah," I said to myself, "this must be an off day; perhaps the killers are tired and resting." From that moment Russia became a land of paradoxes. For every fact I discovered a contradiction.

A BELL TOWER IN MOSCOW
On the roof of the Church of the Redeemer

The Government officials, as I have said, looked upon me as a benighted capitalist, and I admit that they did all they could to separate me from my capital. I found Russia the most expensive country I had ever visited. If I have any capital left, it is not the fault of the Soviet Union. My first experience

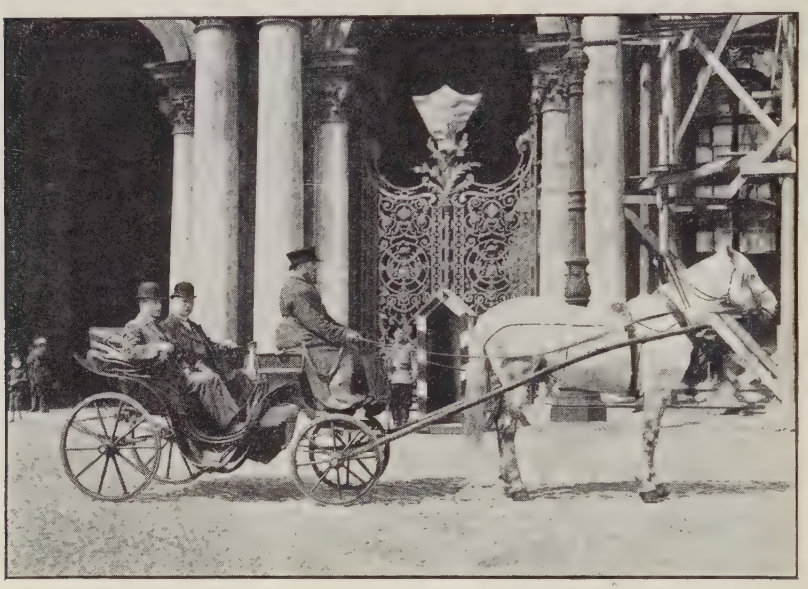
A BUSY MARKET SQUARE IN MOSCOW

Where every turnip and cabbage is taxed, and where the bootlegging of a chicken or a potato is a crime

after crossing the boundary of Poland was to pay fifty-two cents apiece for small oranges which I purchased in a Soviet dining-car, and my reflections were not that I had arrived in Utopia, because I found everything else unreasonably high-priced.

At the more important railway stations, tolerably good food is on sale at prices that are not too exorbitant. It is only at the hotels for foreigners that the excessive prices are charged, and this is wholly in line with Soviet principles, frankly admitted. Foreigners are not producers—therefore they are useless individuals, and in theory, at least, contribute nothing to the prosperity of the country. In the larger cities, such as Leningrad and Moscow, I paid as high as twenty-five dollars a day for my room and bath, besides the cost of meals at the hotel restaurants. In the smaller towns, hotels provide only rooms, and one must find eating-places elsewhere.

Any one wishing to visit Russia should make a written application to the official representative of the Soviet in his native land. In this request, the object of the journey should be stated, whereupon there will be sent three questionnaires, which should be fully answered and accompanied by three photographs when returned. Such persons as have already been in the U. S. S. R. will receive a supplementary list of questions to answer, also in three copies. Admission is granted by the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs at Moscow, and after consent is obtained, the visé is affixed to the national passport of the petitioner. Duration of the sojourn and the place where the frontier is to be crossed will be noted in the visé. Every foreigner who enters Russia, excepting diplomats, must register with the provincial administrative section of the Soviet of the province, and again a questionnaire must be filled in and two photographs appended. Here what is known



ARRIVING AT THE WINTER PALACE IN CZARIST DAYS
Mr. Newman (right) in a droshky, photographed in 1911.
Note the sentry box, now vanished

as a *permit of residence* is given, which must be shown at hotels or houses in which one is sheltered.

Seemingly rather tiresome details and quite unnecessary red tape; but one is in a foreign country that is passing through an unusual period of national development, and one should be willing to comply with reasonable demands. Also, the visitor will find it to his advantage at least to appear to be suffering no annoyance. New Soviet laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, and must be obeyed to the letter and the minutest detail.

Traveling in Russia is not as comfortable as it was in former days. With the exception of the express trains which run from the Polish-Russian boundary to Moscow, and the night trains which ply between Moscow and Leningrad, one is never

sure of a clean sleeping-car. There are only about one hundred sleeping-cars in the country. While they are advertised on various trains, one is never sure they will be attached. Scarcity of sleeping- and dining-cars makes travel off the main lines uncertain. If such cars are available, they are attached; if not, the traveler must depend on wayside stations with indifferent and bad food, or upon peasants who usually hang around stations and bring such things as they prepare for passing tourists. Perhaps Russians accustomed to such food may be satisfied, but not the average American, who is inclined to be exacting in regard to what he eats. These are drawbacks which will continue until sufficient funds are available to build more cars.

A VANISHED FIGURE
Cossack Guard in St. Petersburg, photographed in 1911

It is advisable to book all railway tickets and luggage at the town office of the company, thus avoiding the crowds at the stations. The cars are of two kinds—those with cushioned seats, known as *soft* carriages, first and second class, and those with *hard* seats, the third class. The cars are well heated in winter, and in express trains always are divided into com-

HOW THE WILD BOYS OF MOSCOW GO TO BED
A few of the thousands of orphaned waifs who are growing up homeless in city streets of Russia

partments for either two or four passengers. Sleeping-car tickets are of two classes and also should be purchased at the town offices of the company. Dining-cars are occasionally attached to express trains. At least, they are announced, altho it sometimes happens that the attachment is merely theoretical; but this seems to be the official intention.

Other than in sleeping-cars, which are expensive, costing ten dollars per night for a berth, twenty dollars for a section, no sheets are provided. One must sleep on soft seats without cover of any kind, or be satisfied to occupy a shelf in a hard-seat car. There is no drinking water on any car; nor is there running water for sanitary purposes in anything but a sleeping-car. This lack of ordinary accommodations makes travel doubly hard for those of us accustomed to the luxury of first-class trains in Europe and America. On the other hand, it is but fair to assume that these shortcomings will be remedied as soon as Russia finds itself.

There is no such thing as class distinction in Russia to-day. When one goes to a railway station to purchase a ticket, there is but one window for both "hard-seat" and "soft-seat" passengers. It opens only one hour before the departure of a

CATHERINE THE GREAT
From a painting in a Leningrad Art Gallery

train. Usually four or five hundred people stand in line waiting to buy tickets. By the time many of these reach the window, the train is already gone.

When I tried to get out of Baku, I found an interminable line at the one window in the station. Seeking the station-

master, I presented my credentials and asked for his help. He was good enough to go with me to the ticket-office, which we entered by a rear door, only to be informed that all tickets had been sold for three days in advance. I saw men and women on their knees, begging the station-master to sell them a ticket, as they were ill and had to get to the mountains; but he was adamant, informing them that the train was filled, and he could not do anything for them. Some of them had waited there days, but armed soldiers pushed them back. As for me, I was just as badly off. I was forced by circumstances to buy a ticket for a roundabout journey which took two days, whereas the direct train made the journey in eighteen hours.

I was amused at the wrath of those standing in line in front of the window when they saw me inside the ticket office, but I was later informed that they had mistaken me for an Englishman. When they learned that I was an American, those nearest the window signified their willingness to give me their places. This was shortly after relations between England and Russia were severed.

With the advent of Soviet rule a new class of beggars has come into existence. Frequently when I sat down to luncheon or dinner, men and women in rags, but with evidences of refinement, approached my table and asked: "I assume you are an American?" When I replied in the affirmative, their usual statement was: "I am a victim of the revolution. Would you mind sharing a piece of bread with me?" They represent what remains of the former aristocracy, those who lost all their possessions, and, being declassed, find making a living exceedingly difficult.

Such is Russia under the Soviets—a land of contradictions. Whether this vast communistic experiment is to succeed or

BACK TO THE DAYS OF ABRAHAM AND ISAAC
Jewish colonists in the Ukraine now have their flocks and herds as in Bible times

TEMPORARY QUARTERS OF COLONISTS WHILE BUILDING HOMES

not is still a conundrum for time to solve. I had reports of schools of all kinds springing up like mushrooms throughout the land; but I could observe slight incentive to education. I saw how tenderly the infants of working mothers were cared for by nurses in the employ of the State; but I saw thousands of waifs and poverty-stricken peasants, who seemed not to have enjoyed the blessings of a paternal Government. I saw artistic treasures in museums, the quantity and quality of which was almost incomprehensible; but I saw palaces from which most of these treasures had come—broken windows, ruined floors, walls, ceilings and staircases, present occupants by the dozens huddled into the rooms formerly occupied by aristocratic families and their servants. In some of these places, three or four men occupy one room, while three

LIFE ALONG THE VOLGA, CAUGHT BY MR. NEWMAN'S CAMERA AT SAMARA

or four wives occupy another, most of them eating cold food because there are no facilities for cooking.

I went to the Hermitage, formerly one of the fashionable gardens of Moscow, and there found workers and their wives slouching about the park benches, wearing clothing that seemed to be eight or ten years old, and yet—in the same "undress"—attending fine performances of light opera for an admission price of a few pennies, altho I, dubbed a "capitalist," was obliged to pay about one and one-half American dollars for a seat. I attended operatic and ballet performances in the magnificent Opera House and saw uncouth and illiterate folk in fine loges being "uplifted" by the spectacle, but seemingly much more interested in their slovenly, unkempt appearance and in the roasted sunflower seeds which they cracked and ate—after which they blew the pods from their mouths to the carpets. I saw fine Arabian and Russian horses, "nationalized" from their former owners, drawing the carts of peasants; and I saw as fine tramcars and buses as may be found anywhere, affording transportation for a short distance for two cents.

I saw former members of the aristocracy standing on the street curbs offering to the wives of workers, hats which they had made and trimmed at home; and bootlegging peasants I saw, who had brought coarse vegetables to market, and were endeavoring to get a few extra kopeks without paying the tax, while they cautiously watched the movements of policemen. I saw the large reading-rooms and club-rooms provided for the workers; but I also learned that most of them were averaging between sixty and eighty dollars a month for their labor, altho the prices of food are very high. Great museums are being repainted and put into first-class condition; but other building seems at a standstill. Under Soviet law, I was

told, divorce is easy; and yet I never saw women more independent nor apparently happier in their liberty. I had heard in America that the women of Russia had been "nationalized"; but I found that this was a vicious misstatement of facts.

Always the paradox! Always contradictions! And when I had encountered enough of this contradictory evidence, I understood the claim and open declaration of the Soviet Government that the revolution is still on in Russia.

The following chapters are the result of a ten-thousand-mile tour through this fascinating, paradoxical land. In them I shall try to present to my readers Russia as it is to-day. We shall not go far before perceiving that it is very different from the Russia of yesterday—probably also quite different from the Russia depicted by travelers who have taken but a glance at the country in recent years.

THRONGS ATTEND MOSCOW'S ANNUAL BOOK FAIR

Many books forbidden by the Czars are now allowed, but all works hostile to communism are prohibited

## II

## THE RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

RUSSIA lost much territory as a result of the World War, yet the country is still vast, covering at least one-seventh of the land surface of the earth. Vast and varied, the area extends over eastern Europe and northern Asia, covering more than eight million square miles. Essentially a continental power, ruling a continuous domain without colonial possessions, the extent of Russia's territory is exceeded only by that of Great Britain among the nations of the world. It has one hundred and ninety-two nationalities, speaking and writing fifty-six different languages. The climatic conditions are as varied as the people, ranging from Arctic cold to the heat of Turkestan deserts, from the harsh grass of icy bogs to the rich fruits and flowers of the sub-tropics. Sometimes we are likely to think of it as barren, this colossal area, where peasants have had difficulty in scratching a bare living from the soil; yet within this land are the largest forest regions of the earth, extending from the Baltic to the Pacific, and the fertility of the soil in the South—the so-called Black Earth—has made it one of the chief granaries of the world. It has been said that the area of Russia capable of cultivation forms nearly one-third of the cultivatable area of the whole earth.

Thus we are likely to feel, when we learn the facts, that general public information has been principally misinformation or misleading. Almost nothing can be said about Russia

that is true of *all* of Russia. Much has been written or repeated that is true of a part of the country, but that is wholly incorrect in regard to other sections. The territory is too vast and the people are too diversified for any general definition or description. And it is possible, since the fall of the Empire, that conditions have made general statements more bewildering and confusing than ever before.

Who are the rulers of Russia? What is the Soviet? What has it accomplished and what does it aim to accomplish? It is not within the province of this book to attempt an answer to these questions, other than in their relationship to the traveler from a foreign country. What is there to see in Russia to-day? What are the conditions under which this great treasury of sights may be visited?

Doubtless, there will be an improvement with the passing of the years, and many of the inconveniences experienced in

LIKE THE MISSISSIPPI, THE VOLGA SOMETIMES GOES ON THE RAMPAGE

these days of the so-called transition period will become but memories, because modern nations are hospitable to visitors. And the Soviet rightly considers itself *modern*—even more than that—the most advanced among the nations of the earth. Personally, I declare frankly that I consider it the most interesting human experiment ever made — partly on account of its vastness and far-reaching consequences, and partly on account of its seeming impossibility, altho it is an actuality that can not be ignored.

NOT TOO OLD TO LEARN
A Jewish merchant who has become a farmer in the Rosenwald Colony

Russia is the first Communistic Government on a large scale that the world ever has known. Whether it will eventually be crowned with success or doomed to failure is not our problem. It is for the Soviets to prove their theories of Government or acknowledge defeat; ours is to be but the rôle of spectators. A sealed book since the Czarist régime and the Revolution, it has been a veritable land of mystery. It has been no easy task to lift the curtain. Many have tried and failed.

Sometimes it has seemed as if visitors to this veiled country, within the past few years, have found almost what they went to find; as if the results of their observations depended upon their personal likes or dislikes, their political opinions, and

SILK STOCKINGS NOT ALLOWED
But the Russian flapper can sport low socks, anyhow

perhaps their previous knowledge of Russia, as well as their experience in world affairs. We have heard from them that the former empire has become Utopia, and that something akin to a blissful condition prevails in this land where, theoretically, all men are equals and the spirit of competition or strife has disappeared. We also have heard that a class is persecuted, and that suffering and misery exist everywhere.

One tells us that here has been found the panacea for all human troubles. Another, that the country is staggering beneath a yoke heavier than any inflicted by the most tyrannical of the Czars. We have heard that poverty stalks the land, that whole cities are passing into decay, that illiteracy is everywhere, and that the vast majority of the people are seeking to escape from a country fast lapsing into barbarism. And then the next observer returns with the story that schools and universities are springing up everywhere—that cultural progress is apparent on all sides—and that Russia is awakening to a period of progress such as she never has known and never could have known so long as the Great White Father sat upon his throne and delivered the country to his relatives and satellites.

I had made several extensive tours in Russia before contemplating the last visit; but I realized that earlier observations must pass to the discard and would be of no value as a guide to future visitors. Perhaps it was fortunate that I had the earlier experiences as a foundation and basis for comparison. The Czarist régime has passed. Conditions have changed and never again can be as they were when the hereditary autocrat of the Romanoffs sat upon the throne amid scenes of extravagant luxury never equalled anywhere in the world. Russia was the natural result of conditions that existed throughout the centuries of its development and expansion. Were another régime to follow that of the Soviet, the same conditions would not be met with again: the nation could not be as it had been before the Revolution.

It is well to remember at all times that the Soviet authorities admit officially that the Revolution is still in progress,

A POGROM AS DEPICTED BY A JEWISH SCULPTOR IN THE CRIMEA

A THRIVING JEWISH COLONY IN THE CRIMEA, NAMED FOR JULIUS ROSENWALD OF CHICAGO

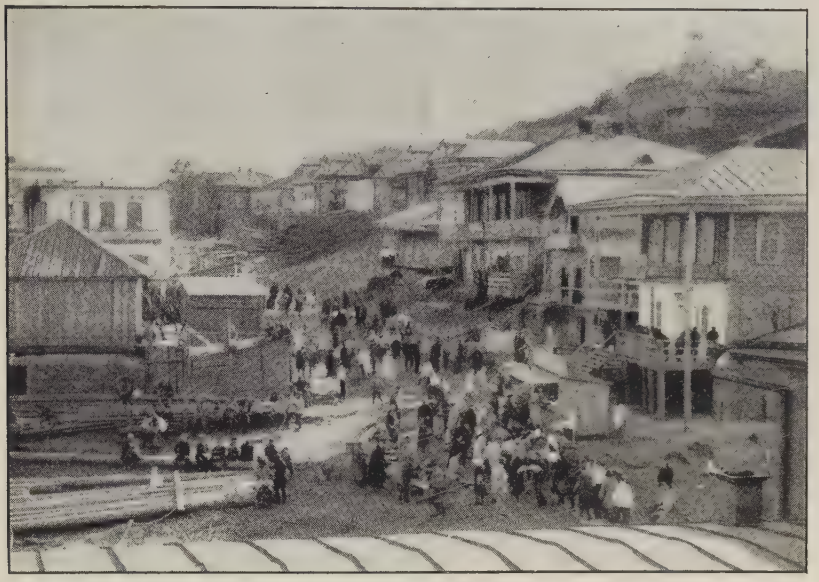
and that the present laws, rules and regulations are meant to meet the needs of the occasion. Officials as a rule have not been long in office and are unusually zealous in carrying out the rules and laws, sometimes appearing to exercise no judgment in the execution of their duties. They seem to be afraid that they will be punished for the slightest infraction of set rules. Thus, altho I had an official pass that permitted me to go everywhere and to photograph whatever I desired, I was constantly reminded that I was attempting to do what was "forbidden"—even the authenticity of the pass was doubted at every turn, and I was frequently placed under arrest and obliged to prove my rights, which were wholly set forth in the official permit. These things may be explained in some degree by the caliber and mental equipment of the men who now find themselves in positions of authority. Many of them have had no previous experience in office; some are ignorant and some illiterate—or at least would be so classified in western countries.

The Government owns and controls the hotels, as it owns and operates everything else. The system is not always pleasing to the guest, as servants appear to do about as they please. They perform their duties in a manner that may suit the Soviet conscience; but it is far from being the service that guests are entitled to receive in all other countries of the civilized world. When an elevator boy had been particularly insolent and insulting, I warned him that I would report his conduct to the management. He laughed and said: "It won't do you any good. The manager can't do anything." And when I talked to the manager about the matter, he admitted that what the boy had said was substantially true; nevertheless, he said there had been so many complaints from guests regarding this servant that he was going before the com-

mittee to lodge a complaint and make a spirited request for his dismissal. This from the nominal manager of the leading hotel of Moscow, who formerly was a porter in the same place!

The incident is fairly representative of what is known as the *nationalization* of hotels. Like the railways, banks, industries of all kinds, shops—and everything else in Russia—the hotels were confiscated or *nationalized* for what is said to be the public good. It is admitted that some of these hotels, formerly as fine as any in Europe, are conducted in what seems to the traveler to be a most slipshod manner, and that they are deteriorating rapidly; but that causes the Government no uneasiness. Why should travelers enjoy luxuries in those palatial hostelries, when workers can not enjoy the same privileges?

NEW LENIN INSTITUTE, MOSCOW



BUSY VILLAGE LIFE ALONG THE VOLGA, RUSSIA'S GREATEST RIVER

Like the Fascist salutation in Italy, which appears to the visitor to be a meaningless gesture, altho doubtless more significant than foreigners are likely to believe it to be, the mode of address in Russia is now *Grazhdamin* (Citizen) when addressing a man and *Grazhdauka* when addressing a woman. "Sir" or "Madam" is passing into the discard, with an even greater preference shown for *Tovarisch,* which means Comrade. It is said to be the great day of liberty, when all the inhabitants of the country are upon an equal footing—at least all working people.

Close acquaintance with the Soviet makes it more of an enigma than ever, and one becomes mystified by its logic. Educated and cultured people seem to be looked upon with disfavor and are discriminated against in the every-day affairs of life. Everywhere one hears comments upon the

GREAT MILITARY ROAD THROUGH THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

execrable taste of the intellectuals, and yet, in the field of education, probably Russia has made greater progress under Soviet rule than any nation on earth in the same length of time. Striking paradox!

To read Soviet literature, one might arrive at the conclusion that the chief object of existence is enlightenment and culture. On this subject the Soviet has officially declared: "The realization of socialism, the final goal of the Soviet régime, can be brought about only through the widest cultural and political education, based upon the rearing of the young generation in the spirit of collectivism. Thus the cultural activities in the U. S. S. R. follow two parallel courses: the raising of the cultural standard of the population, and the creating of a new cultural atmosphere opposed to that of capitalism." Still further: "The low cultural level of the

people, the legacy of centuries of oppression, renders the campaign against illiteracy the most urgent task of the State." A census of 1920 shows that forty-seven per cent of the able-bodied population did not know how to read and write.

The *Glavpolitprosvet* has as its task the combination of political propaganda with cultural education. It has established thousands of reading-rooms and clubs, permanent and itinerant libraries, training courses, special educational organizations in the army, and these have reached millions of the population. Private schools are forbidden. During the first years of the Revolution, thousands of new schools came into being in order to raise the cultural level of the country as rapidly as possible. In the older day, the rule was "Educate the nobles and amuse the others." But this changed quickly, and even in 1920-21, there were seventy thousand elementary schools as compared with fifty-five thousand in the pre-war period. According to the latest available statistics, there are four million, four hundred thousand children in the elementary schools, and the others have had a similar increase. Instead of the seven universities of the pre-war period, there are now twenty-four. The number of higher school students has increased from ninety thousand to one-hundred sixty thousand.

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE PASS IN GEORGIA

In the days of the Russian Empire, the only language of

instruction was Russian. In the Union of Soviet Republics, the "national school" is an essential part of national autonomy. It is held to be the first step toward the development of a national culture. The official declaration is that "the abolition of private property in valuable objects of art and culture and the nationalization of all art treasures has caused a transformation in the Russian museums which might serve as a model to the rest of the world." This means that valuable objects of art that were in private collections have been confiscated from palaces, mansions, churches and monasteries and placed in public museums, which very frequently are confiscated palaces of the nobles, as well as the buildings formerly occupied by royalty. These things have been placed under the jurisdiction of the State Museum Fund, with the

FEODOR CHALIAPIN, FAMOUS SINGER, ONCE LIVED HERE
Because he refuses to return to Russia his Moscow home has been confiscated by the Soviet Government

result that instead of the thirty recognized public museums of the Czarist period, there are now nearly five hundred museums available to the public in Soviet Russia.

In many places there were found paintings, bronzes, sculptures, vases and furniture which had been discarded for modern wares. These have been restored to their original

RUSSIA SAYS IT WITH FLOWERS
A great flower-bed in Vladikavkas, in which the blossoms form a recognizable portrait of Lenin

places, and the palaces have been transformed into public museums, available to the masses upon payment of a few pennies. Particular attention was paid to the monasteries, which were celebrated for their priceless art treasures. All of these were confiscated or "nationalized" by a special de-

cree, and rare specimens of ecclesiastical art, long unknown to the general public, came to light. Ancient churches and chapels, which were mines of old Russian art, were transformed into public museums. Monasteries that contained collections of such objects were turned into monastery-museums, many of the icons having been restored to their original condition after years or even centuries of neglect.

TRAMP BOYS IN THEIR ONLY HOME
Many patrons of restaurants leave food on their plates to feed such waifs

The Soviet declares officially: "The present artistic life, like the general cultural life in the Soviet Union, has been strongly influenced by the new conception which considers art not as an end in itself, but as a form of expression of the life of society."

It will be well to realize at the outset that competition, considered a characteristic feature of capitalism, has been

banished in Russia. Even sport is encouraged to do away with what is known as the "disease of record-breaking"; all individualism is abolished, and young people are taught to consider physical culture not as an aim in itself, but as a means of raising the physical standard of the masses. On this principle, the Soviet has "nationalized" all the industries and all the supplies held by individual producers, even confiscating the surplus stocks of grain from the peasants and raw materials and manufactured products from domestic workers and artisans.

BOYS IN NIZHNI-NOVGOROD
Where life is hard since the great Fair was abolished

There is the almost unanswerable question as to what the mass of the people thinks of present conditions. It is possible that the worker lives for an ideal. It is possible that, while he has fewer material things than any one else of the same class in the civilized world, he now has what he considers power and freedom—altho to the average American or European both appear to be very limited. If he enjoys comparatively few of the privileges of workers in other countries, he may be convinced that the Soviet is not to blame; that his present condition is an inheritance from centuries of misrule by the Czars, and if the fault lies with persons or governments of to-day, it is with the outside world, which has not seen the light—never with the Soviet Government. It may be

true that the cost of living has mounted to unreasonable heights; but the worker replies that wages are increasing each year, altho they are still distressingly low. The house rent is very low. There is free medical attention when desired. The trade unions provide clubs and free outings, and when a man loses his position, he still receives a small salary for non-employment. Even the peasant, who has not the faintest idea of what Communism means, knows that to-day he owns the land that formerly belonged to the Grand Dukes, and that instead of being a virtual slave, he is a free man.

Like imperialistic Russia, the U. S. S. R. is an agricultural country, and the great majority of the people are settled in country districts. Nevertheless, this vast opportunity has been neglected. Primitive methods of cultivation have been chiefly responsible for scanty harvests; but before the war, Russia exported twenty-eight per cent of the entire world's export of grain. Cattle breeding is an important industry, commensurate with the vast area under cultivation. The number of horses in the U. S. S. R. is thirty-five million, or about one-third of the world's total. In the old days, there were usually four thousand racing horses in training at Moscow alone, and racing was exceedingly popular. Back in 1775, Count Orloff crossed the English

HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS, MOSCOW

TSARITSIN, NAMED FOR THE CZAR, IS NOW CALLED STALINGRAD, IN HONOR OF STALIN, A BOLSHEVIK LEADER

thoroughbred with the Russian native stock, and it was said that the breed was established with the fourth generation. In Czarist days, the governor of South Russia had the largest stud for breeding racers. Frank Caton, an American from Cleveland, Ohio, was the manager of the stud and identified with the Russian track for a quarter century, and with his sons, is said to have driven more winners than any one in the history of Russian racing.

The vast area of Russia is matched by the wealth that lies beneath the surface. Magnetic and lignite ores are now estimated at over two billion tons. Coal deposits of the country are believed to be three times as large as those of Germany. Other estimates are: platinum, about ninety-five per cent of the world's deposits; oil, about one-third; "white coal," the

"THE SWALLOW'S NEST" ON THE CRIMEAN COAST

Palace said to have been given by the late Czar to a famous Polish ballet danseuse

nation's potential hydraulic forces, about thirty million horsepower.

A brief survey of Russia's history will be valuable to one who enters the country for the purpose of observing monuments of the past, as well as attempting to understand present conditions. The great forests naturally compelled the first nomadic tribes to settle in clearings along the banks of the great rivers, where they formed tribes and clans that were the foundation for future states. The development of trade established Kiev in the South and Novgorod in the North as centers of population under the protection of warriors. Kiev prospered, and as trade relationships reached to Byzantium, Greek culture followed; and this in turn was followed by the introduction of the Christian religion. The Byzantine influence began to wane in the twelfth century, and the Mongol aggressions were followed by the presence of the Mongols themselves, destroying river settlements and retarding the future growth of the southern cities. Genghis Khan and his hordes became the dominant force in the thirteenth century, and, with the development of feudalism, the Muscovite princes subjected all the other Russian principalities to their rule. The longest to hold out for the supremacy of trade routes and markets was Novgorod, which did not submit to Moscow until the fifteenth century. When Moscow felt strong enough, it discontinued paying tribute to the Mongols and became the great center of eastern Europe and the heart of the Empire. The peasantry, however, would not submit and fled to the "free lands" on the borders of what was then recognized as the Empire, thus forming the Cossack settlements in the Ukraine—which, however, carried Russian colonization beyond the borders of Russia.

An aristocratic merchant named Romanoff, in 1613, was

crowned Czar, which had been the official title of the Muscovite rulers since 1547. The title means *throne* or *supreme authority*, as for example *high prince*, and probably is derived from the Persian and not from the Latin *Cæsar*, as usually is believed. It was used by Eastern emperors, even by the Tartar Khans, and may be noted in the terminations of names of the Kings of Assyria and Babylon, such as Nabonassar and Phalassar. It is usually considered that Ivan III. was the real founder of the Russian Empire. His son, Ivan IV., known as the Terrible, brought many areas under submission. Siberia was conquered, and one by one the great feudal landlords were subjugated until the absolute monarchy was established by Peter I., when the attempt was made to organize Russia on the model of western Europe.

A GLIMPSE OF PICTURESQUE TIFLIS, MOUNTAIN CAPITAL OF GEORGIA

IBERIAN GATE, RED SQUARE, MOSCOW

The road to western markets lay through war, and there were many wars in the early years of the nineteenth century. These led to the annexation of the Caucasus, Turkestan, and far eastern Siberia. Serfdom was abolished in 1861. After the defeat of Russia in the war with Japan in 1904-5, a wave of revolution ran throughout the Empire, the first great demonstration being by workers in front of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg in 1905. The soul of this revolution was the Bolsheviki, named from the Russian word for *majoritaires,* the faction that was in the majority at the time of the split of the Social-Democratic party. The word seems to have been misinterpreted by other nations. In itself it has none of the meanings popularly ascribed to it by the peoples of Europe and America.

The Czarist Government was alarmed by the spread of the revolutionary spirit; nevertheless, it prepared for the World War. It was the great Russian hope to capture the trade route through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. The revolution of 1917 brought about the complete overthrow of the Czarist régime. An attempt was made to establish a republican form of government; but these ideas clashed with those of the Bolshevik leaders, notably of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, recently returned from exile. The President of the Provisional

STREET VENDOR IN KAZAN
Descendant of the Tartars who once conquered Russia

Government was Kerensky when the cry was raised: "Power to the Soviet! Peace to the country!" Kerensky was powerless against the new movement. Under the protection of the Red Guard of Petrograd, and of the Baltic fleet, the second Congress of Soviets, in which the Bolsheviki were in the majority, proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat on October 25, 1917, and established the Council of People's Commissars, with Lenin at its head. Peace was signed with Germany at Brest-Litovsk in March, 1918. There were several counter-revolutions, after which several Soviet republics formally united in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, the present U. S. S. R., the only great state in the world based on the principles of socialism. Soviet is the Russian word for Council.

The Red Guard that was organized by the Bolsheviki during the Kerensky period became the germ of the present Red Army, in which non-workers are not permitted to serve. All boys have preliminary training for two years before they reach military age. The first training is devoted to physical culture, and illiterates are taught to read and write; hence it is claimed that in the Red Army itself there are no illiterates. Besides the regular army, Russia is organizing so-called "territorial divisions" of militia, where boys are trained for a few

weeks without seriously interfering with their work at home. A Soviet official told me that gradually the whole army will be reorganized on the militia system, so that millions of workers who have received military training in the territorial divisions will await the call to arms at any time. For the purpose of establishing close and friendly relations between the army and the workers, a system of patronage is in vogue whereby the factories, unions and political organizations become the patrons of different military companies, to whose members they render material and cultural aid—based on what are said to be their mutual interests. In a similar fashion, the Red Fleet has the patronage of the League of Communist Youth. There is also the Friends of the Air Fleet, with three million members, which devotes its energies and resources to the development of aviation.

Educational work throughout Russia is in charge of the

HOTEL METROPOLE, MOSCOW, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE LITTLE THEATER AT THE LEFT

SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN, MOSCOW, IN ONE OF THE CITY'S MANY CONFISCATED PALACES

Central Board of Political Education, known as the *Glavpolitprosvet*, which provides a political as well as a cultural course of study—a course that extends from the kindergarten, where children between the ages of three and eight are received, to Communist Universities. There is a uniform curriculum for four years, between the ages of eight and twelve; after that, the individual inclinations and abilities of pupils are discovered, and they are then prepared for future studies that seem likely to be of greatest benefit to them. Factory and industrial schools are provided in the towns and cities, and agricultural schools in the country. In an official statement, the Soviet declares that "the higher schools fulfil a two-fold purpose: the training of a new staff of teachers and the creation of a new intelligentsia by raising a body of scholastic workers among the ranks of the class-

conscious proletariat." The teachers for the higher schools are trained in what is known as the Institute of Red Professors.

The Soviet has sought to establish intercourse between urban industries and rural agriculture on the basis of mutual exchange, and to a large degree has succeeded. Peasants supply the raw materials and foodstuffs and obtain necessary finished products, obviating the necessity of dealing with individuals, as all exchanges are made by the state industries.

Following the inflation period, a stable currency was introduced in 1922, in the bank-notes of the State Bank, which were secured by gold—stable foreign currency. The bank-notes were not issued in rubles—thus avoiding confusion with the older currency—but in the *Tchervonetz,* an ancient ten-ruble gold coin. These bank-notes pushed out the depreciated

CAMELS WORK IN HARNESS, LIKE HORSES, FOR JEWISH COLONISTS IN THE CRIMEA

paper currency. After the nationalization of the banks, they were amalgamated into one institution, the People's Bank; but in 1921 the State Bank came into being, followed by what are known as "special" banks. The Tchervonetz corresponds to ten gold rubles of one hundred kopeks each, and is issued in bank-notes of one, three, five, ten and twenty-five units. There are also exchange notes of one, three and five rubles, and coins of ten, fifteen, twenty, and fifty kopeks and one ruble. Also coppers of one, two, three and five kopeks. One American dollar corresponds to about 1.94 Russian rubles, altho for practical purposes the tourist may figure one ruble at about fifty cents.

# III CITY OF PETER AND LENIN

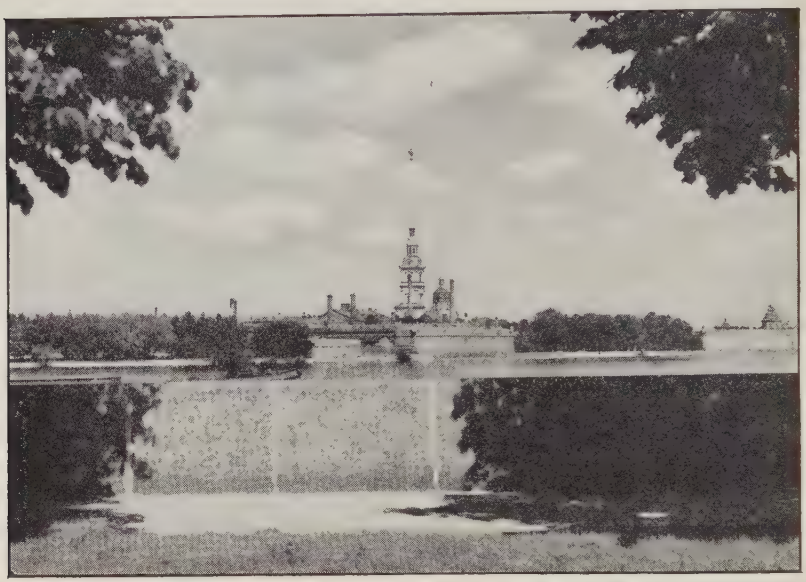
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF LENINGRAD AND THE NEVA

## III

## CITY OF PETER AND LENIN

THE city of Leningrad, recently known as Petrograd, is the creation of Peter the Great and remains his greatest monument. There is a disposition to underestimate all Czarist achievements in Russia to-day, however, and the name that Peter gave it is no longer borne by the city that he built upon a marsh—one of the mightiest works of man, when all of the difficulties are taken into consideration. He gave the command and the city arose in a few years—not upon a hilltop or on the banks of a river, but in a swamp. The swamp became a system of canals, and on their banks palaces seemed to rise by magic. In this connection we should recall that it is an error to believe the city bore the name of its founder. Peter named it for his patron saint, therefore it was Saint Petersburg, and the popular abbreviation of "Petersburg" or "Petrograd" is incorrect.

Peter the Great signed his name *Piter*. Ivan the Terrible had conceived the idea of a city bordering on the Gulf of Finland and doubtless understood the importance of the situation, but it was Peter who dared to undertake what most of his advisers assured him was an impossibility. When they remonstrated with him, he replied, "I want a window to look out upon Europe," and the *Czar's Window,* as it was known to the wits of the time, became a reality. A reality and a miracle. Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, wrote: "Human hands built Rome; divine hands created Venice, but he who sees



FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL, THE BASTILLE OF THE CZARS

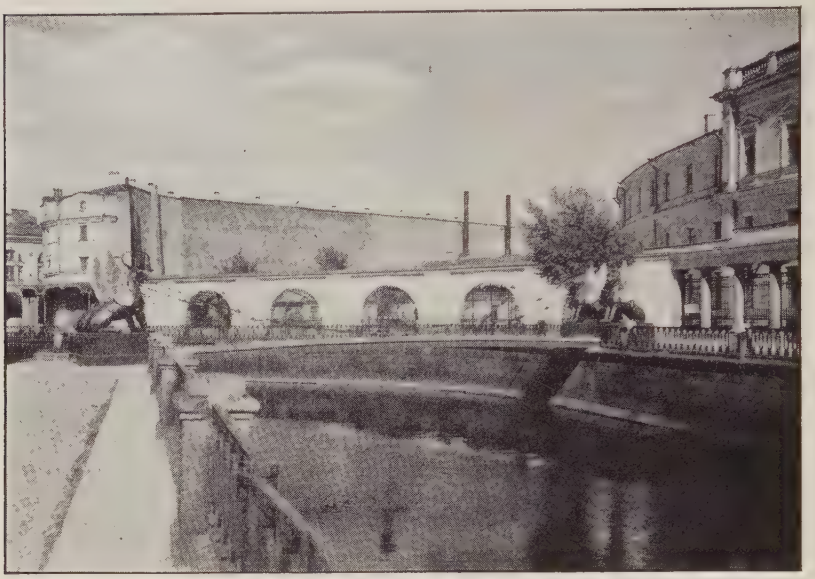
St. Petersburg will say: 'This town is the work of the Devil' "—intended to be a reference to Peter, and seemingly a characteristic manner of referring to a man who undoubtedly was a genius, but who was a difficult individual for his contemporaries to love or respect.

It seems likely that the locality had a significance before the founding of the city at the mouth of the Neva. It was a place of dispute between the Russian and the Swede, the natural outlet to the sea from the ancient commercial town of Novgorod; the delta was for Sweden the best avenue through which to carry on trade with the hinterland that was developing with great rapidity. The Swedes had built a fortress on the Neva as early as the year 1300; but it was destroyed by the Novgoroders. After the fall of Novgorod, Moscow obtained possession of the mouth of the river; but

the Swedes were again successful in the construction of a fortress in 1609, and a collection of villages followed in its vicinity. In 1703 Peter destroyed the fortress and settlements, and sixteen days later he laid the foundation of the Peter-Paul fortress on Zayatchy Island, the beginning of the future capital. He said "Here" and the city arose under the protection of the fortress walls.

Peter had been in England in his youth, and later he had studied shipbuilding in Holland—the first of the Russian sovereigns to go beyond Russian boundaries. He had seen something of the world—knew what he wanted his city to be like—so he summoned workers from his vast empire and encouraged them to be speedy about their tasks. Everything was to be upon a colossal scale, and as many as forty thousand laborers were employed at one time. In reality, he was not

THE VISITOR IN LENINGRAD IS OFTEN REMINDED OF THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE



LION BRIDGE OVER ONE OF LENINGRAD'S MANY CANALS

merely building a city, but was constructing the metropolis and capital of a vast empire—an empire which was in darkness and to which he was to bring the light. It became a city of palaces, and to it each succeeding ruler added others. The canals radiate as from the center of a fan, and the streets are wider than in any city in the world, still occupying fully one-third of the entire area. Also, there is an endless number of open spaces and squares. The inhabitants, however, seem to reside in apartment houses—miles and miles of them, like the Paris streets. Leningrad is a marvelous city, but it barely could be said that its architecture is beautiful. Effective and impressive it is, however, to the visitor who sees it for the first time.

Altho we have passed through Moscow on our way hither, Leningrad is still a thrilling sight when viewed from a dis-

tance. A magnificent city lies before us, too, as we emerge from the railway station and get a closer view of the streets, the buildings that line them, and the crowds. During the World War, the Government was moved to Moscow, where it has remained. Trying days came for the city of Peter, and it was reported in Western countries that the Soviet was in favor of letting it die—a reminder of the Czars and their extravagance. This report was absurd in view of the fact that the legal capital of Russia always was Moscow—the city in which the Czars received the crown. But the population of Petrograd dwindled, and reports were circulated that the city was to be deserted. Palaces were neglected, passing to decay, and were being ruined, it was said, by their peasant occupants, who were enjoying an orgy of destruction with the full consent of the authorities.

LENINGRAD, LIKE VENICE, GOES TO MARKET ALONG ITS CANALS

MAGNIFICENT ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, NOW NO LONGER USED AS A CHURCH

As one quickly realizes upon arrival in the city to-day, however, those were malicious reports, circulated in foreign countries for purposes that are not fully apparent. The people are not so elegantly dressed as of yore, and one does not observe the splendid vehicles that once crowded the principal streets; but Leningrad at first glance does not differ greatly from the St. Petersburg of Czarist days. It is still a city of magnificent distances and great beauty. It may lack some of the charm of other great cities of Europe, but it possesses an austere dignity and can not fail to be a delight to the eyes that behold it for the first time. Since the establishment of what is known as the New Economic Policy, the population figure has gained steadily. There was a devastating flood in 1924 that proved to be another check to its growth; but it is and will remain a splendid metropolis.

I had an opportunity years ago of seeing the river Neva in midwinter, when it was frozen over and transformed into the most wonderful boulevard on earth. Huge arc-lights were strung along the avenue for several miles, and magnificent sleighs, with occupants wrapped in costly furs, were gliding over the smooth ice.

One who knew the capital city well in the day of the Czars, misses the ornate and smartly costumed police, who directed traffic on the Nevsky Prospekt. Most of them were soldiers, who had won medals for distinguished service. They must have been brave men, as they had numerous desperate characters to deal with and proved themselves equal to the task. In those days, the porters and bell-boys in the Hotel l'Europe wore curious attire. I remember asking two of them to pose for a photograph. The house in those days was one of the leading hotels of the Continent; its guests included many fashionables, and it was a center for society. Regiments

THE DOME OF ST. ISAAC'S IS COVERED WITH GOLD

of Cossacks patroled the streets and stood guard in front of the Winter Palace. I often saw them drilling in the huge square, and whenever the Czar appeared in public, he was surrounded by his faithful Cossacks. They were the last of the troops to go over to the revolutionists. Banks in pre-war days were guarded by armed Cossacks, who were considered brave and loyal to the old régime. There was something of the savage in the Cossacks; they were fierce fighters and natural warriors.

Leningrad now presents a greater contrast than Moscow to the old days. It has lost much of its glamor, considerable of its life, and its traffic has dwindled to such an extent that at times it presents the aspect of a village rather than of a large city. Its lovely palaces remind one vividly of the thing that brought about the overthrow. The extravagance of the aristocrats, their indifference to the welfare of the masses, the wanton waste, the ostentatious display of the Grand Dukes, their severity toward the common people, the endless chain of prisoners sent to Siberia, led inevitably to the downfall of the Czar. Workers to-day are herded in these marble mansions, and above the doors of many of them one sees the familiar hammer and sickle of the peasant and worker.

The days of splendor are gone! The river, still bordered by palaces, its banks adorned with the Swedish columns

brought to Russia by Peter the Great, reflects its former beauty, but the gaiety, the brilliancy of former days has been blotted out. If one could forget for a moment the political change, one might still be charmed by the outlook, for the view along the banks of the river is beautiful. The mansions, palaces and monuments are all there; but they are ghosts of the past. I walked along the Neva, passing many residences which reminded me of celebrated people who once lived in St. Petersburg. I recall among others, Baron Ginsburg, the banker, a man of fabulous wealth, whose possessions included so much land that I doubt if he ever saw it all. Everything he had was confiscated, his bank, all its funds, numerous pieces of property in St. Petersburg, and many miles of farm lands which have now been cut up and parceled out. I was told that he escaped from Russia and is now living in Paris. His fate is not unlike that of all aristocrats.

BEAUTIFUL WINDOW IN ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

It is the day of the taxicab, and as there are many of these vehicles at the railway station, the foreign visitor is likely to go by automobile to his hotel. For the sentiment of it, however, and the thrill, he may prefer to engage the less comfortable but more "national" conveyance known as

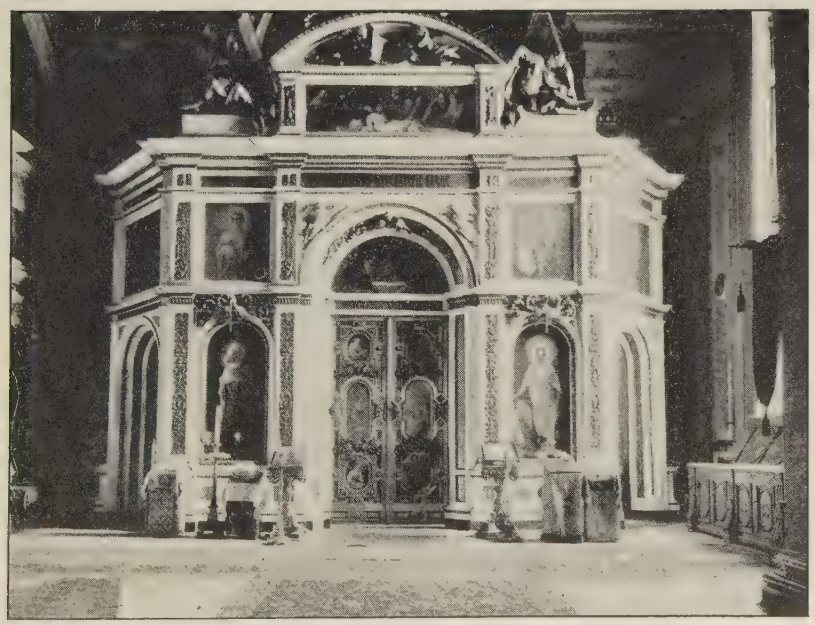
FAMOUS ICON IN ST. ISAAC'S, LENINGRAD

the droshky. The driver is likely to be a somewhat picturesque individual, who has "held over" from the former régime, altho practically every one else seems to have changed. Yet this may be overstating the fact. The driver of the droshky has changed mentally, that is, the Soviet culture idea has reached him. Upon arrival at Leningrad, just for old time's sake, I rode in a droshky and doubtless was looking around for changes in the scene, as tho I had never seen the city before. "A fine city," he commented, as tho he wanted to encourage me in its favor; "buildings in the bad taste of the old period, but a fine city!" The Soviet influence had reached him.

We may begin our sightseeing in Leningrad in no more appropriate manner than by "going to church." In fact, much of our sightseeing in all of Russia will prompt us to go to church, because the churches are among the most magnificent edifices in the land, and some of their artistic treasures are priceless, altho much has been removed in the course of the "nationalization" process that brings artistic and other treasure to common repositories.

One might consider it forcing the climax to go first to the magnificent Cathedral of St. Isaac, certainly one of the finest examples of pure Greek architecture in existence; but, as we shall realize early in our wanderings, there are climaxes

enough remaining for all excursions to follow. St. Isaac's is closed as a church, and the visitor will regret that he can not witness a service there, for experts tell us that the choral music was as fine as any to be heard on earth, even comparable to that of the celebrated Sistine singers at the Vatican. The church, contrary to the general belief, is not named for the Isaac mentioned in the Bible, but for a Dalmatian saint and Greek martyr. In the time of Peter the Great, a wooden church stood upon this site; and when the million piles were placed for the new edifice, the cost was $1,500,000 before a stone was laid for the edifice itself. The total cost of the cathedral was $16,000,000—more than that of the Capitol at Washington. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a huge dome



HOLY OF HOLIES IN ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

SWEDISH COLUMNS, LANDMARKS OF LENINGRAD

covered with copper and overlaid with one million rubles' worth of gold. The central dome is supported by thirty huge pillars. The columns of the *iconostas* (which corresponds to the high altar of a Roman Catholic cathedral) are of Siberian lapis lazuli and cost $30,000 each. There are likewise huge columns of malachite, and the floor is almost entirely of jasper. The exterior of the church shows rows of Olonetz granite columns, with huge bas-reliefs and numerous statues, including groups of angels at the corners of the roof, holding torches that are lighted on Easter night.

Let us imagine that we are back in the city when Leningrad was St. Petersburg, and that all the old-time customs are still in vogue at St. Isaac's during the week preceding the great Easter service. On Thursday of Passion week we see one of the last acts in the life of Jesus enacted in realistic

fashion—the washing of His disciples' feet. The most important ceremony of the week, however, comes on Friday, when the burial of Jesus takes place before the assembled multitude in a most impressive manner. There is a sarcophagus of elaborate workmanship with a painting of the Nazarene in death upon the lid. The lid is carried to a chapel early in the morning, and in the afternoon the sarcophagus is ready to receive the body. Each member of the congregation has a taper; the first of these is lighted from the great candelabrum, and then the light is passed along to all the other tapers. The crowd goes into the street and a clergyman comes from the church bearing a huge cross.

Still using our imagination to recall a pageant that has passed into the realm of history, we see four priests emerge

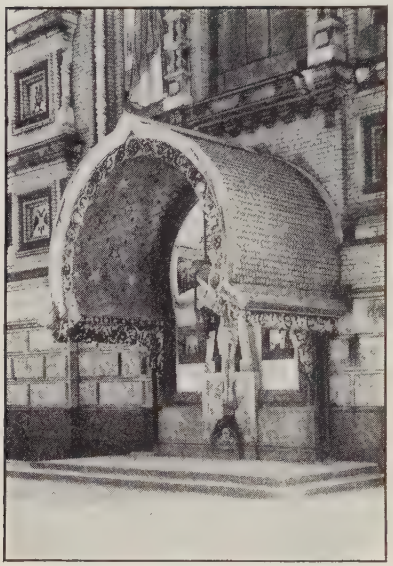
THE RIVER NEVA, IN WINTER AS IN SUMMER, IS A VITAL PART OF LENINGRAD'S LIFE

A CLOSE-UP OF THE GREAT CHURCH ERECTED IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER II

from the church, dressed in magnificent vestments and bearing the lid of the sarcophagus on rods. Under the lid walks an elderly priest, clad in clericals, but representing the Dead Christ being carried to the tomb. The members of the throng cross themselves devoutly and then return to the church for the burial. The bells toll as the procession reenters the church, and the lid is placed upon the sarcophagus. Then all depart to prepare for breaking the Lenten fast and extending the famous greeting "*Christos voskres!*" ("Christ is risen!"), and other ceremonies of Easter morning.

Along about midnight, the sarcophagus is moved back to the position it will occupy in the church for another year. The crowd comes back into the cathedral, lights new tapers, and watches for the priests to come from the altar screen and search for the body of Christ in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. A procession is formed, which moves around the church three times, and after failing to find the body, the priests come back to report to the disciples that "He is risen." The bells chime, the royal gates are thrown open, and the congregation sees an illuminated stained glass window representing the Resurrection. With the choirs, the priests proclaim "He is risen," and every face in the great throng bears a joyous expression. Friends kiss each other, and shake hands. Theoretically, at least, the glad tidings go out to all the world.

The priests used to begin these regular Easter services as early as five o'clock and continue throughout the day until three in the afternoon, when the church was closed. The ceremonial kiss extended to the streets and the festivity extended to the homes. Presents were given promiscuously, and seemingly every one expected to receive something from every one to whom he had rendered the slightest service dur-



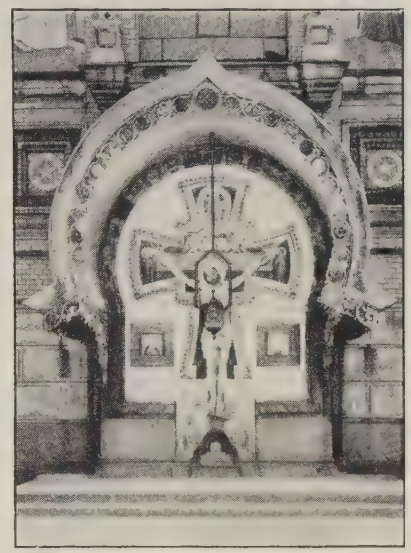
EXTERIOR SHRINE, MEMORIAL CHURCH, LENINGRAD

ing the past year. At midday of Easter Sunday, a cannon was fired from the fortress, and carnival began again where it had left off at the beginning of Lent.

The visitor to St. Isaac's reaches the great gold cupola by ascending two hundred sixty-two steps and here obtains one of the finest views of the city, the Bay of Finland with its low coast, the distant island of Kotlin with the Kronstadt fortress, the two parallel ranges of hills, and the Neva delta.

Possibly one would do well to climb to this cupola for one's first peep at Leningrad, because it is easier at that height to appreciate the speedily built city and its systematically planned streets—a picture very unlike the natural frame that surrounds it. From here, one recognizes the Vorovsky and Desabrist squares, as well as the various streets that converge toward the Admiralty. There are the spires of the Peter and Paul Fortress and of the Palace of Engineering; the great arch of the building of the former General Staff, with the four horses abreast, so characteristic of the various arches of triumph and similar gates scattered about European cities; the Summer Garden, beyond which is the Smolny Cathedral; the Exchange on Vassilevsky Island, with its colonnade; the former Chamber of Curiosities, the huge building of the Academy of Sciences, the extensive Univer-

sity, the huge red former Palace of Menshikov, the State Academy of Arts, the Mining Institute, the blue cupolas of Trinity Cathedral, the Moscow Triumphal Arch —and far in the distance, the cupolas of the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral and the Cathedral of the Holy Virgin of Kazan.



SHRINE IN THE MEMORIAL CHURCH, LENINGRAD

We descend the stairway with a feeling of satisfaction, and the bird's-eye view has whetted anticipations of the joys to come. Leningrad is a city of sights, and not one only of sites, as must be said of many cities.

Before we leave St. Isaac's, first of the Russian churches that we visit, let us give at least a thought to the differences between the Russian Church and the Roman Catholic Church, because they are many and have been the subject of controversy for centuries. The Greeks claim that theirs is the original church founded by the Apostles, and they advance many reasons for accepting their claim. It can not be proved absolutely, they say, that Peter ever was at Rome; but he did establish churches in Greece and Syria, where the Greek forms are still practised. The rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church, we are told, bear unmistakable evidences of Greek origin, and every one knows that the Gospels were written in Greek. Among other differences, the Greek Church denies the primacy of the Ro-

man Pontiff, holding that he is Bishop of Rome, but has no further authority or jurisdiction.

The Greek Church shows great reverence for icons—pictures of Jesus and the saints. They are to be found not only in churches, but in places of business, in homes and in the street. The icons in some of the palaces were richly adorned with precious stones, and in some of the churches and monasteries they were surrounded by jewels of amazing value—gifts of nobles who thus sought to show their gratitude for answered prayers. The *iconostas* divides, by a screen, the sanctuary from the rest of the edifice, and in all churches it is splendidly decorated. The icons are displayed in rows (sometimes as many as seven of them) all placed according to ecclesiastic law or rule. The space behind the screen has the altar—upon which a cross is laid flat—and the *thronos*,

THE CITY THAT PETER BUILT, SEEN FROM ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

or archbishop's seat, with other seats for the priests. No woman is permitted to go beyond the outer screen; but at times during the elaborate and complex ceremonial rites, the doors of the sanctuary are opened to permit all worshipers to obtain a glance at what is transpiring within the holy of holies. No instrumental music of any kind is heard in the church, and the choral music has an Oriental sound to western ears.

ABOLISHED BY THE SOVIETS
Guard on Nevsky Prospekt, photographed by Mr. Newman in Czarist days

The priesthood of the Russian Church consists of a black and a white clergy. The former are monks, and from them the bishops and higher clergy are chosen; and many of them, famous for their scholarship, were formerly teachers and tutors in the families of the nobles and the aristocracy. Some of the monasteries were exceedingly wealthy in the older days, having vast treasure within their walls and tremendous revenues. The emancipation of the serfs was a severe blow to the monasteries, as some of them had as many as fifty thousand serfs, whom they owned as former slave-owners in the United States owned their negroes.

From ancient times, there was hostility between the black and white clergy. The priests of the church had a difficult time, and were said to draw a salary of not more than seven-

ty-five dollars a year in the heyday of the Czarist régime. Before taking the vows, they were obliged to marry, and their wives were always the widows or daughters of priests, selected for them by their bishops, who never permitted them to marry outside of clerical circles. When the bishop made the rounds of the churches, he took the names and ages of the daughters of priests, and from this list he assigned brides to the students at the seminaries.

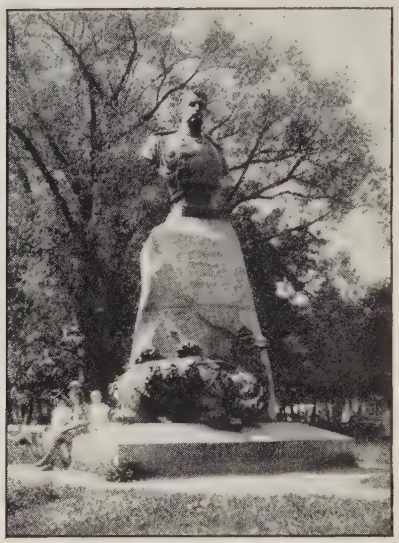
The head or Supreme Pontiff of the church was the Czar, who was considered the Vice-Regent of Heaven on earth; but he left actual direction of the church to the Holy Synod, which was composed of the Metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kiev (who held positions similar to the cardinals of the Roman Church), four archbishops subordinate to them, and twelve bishops appointed by the Czar.

ADMIRALTY BUILDING AND GROUNDS, FROM WHICH LENINGRAD'S MAIN STREETS RADIATE

ADMIRALTY ARCH, ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF LENINGRAD

Altho the Holy Synod was supposed to be supreme and was so in all important ecclesiastical matters, its acts were illegal unless approved by the Czar. The Synod was housed in a palace and was supposed to draw annual revenues of twelve million dollars in addition to offerings from the churches. Its members lived in almost royal state, and when they appeared in public were clad in robes embroidered with jewels of tremendous value.

The Czar is dead and has no successor. The Holy Synod has been dissolved. The treasure of the churches and monasteries has been "nationalized" or confiscated, and sold or placed in museums. But the Soviet has not suppressed religion! It gives no funds to the churches, which formerly drew tremendous state endowments. People are permitted to worship in the churches; but their worship is held up



MONUMENT TO AN ASIATIC EXPLORER IN LENINGRAD

to ridicule, and a stranger is at a loss to understand exactly what the status of the Russian Church is at the present time. Children are being taught that religion is superstition and fanaticism—that it is the opium of the people. Frankly, it seems that Christianity has suffered no such blow since the days of the ancient Roman Empire, and perhaps not then, because there were not so many Christians at that time.

Yet Christianity at one time flourished in Russia as in few countries of the earth, and was considered as characteristic of the Russian people as their national life itself. From the beginning, it appealed to the Russian imagination. Of its introduction from Byzantium, Dean Stanley has said: "It coincides with a great epoch in Europe, the close of the tenth century, where throughout the West the end of the world was expected; when the Latin

OCTOBER 25TH STREET (NEVSKY PROSPEKT)

Church was overclouded with the deepest despondency, when the Papal See had become the prey of ruffians and profligates, then it was that the Eastern Church, silently and unconsciously, bore into the world her mightiest offspring."

PETER THE GREAT LEARNS SHIPBUILDING
This large monument, a landmark of old St. Petersburg, was destroyed during the revolution

The domes and cupolas of the church remain the most universal and characteristic feature of the landscape in all parts of the country. Even these have a Christian symbolism that should not be overlooked, in spite of the fact that the present government would destroy "superstition and fanaticism" as it represents Christianity to be. The onion-shaped towers of gold will proclaim Christian doctrine to all who see them, so long as they endure. Two domes are symbolical of the two natures of Jesus; three, of the Trinity; five, Jesus and four evangelists, or the Five Wounds; seven, the sacraments or gifts of the Spirit; nine, the celestial hierarchies; and thirteen, Jesus and His twelve disciples.

# IV LIFE TO-DAY IN LENINGRAD

LENINGRAD'S MOST FAMOUS STREET, THE FORMER NEVSKY PROSPEKT

Now called the Prospekt of the 25th of October, in honor of the day in 1917 when the Bolsheviki came into power

## IV

## LIFE TO-DAY IN LENINGRAD

ONE paradox we must not forget, in the face of present conditions: the Soviet seems to be more tolerant of sects, cults and creeds than the Czarist Government. There are millions of Mohammedans in the U. S. S. R., and the call of the muezzin to prayer is a familiar sound from the minarets in cities where there is a large Mohammedan population. The Jews are enjoying privileges that they have not known during the past four centuries.

The position of the Jews in Russia is curious. Before the revolution they were allowed to live only in what was called the "pale of settlement," and they were restricted as to occupation. Haunted by fear of pogroms, hated and hunted, they lived a miserable, terrible life. And when the Revolution came, all their possessions were confiscated. Since their trades were also swept away, they became a useless class. But because they had been a persecuted race, the Bolsheviki resolved to do something for them, and eventually it was decided to settle them on the land. Colonies were established in the Ukraine and the Crimea, and to-day their outlook is gradually growing brighter, as we shall see in Chapter XIII.

One of the first things concerning which the visitor will inquire, after he has had a glimpse of Leningrad from the cupola of St. Isaac's Cathedral, will be the Nevsky Prospekt, one of the most celebrated streets in the world, often called

A BIT OF ASIA THAT LINGERS IN EUROPE
From the minarets of this Mohammedan mosque in Leningrad a muezzin daily calls the faithful to prayer

the Fifth Avenue of Russia. The name has been changed by the Soviet to October Prospekt, or, more correctly, to Prospekt of the 25th of October. It is still the main thoroughfare of the city, beginning at the Admiralty and ending at the great Alexander Nevsky Monastery. Thus it connects the center of the city with the end of the ancient Moscow road, at the present time the site of the Moscow Railway Terminus. On this street there is a varied assortment of buildings, some of them very old and some of recent construction, but nearly all with an interesting history.

I recall plainly my previous visit in 1911, when the Nevsky Prospekt was crowded with magnificent vehicles, drawn by prancing Russian and Arabian horses. Elaborately uniformed coachmen and footmen passed in endless numbers. Fur

shops, offering for sale gorgeous and costly furs, and wonderful jewelry stores lined the streets. The Nevsky was an avenue of palaces, which belonged to the aristocrats of Russia. Grand Dukes and merchants of fabulous wealth built their homes on this central thoroughfare. The palaces are still there, but they have been stripped of their treasures, and their façades are badly in need of a coat of paint. In the time of the Czars this street was the center of great financial enterprises, whose ramifications reached around the world. In the older day, a section hereabouts was known in the financial world as the "City," like the corresponding section around the Bank of England and St. Paul's in London. As we shall see, however, many of the banks and other large buildings have undergone the nationalization process and have become museums or offices of departments of government.

The red flag of Soviet Russia floats above many former aristocratic residences—a flag that stands for the reverse of the economic doctrine of every other country in the world. Yet one who has nothing in common with a belief in Communism is likely to be convinced that a proletarian government will continue in Russia indefinitely. Better to accept philosophically the actual situation than to close our eyes to the facts.

In Czarist days, St. Petersburg was a city of contrasts. One saw there the fabulously rich and the miserably poor. Leningrad to-day gives one the impression, with its closed shops and almost deserted streets, that every one is poor. The only meeting-place of the crowds seems to be the markets. There is no night-life other than in the roof-garden of the Hotel l'Europe, where there is jazz, dancing and a cabaret until three o'clock in the morning. The partici-

pants, however, are foreigners who are in Russia on business, and the gaiety is for their benefit. A Communist would not dare attend, even if he had the inclination.

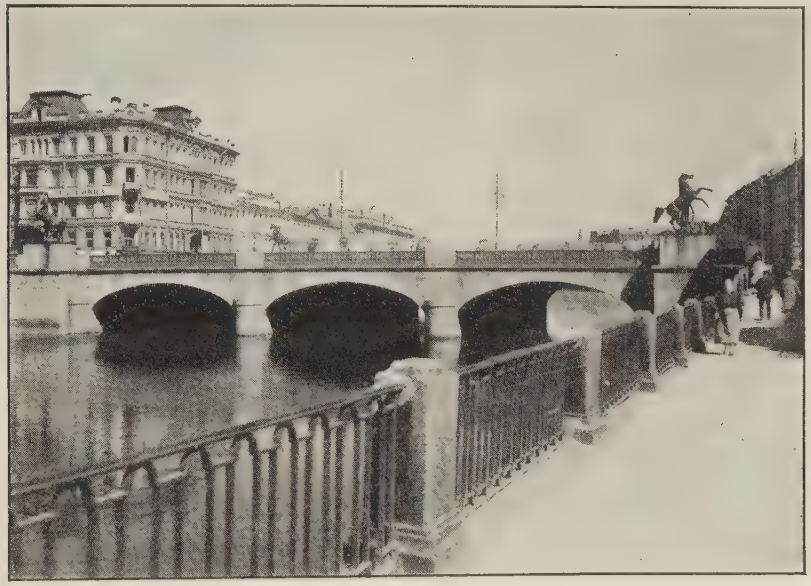
Continuing our first tour, by means of which we shall gain an impression of the city, let us proceed the length of what was formerly the Nevsky and visit the huge Alexander

A FAMILY IN THE ROSENWALD COLONY

Nevsky Monastery, which gave the street its name and which has been called the Westminster Abbey of Russia. In the older day, it was fashionable to drive over this route in the afternoon and to stop at the cathedral for the purpose of hearing the singing at the vesper services. There was a rivalry between the cathedral choir and that at St. Isaac's, and each had its partizans. The monastery is one of the largest in Russia. It was built in the years 1710-16, in honor of

the Grand Duke Alexander Nevsky of Vladimir, who lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. It contains eleven churches and four churchyards, all of great historical interest.

Entering the enclosure, at the left one sees the Lazarus Churchyard, where many famous men and women are buried. And beside this is the cupola-crowned Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, built in classical style and adorned with statues. The cathedral shelters the remains of the sainted Alexander, in a silver service that is said to contain nearly two tons of pure metal. Other precious possessions are the crown of Alexander and the bed upon which Peter the Great died. There are several paintings here by celebrated artists, and on certain days the imperial family used to come to partic-



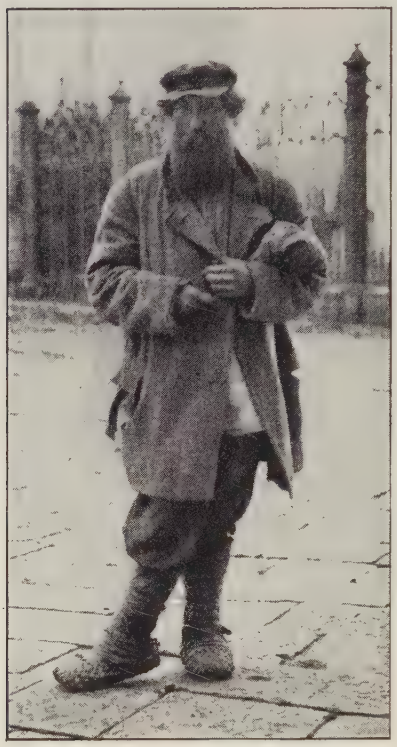
THE "HORSE BRIDGE," LENINGRAD, SO NAMED FOR ITS BRONZE GROUPS, "THE HORSE-TAMERS"

A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN LENINGRAD, FACING ONE OF THE CITY'S WIDE CANALS

ipate in the celebration of what was known as a "perfect mass" that lasted for four hours. Notable is the white marble and red Siberian agate altar, as well as the carved oak doors and the eighteenth century church plate.

The churches at the sides of the cathedral served as a mausoleum for the last Georgian kings and princes, and for members of the imperial family and statesmen, as well as other celebrated Russians. In front of the cathedral is a graveyard that contains the tombs of such celebrities as the poet, Rosenheim; the composer, Rubinstein; the celebrated actress, Vera Kommerjevskaya, who made a professional visit to America, and the writer, Goutcharov. In the graveyard known as the Tikhvinsky are the remains of the composers, Glinka, Serov, Borodin, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, and Arensky. In the library of the monastery are many precious manuscripts of the eighteenth century and a fine collection of books.

The cathedral dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Kazan may be approached from the Nevsky, or Prospekt of the 25th of October. It is another of the notable edifices of Leningrad. Sometimes it was called the Church of Thanksgiving, because since 1811 the imperial family had given thanks here for victories of the army or for some special delivery from danger. The colonnade of the church is in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome and was intended to provide the transition from the noise of the workaday world to the sanctity of a place of worship. A similar colonnade was to have been built at the back of the church, but never was completed. The main entrance is said to be a copy of the Porta Ghiberti at Florence. The Czars were supposed to spend a period of contemplation in this church before they were crowned, as well as upon other notable occasions when praying for special favors. Al-



RUSSIA STILL HAS ITS BEGGARS

exander is said to have spent the entire night here before his battle with Napoleon. The *iconostas* is of pure silver, as is the balustrade that surrounds it. Upon what corresponds to the high altar is the miraculous Lady of Kazan, said to have been brought from Volga City; this claim, however, is denied by some authorities, and the subject is one of much controversy. The icon is richly adorned in jewels, and the shrine is one of the most celebrated in the Christian world. One version of the story of the miraculous Lady of Kazan is that it was discovered underground when workmen were digging for the convent of Bogoroditsky at Kazan, and that it was sent to the capital city when Kazan was burned. But the city for which it was named has maintained that only a copy of it was sent to St. Petersburg, and that the original remained in its native city. Above the entrance to the cathedral is a relief of Rachette's "Descent from the Cross," and over the opposite doorway is a companion "Christ Bearing the Cross" by Shtchedrin. The pillars and walls of the interior of the cathedral are almost veiled from sight by the numerous trophies of the Napoleonic, Turkish, Persian and French wars.

TYPICAL PEASANT COSTUMES
Ethnographical Museum

As I was arranging my cameras for the purpose of photographing the church, I was observed by the priest in authority there, or word was carried to him; at any rate, he came running toward me, gesticulating wildly and much excited, as he shouted for me to close my boxes and leave the premises. I showed him my credentials, and he breathed more easily, explaining that he feared he would be blamed and punished if a photograph of the icon were taken without police permission.

Another cathedral that will delight all visitors brings us to the Fortress of Peter and Paul, which was founded in 1703 by Peter the Great as the center of his capital. When the fortress lost its military importance, it was turned into a prison, and it has a weird and terrible record as the place where political offenders were incarcerated during the Czarist régime, giving it the reputation of being the Russian Bastille. The first famous prisoner was the Czarevitch Alexey, the son of Peter, who is said to have met his death by torture at the orders of his imperial father. The noblemen of the Czarevitch's party and Peter's sister were also thrown into this prison. In the center of the grim fortress is the Peter-Paul Cathedral, which has high towers and a gilt spire, visible from various parts of the city. The clock in the tower is the official timepiece of Leningrad, and every day at noon a gun is fired to announce the correct astronomical time. The

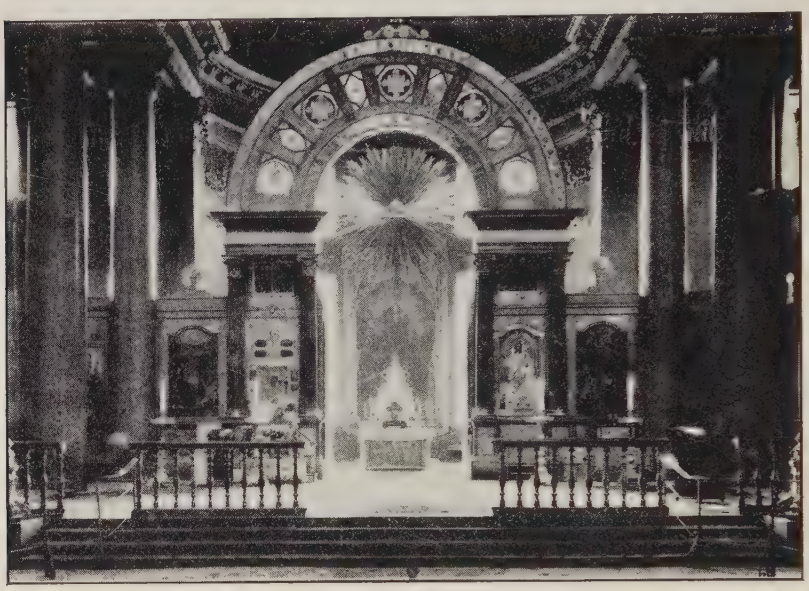
KAZAN CATHEDRAL IS MODELED AFTER ST. PETER'S AT ROME

interior of the church naturally has a fascination for all visitors. Peter designed his own tomb, and the place became the mausoleum for the Romanoff Czars from his time to that of Alexander II., with the exception of Peter II. At Peter's side is the Swedish peasant who became his wife and an empress; and next to her is Elizabeth, who succeeded to the throne. She never married, but lived openly with her lovers, and when it was reported to her that people were making uncomplimentary references to her mode of life, she had the tongues of the gossipers cut out as an example to others. Here are the tombs of the Empress Anna, who succeeded Elizabeth; Peter III., the depraved husband of Catherine the Great; Paul and his family; Alexander I. and his family, and Alexander II. There is a pulpit, a rare thing in a Russian church, that was erected in Peter's time. The tomb-

stones are of white marble ornamented with bronze eagles and crosses, with the exception of the monument to Alexander II., which is of green jasper, and that to his wife, which is of pink quartz.

Near the cathedral is a small building in which the founder of the city lived while forty thousand workmen were causing his capital to rise from the swamps. The rooms are open for inspection, one of them converted into a chapel, which contains an icon that Peter always carried when he traveled. A brick building covers what is known as the Grandfather of the Russian Fleet, a small boat which belonged to Nikita Romanovitch, founder of the Romanoff family, and the craft in which Peter, when a youth, made his first trip on the River Yanza. It is believed that they found the boat in a shed where it had been discarded, probably by the Dutch shipbuilders whom Alexis had summoned from Holland. Near the cathedral is the mint, which dates from 1724, tho the present building was constructed in the nineteenth century. It is used by the U. S. S. R. for the coinage of metal money. The entire district will prove a veritable mine of interest to the visitor, who may take a hasty glance in all directions, or who may spend several hours profitably taking account of

MIRACULOUS ICON, KAZAN CATHEDRAL, LENINGRAD



INTERIOR OF KAZAN CATHEDRAL, LENINGRAD

the important events in Russian history that have transpired here. The stories of prisoners who have spent years in the cells of this "fortification" would fill volumes. The place was a favorite "punishment" with the Czars for men who had offended, and who, it was imperative to know, were confined where they could not escape.

As we are making our first observations in the former Czarist capital, several impressions are gained that are fully confirmed in later travels throughout the country. If Communistic Russia is the land of paradox, it is no less the land of queues. Wherever one goes long lines of people are to be seen waiting their turn outside the Government stores or at some other Government agency. And nowhere do these long lines of people achieve greater proportions than at the railroad stations, which almost invariably have one ticket

window for all classes of passengers. This is supposed to emphasize the spirit of equality; the resultant inefficiency seems to go unheeded. It is not unusual for prospective travelers to wait three days and nights in line for a ticket, and even then they are not sure of getting one, for frequently the supply is exhausted for days at a time.

Here at Leningrad we see for the first time a remarkable feature of life under the Soviet, the so-called "wall papers," which have become very popular with the masses. They are newspapers painted, instead of printed, by artists. Sometimes they are beautifully, if exotically, illustrated. Generally attached to the wall in a factory or in some conspicuous public place, and intended primarily for the proletariat, they give the news of the day or week, as the case may be. The news is carefully selected, of course, by the authorities, and

LENINGRAD STILL HAS ITS SPACIOUS SQUARES, BUT THEY HAVE LOST THEIR BUSY LOOK

CZAR NICHOLAS I
Portrait by George Dawes in the Hermitage

broadcast or telegraphed to all centers. Events calculated to prove the progress of the world revolution, such as foreign strikes and agitations, or to illustrate oppression by the hated capitalists, such as murders and industrial disputes and disasters in foreign lands, are played up and distorted in order to promote agitation and strengthen the creed of Bolshevism. The "wall paper" is undisputedly the Soviet's greatest agitator.

The former aristocracy, many of whom remain at Leningrad, are considered "useless." They were unable to escape from the country, but survived the wholesale massacres of the Revolution and today are tragic figures, altho one sees many of them who seem to have become accustomed to the new order of things. Some of these former aristocrats are in rags, their medals and decorations the only external evidence of their former status; one finds them cleaning the streets, driving droshkies or doing similar jobs. The women make clothes and knitted articles, which they sell to the passers-by on the street corners. A complete reversal of the old order! The lady who once lived in a palace with servants to do her bidding, now occupies a room, or more likely a part of a room, where she makes and trims a hat, and then stands on the curb, offering it for sale to the wives of the workers. Many are perforce beggars.

Frequently a desiccated, disreputable looking man addresses one in perfect English in the streets of Leningrad, in tones unmistakably refined, praying for a few kopeks or a bite to eat—usually it is food they crave.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, DAUGHTER OF NICHOLAS I
Hermitage, Leningrad

These men and women have no status whatever in the Soviet order of things, despite the fact that they could be useful citizens, for all are well educated and some are gifted. The new aristocracy is the proletariat, and the old aristocracy is nothing—less even than were the workers in Czarist times. No Communist can legally make more than the prescribed maximum wage of $115 a month. In practise few do, because, living on the fat of the land and in many cases making their own clothes, the workers have little need of manufactured goods, particularly while the cost of such goods is so forbiddingly high. They have, therefore, no incentive to produce a surplus. This is unquestionably the greatest problem that faces the Soviet Government.

I heard considerable talk about the official creation of a new nobility of laborers, which seemed to prove that mankind does not change in essentials, whatever political complexions may indicate. The decorations and titles of the

former nobility have passed into the discard as displeasing relics of the bourgeoisie. In these days of no class distinction, however, there remains a human fondness for decorations of merit. So I learned that there was to be established not a Legion of Honor, but an Order of the Heroes of Labor. It was to be conferred upon persons who, in science, industry or service to the state, gave proof of distinction over a period of thirty-five years. The award was to be entirely in the power of the Central Committe of the Union of Soviet Republics, which would pass upon the fitness of proposed candidates for the honor. Heroes of Labor were to be exempted from the payment of income taxes, and they were to receive pensions equal to three-fourths of the amount of their last professional income.

"THE LEGEND OF RUSSIAN HEROES"
Painting by Vasnitzoff in the Russian Art Gallery at Moscow

Altho I had been of the opinion that circumstances had compelled me to do my share of work throughout a busy life—in fact, I had doubled the number of hours' work in a single day that is required of a Soviet worker—I was told at Leningrad that I belonged to the "useless" class because I was not considered a worker. I soon had occasion, moreover, to experience class discrimination at work. Thinking it wise to summon a physician when my digestive apparatus told me that I had eaten food to which I was unaccustomed, I sent the call at eleven o'clock in the morning. There was no response until ten o'clock at night, when the doctor arrived at the hotel and told me that, in view of my status as a non-producer and useless individual, he had spent the day in attendance upon the workers. If I still cared for his services, he was now in a position to diagnose the case and offer me a pill. My experience taught me that, despite all the theorizing, the old superiority and inferiority complexes of human nature are still at work in Russia, as well as elsewhere. Hotel servants, for example, who have learned that "they are as good as any one," and that their labor is as necessary as that of other workers, have taken this newly found liberty to mean license; and since they are now certain that they are vastly superior to the guests they serve, they frequently take occasion to be arrogant.

# V CZARS AND PALACES

WINTER PALACE, LENINGRAD, FORMER HOME OF THE CZARS

Now called the Museum of the Revolution and devoted to the history of the Soviet Government

## V

## CZARS AND PALACES

ONE quickly gains the impression that everything about Leningrad has been conceived and executed upon a colossal scale. Barbaric and flashy, perhaps it was, and with the people of the Soviet régime one may agree that refinement and good taste were lacking. A love for display and Oriental splendor has been a Russian characteristic for centuries. Circumstances have given Leningrad a different appearance in the past few years, and the spectacular glitter is not in evidence; nevertheless, the spirit remains the same. To-day, a flash of crimson is more noticeable than the brilliant toilettes of the people, the uniforms of the soldiers and blazing icons of other days; but Leningrad remains what Saint Petersburg was—an almost incredible city which shows the transition of a people throwing off the shackles of Asia for the outer garments of European civilization. Even the last Czars, so recently hurled from the throne, wore more and larger jewels than any reigning sovereigns in the world. State ceremonials were upon a more lavish scale than elsewhere. Officers and diplomats wore more honorary medals and decorations than elsewhere. Palaces were more brilliantly furnished and lighted. One might have been pardoned for believing in the older day that the world's wealth was amassed and placed upon display in this northern metropolis.

We have had a glance at the principal churches, once

THE IMPOSING GATE TO THE WINTER PALACE

filled with unbelievable treasure, and architecturally conceived upon a tremendous scale. With this thought in mind, let us observe some of the monuments in public squares, and we shall find the same tendency to build everything upon a colossal plan; an ambition which, strangely enough, is appropriate to this city of magnificent distances. The monoliths of Leningrad are gigantic. The quarries of Finland were to the Czars what the stone hills of Upper Egypt and Nubia were to the ancient Pharaohs who decorated their cities with obelisks. There was much the same incredible labor in placing them—perhaps the difficulties were greater, because in Russia it was sometimes necessary to drain marshes, even to build roadways, over which the pillars and columns could be rolled. In the extensive Uritzky Square (formerly called Palace Square) stands the Alexander Column, erected

by Nicholas I. to the memory of Alexander I. On a pedestal twenty-six feet high, hewn out of a single block of granite, stands the huge pillar of polished red Finnish granite, doubtless the largest monolith of modern times: ninety-eight feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. This is surmounted by a bronze capital thirteen feet high, and on a ball at the top is a bronze angel holding a cross twenty-five feet long in one hand and extending the other in benediction over the city. The monument is inscribed simply: "Grateful Russia to Alexander I." The great open space, with its Alexander Column, seemed just as it was when I saw it last in 1911. In front of the palace is a line of barricades. I was told these were placed there because the Government was filming a motion-picture story of the revolution, and the barricades were reproductions of those placed there during the war between the Whites and the Reds. The bronze group of Victory, with its six-horse chariot, still surmounts the arch forming the entrance to the square and has been adopted by the Soviet as a token of Red conquest over Capitalism.

JORDAN ENTRANCE, WINTER PALACE

Near the Admiralty and St. Isaac's is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great that is one of the most successful of ancient or modern times. It rests upon a huge base of granite that weighs sixteen hundred tons. Tradition has it that this particular stone was chosen because Peter

stood on it when he was observing a naval victory over the Swedes. The methods employed for bringing the stone to its present position were curiously similar to those of ancient Egypt. A marsh was drained and it was pulled a distance of several miles by rolls, windlasses and pulleys, a drummer sitting on the stone itself to give go-ahead signals to men and horses. The statue itself is eleven feet high and the horse is seventeen feet high. The animal is in a rearing position at the edge of a precipice, reminiscent of the portraits of Ferdinand IV. by Velasquez. The French sculptor, Falconet, had the services of a Russian general as his model. The general was

PETER THE GREAT

an excellent rider, and mounted on an Arab horse he rushed up an artificial mound erected for the purpose, thus procuring the triumphant attitude in which we see the Czar be-

ALEXANDER COLUMN, HEWN OUT OF A SINGLE BLOCK OF RED FINNISH GRANITE

holding the city that he caused to rise on the banks of the Neva. A pupil of the sculptor, named Callot, modeled the head. This monument is celebrated by Pushkin in "The Bronze Knight."

In the Ostrovsky (formerly Alexander) Square, is a gigantic monument to Catherine the Great. It rests upon a granite base, supporting a pedestal which bears a figure of the Czaritsa thirteen feet high, an ermine mantle over her shoulders. She holds the imperial scepter in her hand and is surrounded by the bronze figures of celebrated men of her reign—some of them her lovers who were raised from obscurity to riches and power. As we view this memorial to one of the most remarkable women who ever lived, it may be fitting to recall something of her amazing career.

THE HERMITAGE, LENINGRAD'S FAMOUS ART GALLERY, BOASTS A LILAC GARDEN

It has pleased the world to underestimate the abilities and wonderful mind of Catherine the Great, perhaps, thinking far more of her romantic escapades and adventures. It is well to recall, however, that she had an extraordinary brain which enabled her to conduct what might be called an intimate correspondence with the greatest European philosophers of her time. About her were many of the qualities of her greatest predecessor on the throne, Peter the Great.

Catherine, born Sophia Augusta Fredrika, the daughter of Prince Christian August and Jeanne Elizabeth, a Holstein princess, was an international scandal from the moment of her birth, because diplomatic correspondence of the time casts a doubt upon her paternity. When little more than a child she was sent to Russia to become the bride of the odious Czar, Peter III., who frightened her at first sight by his ugliness, and who made life a continuous torture for her. Peter's disreputable life with his mistresses and debauchees, meanwhile, alienated him from his long-suffering subjects. Finally Catherine took the reins in her own hand, summoned a couple of her lovers and drove to the capital, where, mounted on a horse, she took command of the troops and declared herself Empress. Followed by the army, she compelled her husband to abdicate, and ordered him sent away, directing—so it is said—that his death was to result "from dysentery within forty-eight hours." Exactly what followed is another Russian secret that may never be revealed; but the former Emperor was dispatched, and at his funeral Catherine (she took the name when she embraced the Russian faith) compelled the two men who had strangled, poisoned or shot him to walk beside his bier.

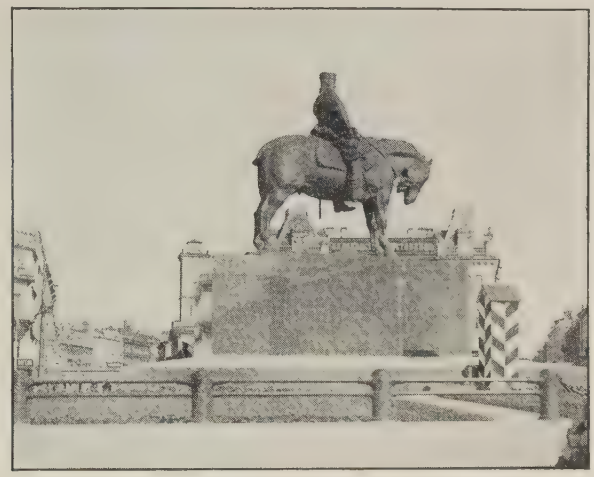
Monster or genius—perhaps both—Catherine brought an era of great prosperity to Peter's city, which had not been

FOUNTAINS, FOUNTAINS EVERYWHERE, AROUND THE PALACE AT PETERHOF

a favorite with her predecessors, some of whom had preferred to live at Moscow. Her reign was marked by what might be termed a series of romantic orgies. It has been estimated that her lovers cost the Government 92,820,000 rubles. Her offspring by this numerous train created a fresh nobility. Some of her favorites became princes and honors were heaped upon them; palaces were built for them, and even after they had passed from imperial favor they were made the possessors of vast wealth. It has been estimated that Potemkin cost her fifty million rubles, and Gregory Orloff was an expensive luxury at seventeen million rubles. Her manner of living was a chief topic of conversation and gossip in European courts throughout her reign; yet the former Princess Sophia left a far greater Russia, when

she died, than she had found when she crossed the border to become the bride of a man who seems to have been almost an imbecile in his youth, and who doubtless was a maniac in the latter years of his life.

Reference to the greatest Russian woman of all times, who liked to call herself "Mother of the Russian People," and whom the people, in turn, referred to as "Babooshka Eka-

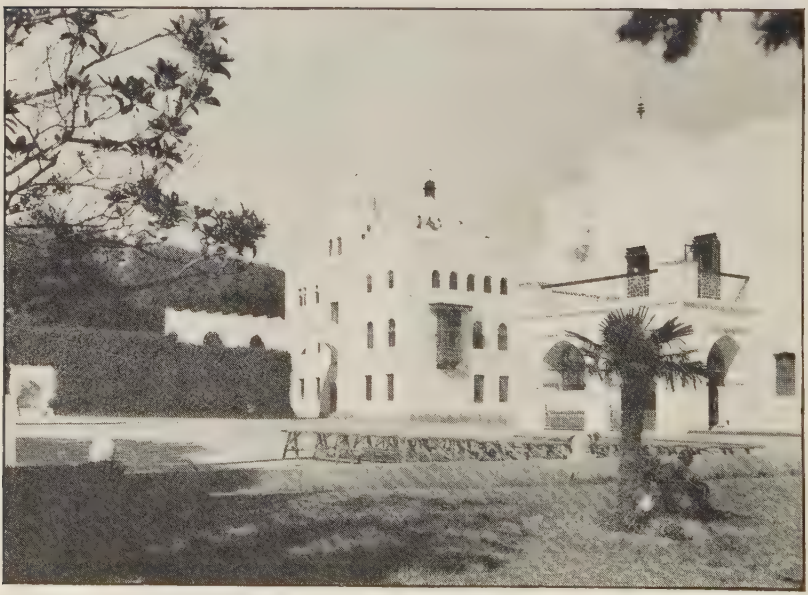


"THE SCARECROW" THE REDS CALL IT
Colossal equestrian statue of Alexander III, which the Bolsheviki in Leningrad flout as a "mockery of aristocracy"

terina" or "Grandmother Catherine," naturally prompts our attention to the women of the Soviet régime. Women have now come into their own—not theoretically, but practically. There are said to be about one hundred thirty thousand women officials in Russia at the present time, some of them holding high positions of trust and authority. Women are members of the Central Executive Committee and of the General Staff. Some are proving highly efficient in Government laboratories, and others are heads of great engineer-

ing projects. It is estimated that fully thirty per cent of the research-workers in agricultural experiment stations are women, and perhaps half of the Soviet students are women and girls. One observes that the home is being changed from an individual to a collective basis. The theory at present is that woman should bring her offspring into the world, but that after the birth of her child, the mother should share the responsibilities with the state. The Government is establishing "Homes for Mother and Child," where the mother may live at public expense for eight weeks after childbirth. Children between the ages of three and six are under the protection of the People's Commissariat for Education.

The old Russian idea that "women's heads are filled with



PALACE OF GRAND DUKE PETER IN THE CRIMEA,
NOW A HOSPITAL FOR PEASANTS

DRILLING THE GUARD AT THE WINTER PALACE IN THE DAYS OF THE CZARS

straw instead of brains" has passed, and even the peasant, who formerly selected his wife on account of her endurance and ability to work, has different ideas concerning his life partner. An important feature of Soviet doctrine is "equality in morals, equal rights in sex life, or what is known as 'free marriage.'" The Soviet Constitution declares woman the equal of man in industry, office and government employment. During the Czarist régime there were in all Russia only thirty-four institutions for the protection of women and infants; to-day there are over three thousand. The officials declare that a skilled doctor and an efficient nurse, now to be found at each of these institutions, are reminders of the superiority of medical aid over charms or holy water in case of illness.

When peasant women show that they are interested in the

CRYSTAL ROOM IN THE HERMITAGE, ONE OF THE GREAT ART GALLERIES OF THE WORLD

Government, they are invited to visit Moscow, where they may listen to lectures and receive special training for their future activities at home. They may remain at Moscow at Government expense for two months, under the instruction of specialists. It is claimed that one million peasant women, by means of this and similar devices, have been brought to see the "light" and have gone back to their villages and towns as administrators. Women are said to constitute about twenty-five per cent of the city councils under the U. S. S. R. There are many of them acting as judges, clerks and probation officers.

In what was formerly Znamenskaya (now Insurrection) Square, is the colossal equestrian statue of Alexander III., which the Soviet has called a "mockery of aristocracy." It was modeled by Prince Troubetzkoy and was erected in 1909. A characteristic move of the Soviet has been to inscribe upon the pedestal the following from the proletarian poet, Demien Byeduy:

THE SCARECROW

"My Son and my Father were Executed when Living, and now Disgrace has Overtaken Me even after Death; I Stand here like a Brazen Scarecrow for the Land that has Shaken off forever the Yoke of Aristocracy."

The colossal Winter Palace is now known as the Palace of Art, altho doubtless it will take many years, perhaps a generation, to remove its name from the popular mind. It is one of the finest buildings in the world—about twice the size of the Capitol at Washington—having seventeen hundred rooms; when it was used as the official residence of the rulers, it accommodated six thousand people. The building faces the Neva and is about five hundred feet long. It was begun in 1754 by the Empress Anne and completed in 1764

by Catherine II., and was occupied by all the Russian Czars who reigned after its completion. When the autocracy fell, the Winter Palace became the residence of Kerensky's government. It was the taking of this palace, October 25, 1917, by the Bolsheviki that marked the victory of the Revolution, which is celebrated in the new name of the famous Nevsky Prospekt. On the order of the Soviet, the cruiser *Aurora* came up the Neva from Cronstadt and bombarded the palace, while the Red Guards and other forces approached from the square, entered the building and arrested the ministers whom they found there.

The main entrance faces the river and leads to a vestibule of marble with wide stairways, adorned by marble groups, ascending to the former apartments of state. The Throne

WORKMEN WAITING FOR THE TWO-HOUR LUNCH PERIOD TO END

TARTAR TYPE IN KAZAN

Room is so vast that the entire White House at Washington could be set down in it. It was in this room that on New Year's Day the Czar received the high dignitaries of state, the army, navy and diplomatic corps, always a scene of almost barbaric splendor, which many writers have attempted to describe. No other court in Europe attempted such a lavish display of jewels, and whole volumes have been written (in French) describing the costumes and decorations worn at a single reception. Banquets were served to as many as three thousand guests. During a banquet, twelve courses of food were served by eighteen hundred liveried servants. Guests had a service of solid silver plate, and the imperial family ate everything from gold plate. Delicacies that had come from all parts of the world, dishes that had been prepared by some of the finest chefs in Europe, were served. At one of these banquets, in the dead of the Russian winter, the tables were decorated with orange trees, from which blossoms and ripe fruit were hanging, and all the other decorations were in keeping. Gold is lavishly spread over walls and moldings.

One part of the palace, which is no longer considered an official residence, is now occupied by the Museum of the

LIVADIA PALACE, CRIMEA, BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME OF THE CZARS, NOW A HOSPITAL FOR WORKMEN AND PEASANTS

Revolution, and the other by the Museum of the Hermitage. The vast edifice is bewilderingly beautiful, even in its present condition, which barely compares with that of the time when the Czar was alive. A few of the rooms will be mentioned briefly, but it is difficult to convey in words an appropriate description of their extravagant grandeur. The Hall of St. George has a gold-leaf covered ceiling, and is a fine room; yet it was used only at the times when the Czar was decorating heroes with the Order of St. George, similar to the Order of the Garter in England. There was the Hall of Field Marshals, the walls of which were covered with the portraits of military heroes. Rooms had walls of purple, green, yellow, pink and orange. There were silver and gold rooms, also red and green marble rooms, besides a gallery in which hung the painted portraits of the Romanoffs.

The apartments formerly occupied by Alexander II. are shown. They reveal a desire for comfort and good taste, aided by an extravagant expenditure. The drawing-room has a couple of pictures by Angelica Kaufmann and a mosaic portrait of Elizabeth. In the schoolroom are many works of art, paintings and bronzes. Perhaps the study is overcrowded with furniture. Here are many intimate souvenirs of Alexander's life, family portraits and articles of clothing —even the telegraph apparatus by means of which the Czar could communicate secretly with the German Emperor, Wilhelm I., who had a similar apparatus in his study. In the wardrobe are the military uniforms worn by Alexander II. In the library are his books, most of which treat of military matters, and the books that were presented to him on the twenty-fifth year of his reign. For a time, Kerensky and some of his ministers lived in this apartment.

Several paintings that formerly hung upon the walls were

destroyed when the revolutionary crowd rushed into the apartments of Nicholas II., October 25, 1917. This drawing-room contains many Japanese objects brought home by Nicholas after his voyage as Czarevitch. In the study is a statue of Buddha having large ruby eyes. It was presented by Buddhists of Saint Petersburg on receiving permission to erect a temple of their own in the city. The Czaritsa's bedroom is hung with many holy icons and several portraits, including that of Alexandra Feodorovna by Vigée Lebrun. There is splendid Louis XVI. furniture (the wedding present of the King of England) and silver furniture. In the Malachite Room, furnished in green, sat Kerensky's ministers for several of their important conferences. There is a Moors' Room, so named for the Moors who were in attendance here during reception, dressed in red costumes embroidered with gold.

PATIENTS AT LIVADIA PALACE

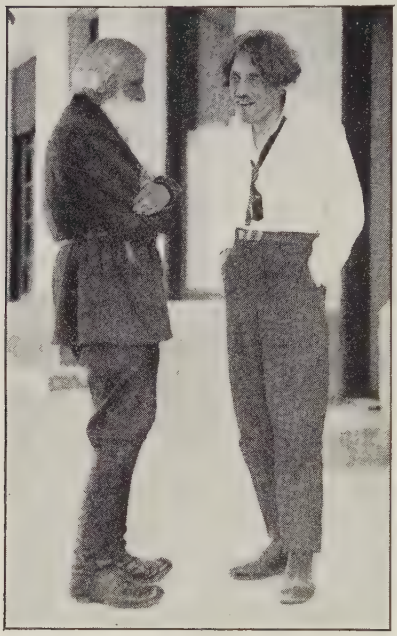
The so-called Museum of the Revolution, under the same roof, was founded in 1920, its chief exhibits consisting of material connected with the Revolution of 1917, as well as of revolutionary movements in western Europe. The objects in the first room relate to the insurrection of 1825, with portraits of the conspirators and of Czar Nicholas I., and cannon balls that were shot at the Decembrists. The second room has portraits, docu-

ments and objects concerning their punishment and exile. Another reveals revolutionary movements of the 'seventies and 'eighties, with documents and portraits. Then come the secret printing-presses of the Czarist times. So, on and on, through various rooms. Last is what is known as Lenin's Corner, where there is a large exhibit of articles pertaining to his private and political life. Everything of interest from the time Kerensky and his aides overthrew the Czar, down through the civil war in which Wrangel, Petlura, Deniken and other White Russians fought against the Reds, is shown in minute detail. It is an interesting résumé of events up to the final victory of Lenin and Trotsky.

VLADIKAVKAS ALSO HAS ITS BEAUTY SPOTS

The magnificent iron fence that once enclosed the garden in front of the Winter Palace is gone. It was taken down and now encloses a playground for the children of workers. The old gates remain. Where we once saw the imperial crown, there is now a piece of sheet iron placed over the crown to hide it. I tore away part of the iron to photograph the emblem, which is supposed to be hidden.

In an upper room of the Winter Palace, formerly were shown many of the crown jewels, many of which have been offered for sale by the Soviet and some of which have found their way to Europe and America. Even in Czarist days,



A MILD ARGUMENT IN SIMFEROPOL

visitors were closely guarded when inspecting these priceless treasures, and usually were kept moving, with no opportunity to have more than a glance at them. Of these things, the imperial scepter was the most valuable, being considered worth well over one million dollars. It contained the celebrated Orloff diamond of one hundred eighty-five carats. The diamond had a romantic history. It was stolen in India, was owned by an Armenian, and finally was purchased at Amsterdam and presented to Catherine the Great by Count Orloff. The Czar's crown was ordered by Catherine and was valued at over one million rubles. On the top was a cross made of five large diamonds, resting on a ruby of tremendous size. This ruby was held in place by a gold ring set with seven large diamonds, and on each side of the ring was a semicircle of thirty-eight large pearls. The crown of the Czaritsa (which, unlike other monarchs, she wore frequently on state occasions) likewise was set with many big diamonds. The diamond cross at the top rested upon a huge sapphire. The last empress had a necklace of twenty-two of the largest diamonds known. Another neck decoration had fifteen huge diamonds, as well as one that had three hundred enormous pear-shaped pearls. An aigrette of diamonds was a gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

A necklace of the finest emeralds that could be purchased was a Christmas present to the Czaritsa in 1887.

Other articles displayed are numerous diadems, necklaces and articles of personal decoration. There are the Shah diamond of eighty-five carats, a magnificent pale ruby, an Order of St. Andrew set with five rose diamonds, and whole strings of diamond chains.

A MAID OF GEORGIA
That is, of the Bolshevik Georgia in the Caucasus

A glance into the drawing-room of the predecessor of the last Czaritsa shows it to be decorated with gold, mirrors and statuary. The carpet is a gift from the Shah of Persia. The chandeliers are huge masses of carved crystal, the mantels of lapis-lazuli, and a door is studded with turquoises, topaz and amethysts.

It was in front of the Winter Palace that the impressive "Benediction of the Waters" took place on January 6 each year, a festival that attracted wide attention and had various points of similarity with the ancient wedding of the Republic of Venice to the Adriatic.

A wooden "temple" was erected upon the ice of the Neva. It was richly decorated with gilt and paint and surrounded with branches of fir, so that it made a most attractive picture. A hole was cut in the ice, reaching through to the

waters, this being popularly known as the *Jordan,* a name commonly applied to any baptistry or font used for the rites of baptism. On the day of the celebration, the Czar led a solemn procession from the imperial chapel, followed by the clergy in its most gorgeous regalia and members of the imperial family and the nobles. Troops lined the path and there was a vast multitude in attendance as the waters were blessed in commemoration of the baptism of Jesus. The crowd held lighted tapers, and the vested choirs from the cathedrals chanted solemn dirges, followed by a salute from the fortress. Following this, the people were sprinkled with the water and went home to paint crosses over the doors and windows of their houses, to forbid entrance of the evil spirits dispelled from the waters at the time of benediction.

Devout worshipers sought to dip their fingers into the

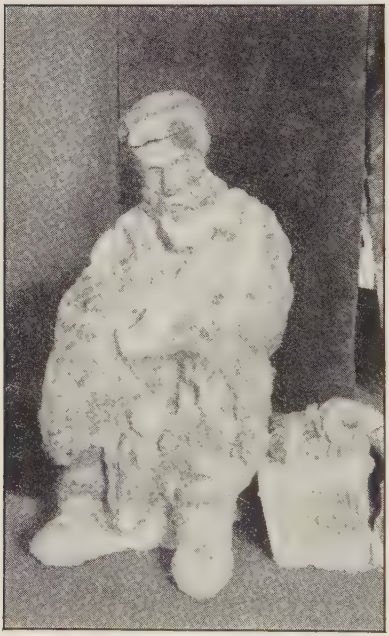
COLD DRINKS! SOFT AND HARD!
How one Jewish boy in Petrofsk makes a living

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE IN TIFLIS

water through the hole in the ice. In early days, mothers sought to immerse their babies in the ice-water, and it is said that the infants usually died as a result; but if they did so, parents were consoled with the promise that the infants would pass immediately to Paradise. In fact, the ceremony was likely to result disastrously for many older people, as the weather was often intensely cold in St. Petersburg at that time of year. It is said that Peter the Great never recovered from a cold contracted at this service; also that his grandson died from the effects of exposure on a similar occasion. One of the courtiers of Alexander I. died immediately after having attended the ceremony with his imperial master, who had three fingers frostbitten. Water was dipped from the river at this time each year and kept by the governor of the city. In spring, after the ice had disappeared, he was taken in a state barge down the river to the palace and presented the Neva water in a golden goblet to the Czar, who (theoretically) drained the cup and filled it with gold coin as a present to the official. After the custom was inaugurated and had become thoroughly established, the Czar observed that the goblet containing the water was becoming larger each year—consequently more and more gold was required to fill it—so an

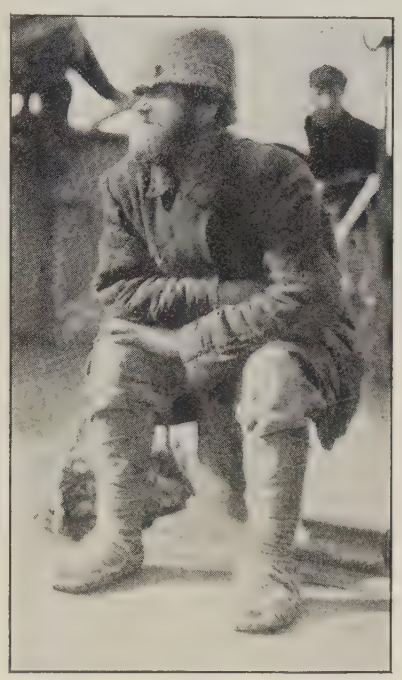
imperial decree was issued, regulating the size of the goblet.

Across from the Winter Palace, on the other side of the Square, in a big semicircle, is a striking array of palaces which belonged to the former nobility and aristocracy. Some of these edifices have as many as one hundred rooms, and a magnificent state was maintained by their occupants in the days of opulence and ostentation. Kohl, usually considered an authority in such things, says that the following retinue may be considered as never wanting on the list: the superintendent of accounts, the secretary, maître d'hôtel, valets of the lord, valets of the lady, overseer of the children, footmen, butler and his adjuncts, table-decker, head groom, coachman and postilions of the lady, the attendants on the son of the house and their tutors, porters, head cook and his assistants, baker, confectioner, stove-heater, kvass-brewer, waiting-maids and wardrobe-keeper of the lady, waiting-maids of the grown-up daughters and their governesses, nurses in and past service and their under-nurses, and when a private orchestra was maintained, as frequently was the case, a kapellmeister and his musicians. In this notable semicircle are several of the palaces built by Catherine the Great and presented to her lovers; and it was in this huge



ART OF A JEWISH SCULPTOR IN SIMFEROPOL

square that the Czaritsa, astride a horse, demanded the allegiance of the troops after she had abandoned her husband and decided to declare herself Empress.



A MUZHIK ON THE VOLGA

Not a long distance away from the Winter Palace is what is now known as the Court Stables Museum, in which is displayed the finest assortment of state carriages in existence, certainly more remarkable than the display in either Vienna or Lisbon. Here are the sleighs and coaches of all the Russian rulers from the time of Peter the Great to the last Czar. Here are several vehicles of historical interst and of rare intrinsic value. For example, the coronation carriages sent by Frederick the Great to Elizabeth I.; state coaches decorated by Watteau and Boucher; the shattered carriage occupied by Czar Alexander II. at the time of his assassination; a sleigh made by Peter I., and the gem of a coach presented to Catherine the Great by Gregory Orloff. The Czaritsa entered this coach only on formal state occasions. The exterior is covered with gold leaf as thick as cardboard, and on the door the crest of the Empress is set in diamonds. It has been said that this single carriage cost as much as the White House at Washington. There is also a carriage—built for the last Czar's father—that cost four hundred thousand dollars.

GROWING TO WOMANHOOD IN ONE OF RUSSIA'S NEW JEWISH COLONIES

It was the imperial fashion to have these huge vehicles drawn by twelve white and twelve black horses. They were placed in various positions: all black on one side and all white on the other; two blacks followed by two whites, a team of white and black, or the whites leading and the blacks following. Some of the harnesses were gorgeously decorated with rare jewels, one single set for the imperial carriage being worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. When Catherine II. rode out in full state, it has been estimated that fully three million dollars rolled along the pavement. The Czar sometimes maintained as many as eight hundred horses in the imperial stables, and the upkeep was nearly one million dollars a year.

Fully two thousand men were employed by this depart-

ment of the household, and the walls of the stables were hung with rare Gobelin tapestries, each one of which was a treasure fit for a museum—where many of them are now to be found.

We pass along Khalturin (formerly Millionaya) Street to the Tolstoy Museum, which contains a splendid collection of memorials of Leo Tolstoy, consisting of letters, manuscripts, pictures and busts of the author, printed and lithographed copies of his works, their translation into many foreign languages, Russian and foreign literature relating to him, post-cards, caricatures, several articles of his dress—including a pair of boots made by himself—and the carriage in which he left his home when he rode out into the world for the last time and died.

Further along is the Pushkin Museum, which performs a similar mission for memorials of Russia's greatest poet. The manuscript section here is said to contain one million manuscripts of Russian authors who lived between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. The library contains two hundred thousand items pertaining to the literature and history of this period, the books of Pushkin's library and several other collections with association interest. There is a section of portraits, busts and souvenirs of the various authors and members of their circles.

MOSCOW STREET URCHINS

Flower gardens occupy

JEWS PAST MIDDLE LIFE TRYING TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL FARMING

what is known as the Square of the Victims of the Revolution, the former Field of Mars. Here also are monuments to men now considered heroes—the tomb of Uritzky, the People's Commissary, and the tombs of others whose names are unknown beyond Russia, save where they were flashed to the world's newspapers during the revolution.

To the east of the Field of Mars lies the Summer Garden, which is said to contain fifteen hundred trees. Peter the Great ornamented this park with hot houses, grottoes, decorative statues and sculptured groups. Here is the Summer Palace built in 1710-12; instead of being inhabited, it was rather a place of brief residence during the fêtes in the park. It is an unpretentious building, the interior of which has been altered at various times. There are several articles of

furniture that were made by Peter and an interesting kitchen, the walls of which are covered with Dutch tile.

The Russian Museum occupies the building formerly known as the New Michael Palace. Its excellent collections are divided into sections for Fine Arts and selections from imperial palaces and from several privately owned places, under the nationalization plan of the Soviet. In the Fine Arts section are twenty-four thousand objects, which show a history of Russian painting and sculpture that is nearly complete; and, so far as possible, they are exhibited in chronological order. In this vast array, it is likely that the visitor will obtain his best impression of icons and iconography, the treatment of sacred subjects, and the changes that have taken place in this kind of art with the passing of the centuries. The exhibit also indicates the artistic evolution of the people. It is rich in articles showing the old Byzantine, Slavonic, Greek, Italian methods of painting. Room VI will be found to be particularly interesting, for here is the Novgorod collection of icons, which illustrates what is known as the Novgorod School, from the beginning of the sixteenth century, which has so much in common with Byzantium and proves its undoubted influence.

In the Ethnographical Section will be found a most comprehensive collection of objects procured by excavation, dating from ancient days, and later reaching to the present time, illustrating the clothing, household implements, home life, occupations and industries of the various races of Great Russia. We see the old Caucasian culture of the copper, bronze and iron ages; the splendid modern jewelry of the Kurds; the tombs of ancient Bulgarian times, and a Turkish shadow theater of recent days; objects of worship of the ancient Finns, and the recent bridal attire of the Kirghiz.

A STREET IN MOSCOW

Here are garments made of feathers and skin, Lamaist objects of worship, a Buriat *yurta* covered with fish scales, collections from Buddhist as well as from Christian monasteries, a most comprehensive scientific library, and rare archives of photographs relating to the subjects of the collections in the Museum. Verily, "nationalization" has worked miracles in bringing together treasures of all kinds and making them available to the multitudes.

The New Michael Palace now housing this vast collection was built by Alexander III. for the Grand Duke Michael Pavlovitch, and was so named to identify it, because there existed already the Michael Palace built in the reign of Paul I. on the site of a summer palace occupied by the Czaritsa Elizabeth. The earlier structure was one of Paul's whims. He not only wanted the palace, but wanted it to rise suddenly, so he employed five thousand workers and it cost eighteen million rubles. He caused to be placed over the entrance: "On thy house will the blessing of the Lord rest forever," and exactly three months after the completion of the palace he was murdered!

The glance we have had at some of these large and interesting buildings is enough to prove that there is no truth in the rumor, so widely circulated, that the present Government of Russia is in favor of Leningrad's decay. The false

rumor goes on to suggest that all official energies are to be devoted to the perpetuation and glory of Moscow, the ancient capital, which was not so much favored by the recent Czars.

It is evident, on the contrary, that all the Government's plans look toward preserving the treasures of the Czarist capital and, by assembling rare collections that formerly were in private buildings, making them available to the masses as never before, by placing them in museums. In fact, it seems that no city in the world at the present time has so many museums as Leningrad. Doubtless much that was beautiful and priceless was destroyed during and after the revolution. Such losses are inevitable under like circumstances; but the Soviet authorities have made a consistent and strenuous effort to preserve documents, letters, personal souvenirs of importance, and seemingly all else that will be of value and interest to posterity. When the descendants of the revolutionists desire to be informed concerning the closing years of the Czarist period, they will find the facts authenticated by indisputable evidence.

# VI GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS HERMITAGE ART GALLERY IN LENINGRAD

## VI

## GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

THE collections of art objects which Catherine caused to be placed in the Hermitage became the nucleus for the magnificent array of treasures still to be found in the building that retains the name of Hermitage to-day—a name that for art-lovers is comparable to the Louvre in Paris, the National Gallery in London, the Prado at Madrid, or any of the other extensive collections in the world. On the roof of the original Hermitage, this mighty Semiramis of the North, as she has been called, created a huge garden of flowers, shrubs and trees, heated in winter by subterranean vaults and illuminated in summer. Many guests have left behind them written testimony of the happy days and evenings that were spent here by large companies who enjoyed the imperial favor.

Czar Nicholas I. gave to the museum the site that it now occupies and made the collections accessible to a larger number of people. After the revolution of 1917, some of the collections were moved to the Winter Palace (now the Palace of Art), thus affording space for the acquisitions, some of which came from other museums and others from private collections that were nationalized.

If time permits, the visitor to Leningrad should arrange to spend a part of several days at the Hermitage, which is preferable to any attempt to view the boundless treasures in one more or less hasty excursion, which all who have at-

tempted it at the Louvre, for example, know is not only tiresome, but most unsatisfactory. The collections are too vast to be appreciated at a glance, and they are too valuable to be overlooked by one who has the opportunity to see them. For example, the gold in the Kertch collection is matched in worth only by the Etruscan room at the Vatican. The Dutch art works are rivaled only by the museums in Holland and are perhaps unequalled save at Dresden. The Spanish collection is comparable to that at Madrid. Rubens may be seen here as he is at Munich. There are over fifteen hundred pictures, many of them masterpieces of world-wide fame. The collection of coins and medals contains over three hundred thousand pieces and it said to be equal to all the collections in Paris combined. There are four hundred antique marbles and about seventeen hundred vases.

THE LOGGIA OF THE HERMITAGE RECALLS THAT OF THE VATICAN

ORNAMENTS OF SOLID GOLD
From Kertch, in the Crimea

Kohl calls attention to the Russian taste in observing that "On the whole, there are more Dutch cottages such as Ostade painted than there are Venetian palaces or Roman churches; more north-German cattle pastures than southern Alps; more unroasted and roasted game than roasted martyrs; more hares transfixed by the spit of the cook than Saint Sebastians by the arrows of the heathen; more dogs, horses and cows than priests, prophets and saintly visions." So numerous are the productions of some of these masters here, that separate halls are devoted to them, and it is scarcely conceivable how enough of their pictures were found for other collections.

We first visit the Section of Antiquities on the ground floor. Here are Greek and Roman sculptures and a rich collection of terra cottas, vases and cameos, the collection having started with Peter the Great, who purchased the Venus of Taurida. The collection of Egyptian antiquities is not so large as those of Cairo, Paris or London, but it is of sufficient variety to afford a complete impression of life and manners of ancient Egypt. Here is what is known as the Golenishchef papyrus, perhaps the oldest extant specimen of secular literature, as it dates from 2000 B.C. It contains the "Story of a Ship-Wrecked Man."

AMONG ITS TREASURES THE HERMITAGE BOASTS SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MARBLES

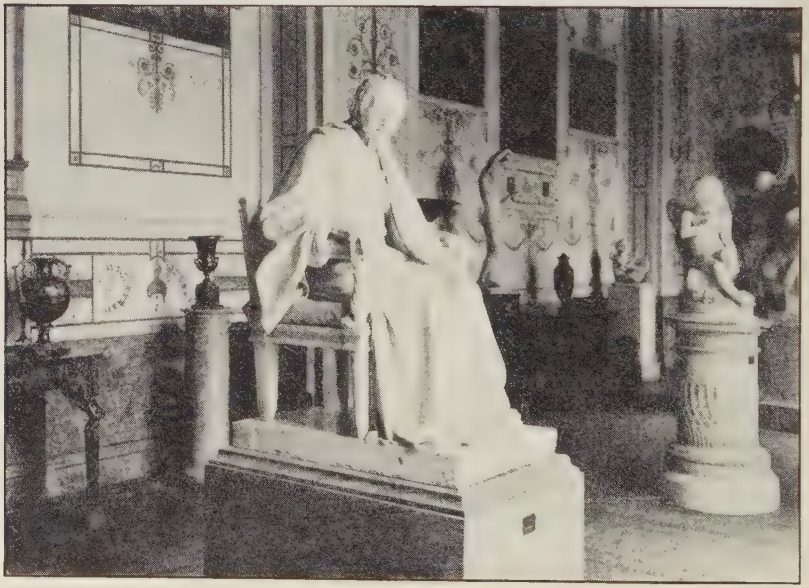
The section of engravings and drawings contains over two hundred thousand pieces and was started in the reign of Catherine the Great. The exhibits run the gamut from copperplate engravings by Rembrandt to popular caricatures of the late war by French artists. There is a valuable collection of drawings by celebrated artists of various schools; these are shown only to visitors who obtain permission to see them for educational purposes.

On the first floor, opposite the staircase, is the Gallery of the History of Painting, which contains eighty-six pictures by Hiltensperger, painted in wax colors on copper. Around the gallery surrounding the staircase, sculptures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are exhibited. Here are Houdon's statue of Voltaire, a Diana with the features of Dubarry, a bronze bust of Marie Antoinette, the Three Graces by Canova, and a bust of Peter the Great.

The Cabinets of the Italian Masters contain many gems by the greatest painters of Italy. An Italian room adorned with huge vases of malachite and beautiful candelabra contains many Italian masterpieces. In this collection are: Perugino's "St. Sebastian," Leonardo da Vinci's juvenile "Madonna Benois," Botticelli's "Adoration of the Wise Men," Fra Beato Angelico's "Madonna with Saints," Filippino Lippi's "Adoration of the Infant Jesus," a youth in a crouching position by Michelangelo, and Raphael's "Madonna Alba," which was painted in Rome when the master was in his prime. In the same room we find Andrea del Sarto's "Holy Family," Giorgione's "Madonna," Raphael's "Madonna Conestabile" and "Saint George." There is a splendid representation of the Venetian School: Titian's "Penitent Magdalen," Paolo Veronese's "Pietà," and Titian's "Venus Before the Looking Glass." Tiepolo is best represented by "Mæcenas

Commends the Fine Arts to Augustus." Other notable paintings in this section are: Guido Reni's "The Adoration of the Shepherds," Tintoretto's "Birth of John the Baptist," Canaletto's "Betrothal of the Doge and the Adriatic," and Giordano's "Descent from the Cross." There are many examples of Titian, Reni and Tiepolo, and enough of a variety of subjects to establish their versatility and maintain their prestige were there no other galleries to do so.

Italian masters, however, appear in practically all the world's collections. Not so with the Spanish schools, which are represented at the Hermitage in a manner comparable to the exhibits in Madrid. In the Spanish room the vases are of lapis lazuli, as are the tables. Here again candelabra and other treasures have been added to a room devoted to Spanish art. Perhaps there are no finer examples of the work



HOUDON'S LIFELIKE STATUE OF VOLTAIRE

AMONG THE SCULPTURES IN THE HERMITAGE

of El Greco, Ribera and Zurbaran to be found anywhere.

There are precious items by Velasquez and there are eighteen authentic paintings by Murillo, which is a remarkable number for one gallery. Two are companion paintings, one called "The Boy" and the other "The Girl," and either would be counted a treasure in an American gallery. High spots in this section of the Hermitage are: El Greco's "Apostles Peter and Paul"; Zurbaran's "St. Lawrence," sometimes considered his masterpiece; Velasquez's "Pope Innocent III.," and Ribera's "Christ With the Crown of Thorns."

Rubens and Van Dyck practically cover the walls of what is know as Room III. The former is exhibited here in the richly colored works of his best period, also indicating the great variety of subjects from portraits of models to the highly decorative canvases treating sacred and mythological

PAINTING BY MADAME LE BRUN
At the Hermitage

subjects—his favorite Venus, Bacchus and Adonis. Rubens has fifty paintings. I think his best is that of his second wife, Helen Fourment, which was one of the last portraits painted by this master. Here are leading examples of Van Dyck's portraits, as well as several by Jordaens.

The Hermitage collection of the Flemish school of the eighteenth century is said to be the best in the world, made so particularly by the variety of the works by Rembrandt, many of which are not exhibited for the reason that there is not wall space. There are thirty-nine worthy examples of Rembrandt's genius, ranging from the realism of his youth to the higher flights of idealism in his later manner. A whole room is devoted to the art of Rembrandt. His "Return of the Prodigal Son" is the largest Biblical canvas of Rembrandt's last years. His portrait of an old Jew is sometimes called "The Rabbi." Outside of Holland, the Hermitage contains the largest and richest collection of Rembrandt. The Dutch and German schools are well represented in nearby rooms, and in Room XX are fine examples of the works of English artists like Laurence, Raeburn, Gainsborough and Hoppner. Room XXI is devoted to French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Room XXII shows Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Watteau, Fragonard and Rigaud in a representative manner.

Returning to Room XIX, one passes from the Hermitage proper to the former Winter Palace, where in ten rooms of the private apartments of Catherine the Great, known as the New Section, an interesting collection of paintings has been exhibited since 1923. The rooms are furnished in the epoch from which the pictures date, which brings them to an atmosphere rarely possible in other great museums of the world. Here we find a series by Le Brun upon religious subjects, Watteau and his circle, Greuse with several examples, and the decorative panels of Hubert Robert.

From the French collections we pass to what is known as the Alexander Hall, in which is a collection of weapons, formerly a private collection of the Czars and transferred here after the revolution. It consists not alone of weapons, but of uniforms and historical memorials. Here are robes worn by Alexander I.; the costume worn by Prince Eugene Beauharnais at the coronation of Napoleon; weapons belonging to the various Czars, many of which were presented by German monarchs; souvenirs of Napoleon and pictures relating episodes of the war of 1813-14.

Another room contains cabinets filled with jewelled sabres, Oriental guns and simitars, which were presented to the Czar by Asiatic monarchs. Snuff-boxes covered with diamonds and other jewels are also in this room.

THE RABBI—BY REMBRANDT
Hermitage Gallery

Returning to the Hermi-

tage, we enter what is known as the Medieval and Renaissance Section, a splendid collection that had its beginning in 1882. It expanded rapidly through purchases and gifts, and there were many additions after the "nationalization" had added private collections. Most of the walls are hung with rare fifteenth century Flemish tapestries. Here is an interesting and varied assortment of objects ranging from Italian majolica and the valuable "Fortuna" vase—made for the Alhambra Palace—to German glass, objects for secular and ecclesiastical use, enamels and wood carving, shrines and church plate of gold and silver.

The section devoted to porcelain is another of the marvels of this great museum. Formerly in the Winter Palace, it was transferred to the Hermitage, enlarged by purchases and then

ITALIAN ROOM, WITH HUGE VASES OF MALACHITE AND MANY ITALIAN MASTERPIECES

expanded by acquisitions from private palaces during the revolution. It contains much of rare value, including many pieces that are not to be found elsewhere. There is a similarly

PORTRAIT BY JORDAENS
One of the treasures of the Hermitage Gallery

remarkable collection of silver, many of the exhibits taken from the Winter Palace.

The Admiralty now holds the collection of the Central Naval Museum, which owes its origin to Peter the Great's "chamber of models." The aim of this collection is to represent the development of the Russian navy and the history of

ONE OF MURILLO'S BOYS
Hermitage Gallery

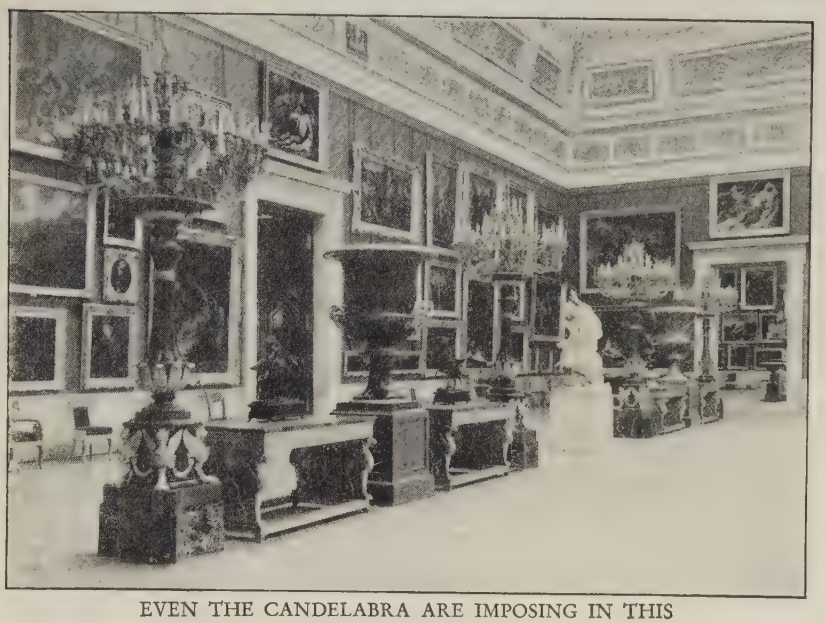
the fleet since the time of Peter, shown by models of ships, all implements of naval warfare, coast constructions, forts, statues and pictures of men who contributed anything of value in this mighty evolution and development.

The edifices occupied by the former Senate and Supreme Court of Justice near the Admiralty, as well as that of the Holy Synod, contain the Leningrad Section of the Central Archives and a Museum of Coats of Arms. Here are to be found rich heraldic and genealogical collections that are certain to be of great value in the years to come.

In a corner of the nearby Vorovsky Square, is the Russian Institute of the History of Art, whose object is the study of the history and theory of graphic and plastic arts, music and the theater. In the same square is the former Miatlev Palace, which has been turned into the Museum of Art Culture. Its object is to bring the masses nearer to art movements of the day.

MURILLO'S FRUIT GIRL
Hermitage Gallery

In what is now known as Trades Union Street (formerly Potchtamskaya) is the



EVEN THE CANDELABRA ARE IMPOSING IN THIS GALLERY OF THE FORMER CZARS

Museum of the Post, which has a collection relating to telegraph, telephones, post and philately. Here are over five thousand exhibits, ranging from stage coaches to state postage stamps and a library relating to the subject.

The Museum of the Red Army was founded in 1920, for the purpose of demonstrating the mental development of the army and "to point out the value of political instruction as a weapon of warfare." Here are many exhibits that relate to the revolution in Leningrad, memorials to fallen Red soldiers, trophies of the war, and a full set of posters that appeared during one of the most important periods in Russian history.

On the same street is the Museum of the Society for the Encouragement of Art, which contains samples of industrial art; textile fabrics, works in wood, glass and metal, fairly

representative of Oriental and Western European, as well as Russian art. The former Palace of Yelisseyef has become the House of Art, in which various artistic organizations of the city have their headquarters.

The former Stronganof Palace, famous for its picture gallery and beautiful decorations, is now called the Palace Museum. Many of the paintings have been removed to the Hermitage, but enough treasures remain to make a visit highly desirable. The palace itself dates from 1750. It belonged to the Counts Stronganof, descendants of rich traders of Novgorod, who were ennobled by Peter I. Entering the principal court, we observe sphinxes that were carved by a former serf of the family. We visit the famous Pink Room, and then go to various other halls, and finally to the gallery, which is the finest in the palace, altho each room holds its interesting treasure of rare furniture, Gobelin tapestries, paintings and bronzes. Directly behind this edifice is the former Rasumovsky Palace, now transformed into an orphan asylum.

CUPID PLANNING MISCHIEF
The Hermitage, Leningrad

Nearby is the Kazan Cathedral, and behind it, the Museum of Child Life Before School, which is devoted to objects that are of service to teachers in training: natural

TIEPOLO ALSO IS WELL REPRESENTED IN THE HERMITAGE

history exhibits, drawing and music, playthings of the modern child, and an array of articles of value in the teaching of reading, writing, arithmetic and building. The Museum of Home Industry contains an exhibition of specimens of home manufacture in the neighborhood of the capital from the time of Peter I. to the present.

The former House of the Nobility now contains the collection of the Museum of Musical Instruments, with its rare specimens of string, wind and percussion instruments, and portraits of composers.

Where the 25th of October Prospekt crosses the Street of the 3rd of July, is the magnificent State Public Library, founded in 1814 and containing about three million books, manuscripts and maps, thus giving it rank among the great libraries of the world. The first room on the main floor, called

THE FORMER CZARS' SPLENDID COLLECTION OF ARMOR AND WAR REGALIA

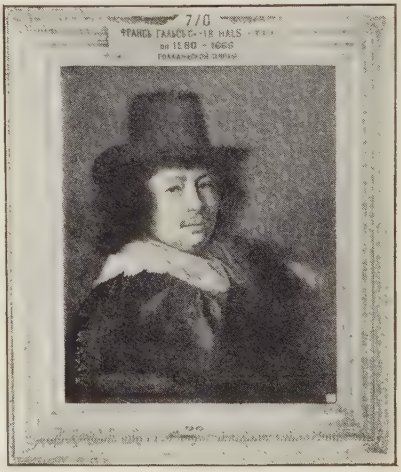
the Cabinet of Faust, is fitted up to resemble a monastic library, and contains seven thousand incunabula. Among other valuable collections in the library are: Voltaire's library, which was bought intact by Catherine II.; specimens of printing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; many celebrated copies of the Bible and the Koran, Oriental classics, the first Russian newspaper ever printed, rare Hebrew manuscripts of the Pentateuch, Greek manuscripts, papyri, the church history of Eusebius, written in Syrian; Latin manuscripts, Persian and Turkish miniatures, the Gospels in Greek on purple parchment and in letters of gold; Russian manuscripts of the eleventh century, the Rovinsky collection of thirty thousand portraits, a collection of over one hundred thousand books and periodicals in which Russia is mentioned, musical scores of Russian and foreign composers, and the Codex Sinaiticus. The last-named document was found in the Sinai Monastery, and next to the one in the Vatican, it is the oldest known Greek text of the New Testament. Many treasures were added to the library as a result of the "nationalization" after the revolution; but many were lost to this collection, being returned to Poland or to the eastern nations of the U. S. S. R.

The Alexander Theater is now known as the State Academical Theater, and behind it is the Central Theatrical Museum, which collects the chief memorials of the Russian Theater, portraits of actors and personal souvenirs. It is divided into sections dealing with Russian drama, opera, ballet and decoration.

At Number 39 Prospekt 25th of October is what previously was known as the Anichkov Palace, now the Town Museum, housing a collection of domestic articles intended to show life in the various towns. The palace was erected by

THE JORDAENS FAMILY
By Van Dyck

the Czaritsa Elizabeth for her favorite, Count Razumovsky, and was until recent years the winter residence of the Dowager Empress. With its dependencies, this official residence was called "A World by Itself" until the revolution. Under Catherine the Great, it was the property of Prince Potemkin, and after that time was occupied by foreign ambassadors. The historical rooms have been preserved much as they were before the revolution. The exhibits range from the headgear of King Menelik of Abyssinia to a collection of Bulgarian pitchers. The Soviet authorities have placed the Town Museum collection in the same building. One section is devoted to town building and management. Another is devoted to park planning and dwellings, still another to social hygiene, and twenty rooms deal with the appearance of St. Petersburg from the time of its founding to 1845.



PAINTING BY FRANZ HALS
Hermitage Gallery

The Palace of the Counts Shuvalof has been transformed into a museum and has a fine ceramic collection,

ancient and modern. Nearby is the Health Museum, the exhibits having to do with the protection of children, the prevention of diseases, sanitary matters, alcoholism, first aid to the injured, and kindred subjects.

The Russian Agricultural Museum has fine collections devoted to the cultivation of plants, cattle-breeding, farm implements, the destruction of vermin and weeds and a library of books on agriculture and rural economy.

RUBENS' PORTRAIT OF HIS SECOND WIFE
Hermitage Gallery

The Museum of Applied Arts has excellent collections in each of the following sections: Furniture, Porcelain, the Far East, and the Near East. The Museum of Military Engineering deals with fortifications and trench warfare, with models of the chief fortified places of Russia. The Archeological Museum has a rich collection that presents antiques from Finland, Central Asia, Lithuania, and the Russian states. The Museum of Comparative Religious Thought shows objects of worship from all parts of the ancient world. The Fontanka Palace of the Counts Sheremetiev has been transformed into a museum. It was built in 1752 and has been altered several times. The counts were the descendants

WHERE ARMORED KNIGHTS STILL HOLD THEIR OWN
The Hermitage, Leningrad

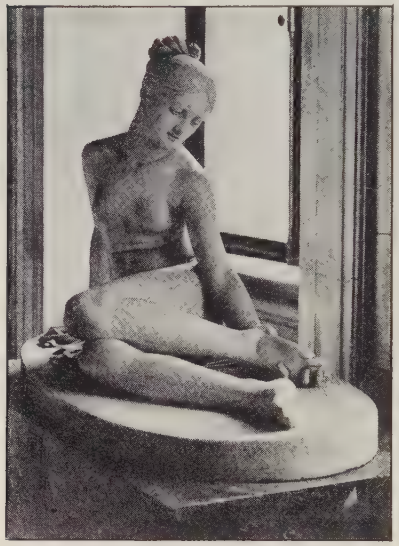
of the field marshal of Peter I. and lived here for two centuries. After the revolution, the place was converted into a museum as it stood, calculated to illustrate the life and customs of the nobility under Czarist rule. An official Soviet statement says: "The arrangement of the interior shows the development of the manner of life during the course of two centuries. Luxury and splendor gradually increase from the beginning of the eighteenth century and decrease from the second half of the nineteenth century, giving place to the desire for simplicity and comfort." The Museum of the Engineers of the Ways of Communication shows a model of the first locomotive constructed in Russia, bridges, boats, ice-breakers and dredges.

The Central Geographical Museum aims to represent the

physics and anthropo-geographical characteristics of the country. The Yusupov Palace was transformed into a museum in 1919. It was here that the notorious monk, Gregory Rasputin, was murdered in December, 1916. This palace contains about one thousand pictures, several fine marbles and bronzes, rare furniture and notable tapestries.

The Taurida Palace is now the Uritzky Palace. It was built in 1782 for Potemkin, Prince of Taurida. Czar Paul, who hated Potemkin, had it turned into military barracks, but it was restored after the Emperor's death. In this palace the first Imperial Duma sat in 1906 and continued until 1917. It was an important place during the February revolution of 1917, as it was here that the Czarist ministers were brought after their arrest. The palace is used by the Leningrad Soviet

THE HALL OF TROPHIES, WITH ITS MANY REMINDERS OF "BATTLES LONG AGO"



DIAGNOSING THE CASE
Hermitage Gallery

for its ceremonial sessions.

Beyond the Taurida Garden is the Smolny Convent, which was begun in 1748 as a convent for orphan girls, by the Czaritsa Elizabeth. Catherine and the Empress Marie each made additions to it. Long before the founding of Saint Petersburg, the Swedish fortress, Sabina, was situated here and connected with the Moscow highroad. The name Smolny (tar) is derived from the fact that it was here that Peter kept the pitch for his shipbuilding operations. The cathedral attached to the convent is an artistic structure with five cupolas. It repays a visit, altho some of its treasures have disappeared. Formerly, all the ecclesiastical vessels were of solid silver; the tabernacle, in the form of the Ark of the Covenant, is borne by fifty-six jasper columns. The altars are of yellow Ural marble. Adjoining the convent is also what is known as the Institute, where girls were educated. The Soviet has erected two arched porticoes here, bearing the inscriptions: "Workers of the World, Unite," and "The First Soviet of the Proletarian Dictatorship." These, of course, relate to the part played by this building in the revolution. The Smolny Institute continued to be the residence of the Soviet Government until its removal to Moscow. Lenin and Trotsky lived here, and the room occupied by the former has been turned into a museum.

The State Porcelain Factory, at the end of the Volodarsky Prospekt, is worth a visit for the purpose of seeing the adjoining museum of the State Institute of Ceramics. The factory has been called one of the best in Europe. It was founded at the time of Empress Elizabeth and supplied only the Czar's

LION BRIDGE, LENINGRAD
Note the hammer and sickle on the star—the insignia of the Soviets

court with table decorations for the palaces. The museum shows the development of the porcelain industry in Russia and has many fine examples of its work during what is considered the classical epoch of Alexander I. A room is devoted to foreign porcelains, which often have served as models.

On the Tuchkov Quay is the Geological Museum of

LEDA AND HER SWAN
The Hermitage

the Academy of Science, which doubtless had its origin in what was known as Peter the Great's "Cabinet of Curiosities." It is a representative and splendid collection now assembled as the result of several notable expeditions to all parts of the former empire. The Zoological Museum is in the former Custom House, another fine collection. In the Academy of Science is the Asiatic Museum, which is said to possess the largest existing collection of Eastern manuscripts and Oriental books. Here are several exceedingly precious manuscripts that deal with the Mohammedan world, with Tibet and the pre-Islamic people of Asia.

The Palace of Prince Menshikov, a favorite of Peter I., is the only old house of the nobility in Leningrad that has been preserved unaltered since the beginning of the eighteenth century. A document signed by the prince is presented here, and it indicates that he was not only illiterate, but barely able to sign his name. The building is now occupied by the Museum of the Old Military Schools, which has a large collection of banners, guns, ammunition, models, historical documents, a technical library of twelve thousand volumes, and a splendid collection of eighteenth century manuscripts. In the same building is the Museum of the New Military Schools with a collection that illustrates the development of firearms.

The Academy of Arts had a notable picture gallery, but its

treasures were removed to other buildings, and it now shelters a Museum of Plaster Copies, which illustrate the best statues of Greece and the Renaissance period, particularly the works of Michelangelo. The Museum of Mining contains the oldest geological collection in the U. S. S. R. Here is a fine assortment of precious stones of tremendous size, and of precious metals. There is also a model mine and a studio for special investigations and laboratory work.

The Artillery Museum was founded by Peter the Great and has over seventy thousand items—specimens of the weapons of all ages, from the neolithic to the present.

And this list is far from being inclusive, as there are several technical museums devoted to special subjects and not of interest to any but students. Leningrad is not being abandoned by any means; on the contrary, it would seem that the authorities look forward to the time when it will be the great cultural center of the Union, if it is not that already. The opportunities for study and research are being extended in every direction and in all departments of cultural and political education, which the Soviet contends should go together to produce the best results. We should understand that while the *intelligentsia* of the past has been practically destroyed, it is not the aim to do away with education, but to create a new *intelligentsia* of the workers.

STAIRWAY IN THE HERMITAGE, MAIN ENTRANCE

# VII ENVIRONS OF LENINGRAD

ALEXANDER PALACE, TSARSKOE-SELO, SUBURBAN HOME OF THE CZARS

## VII

## ENVIRONS OF LENINGRAD

THERE are several delightful excursions to be made outside of Leningrad, after one has exhausted the sights of the metropolis, or as a change from the fatiguing visits to the museums and picture galleries. Trips upon the Neva and to the islands are a pleasant diversion for a few hours, or it is possible to extend the boatride toward the Gulf of Finland and the frowning shadows of Cronstadt, across the wooded shores of Oranienbaum and the landing-stage of Petersburg.

First of all, let us motor or take the train to Tsarskoe-Selo (the village of the Czars), a name well known to the world, but to-day only a memory. The Czar's village has become the Village of Children. What an air of tragedy surrounds the place and gives it universal interest to visitors! We see many castles and palaces that seem haunted by the pathetic figures of long ago—the Tower in London, the Place de la Bastille in Paris, and the Colosseum in Rome; but it is the pathos of distance. The centuries have removed the figures from our sympathy to an appreciable extent, and we think of them as historical characters, who did not breathe the air of our own time and who may be contemplated and appraised in a detached manner. At Tsarskoe-Selo it is different, because this was the palace where the last Czar, Nicholas II., and his family spent much of their time, and it was here that they left for Siberia and death, an event well within the memory

of readers and one that aroused the sympathy of the world.

As we reach this palace, let us reverse the usual chronology and think of its last residents. It was in this enormous palace that Nicholas II., the Empress, the Czarevitch and the latter's sisters endeavored to lead the simple life. Compared to the formalities of the Winter Palace at Saint Petersburg or some of the other imperial residences, it may have seemed simple, yet here is a palace which contains over one hundred magnificent rooms, superbly decorated. In Czarist days, it was so closely guarded that approach was impossible unless one carried an official invitation. It is set in a splendid park, far from the highway, and faces a transparent artificial lake. Its last occupants thought of it as home and were glad when the routine of court life and duties permitted them to reside here.

THE MAIN PALACE AT TSARSKOE-SELO HAS MORE THAN A HUNDRED ROOMS

PEASANTS TALKING IT OVER

I have talked with a servant who was on terms of intimacy with the family for several years, and she assured me that nobody in the world more appreciated the joys of family life than the Czar. The Empress, likewise, was devoted to her husband and children, and altho she loved rank and the splendor of her supreme social position, she also enjoyed privacy with her family. My informant, while placing upon the Czarina much of the responsibility for the tragedy that removed her husband from the throne and cost the lives of his entire family, believed that in reality it was her mother-love that prompted her to act as she did—the absolute belief in the powers of Rasputin, the illiterate monk, to preserve her son, the Czarevitch, from death.

Mention of Rasputin's name prompts memories of the infamous gossip and scandal that appeared in the press of the world when the scales were turning against the imperial family. Owing to the evil reputation of the man and the circumstances of the belief of the Empress in him until the last, it was almost natural for the world to accept the version that was currently reported; yet my informant assures me that there was not the slightest truth in the reports.

The Empress never accepted the facts about Rasputin as they were officially reported. To her he was a maligned man —more than that, a saint, whose favor was necessary for the health of her child and the preservation of his life. This was more to her than what she considered the idle gossip of Ras-

THE CZARINA'S ROOM AT TSARSKOE-SELO REMAINS JUST AS SHE LEFT IT

Mr. Newman's photographs of the living rooms in this palace are the only ones which the Soviet Government has permitted to be taken since the death of the Czar and his family.

putin's enemies. And while there is no doubt that he was a rascal, a veritable demon in the flesh, there were circumstances that explain the attitude of the Empress concerning him. Rasputin was lucky. It is undeniable that when the Czar's son was ill and Rasputin came to him, his condition improved. This happened on several notable occasions, and the Empress was convinced of his miraculous powers. Let others say about the monk what they would; to her, he was a man who had the power to preserve her son. She felt that his enemies were persons who were envious of the favor in which he was held at court. It was just another of the curses that have befallen many of the rulers of Russia, so that few of them lived normal lives or died natural deaths.

Rasputin was under fifty years of age at the time he was murdered. He was a person whose place will loom large in the history of the last imperial rulers of Russia, and not a villain to be sneered at when his name is mentioned. Strange as it may seem now, there was a time when he held the destiny of millions of Russians in his power; and doubtless history will prove that he exercised his power on numerous important occasions, as suggested by the correspondence between the Czar and the Empress, part of which has now become public property.

Rasputin was born in the village of Pokrovskoe, on the Tura, near Tobolsk in Siberia. Like many Russian peasants, he had no surname, and Rasputin (the dissolute one) was a nickname given to him early in life by his peasant companions. Even then, he deserved his name, but he left his home town and went to the Verkhne-Turski Monastery, where there were several members of the Khlysty, a sect that mingled sexual orgies and religious rapture, and that was condemned by the Orthodox Church. Upon leaving the mon-

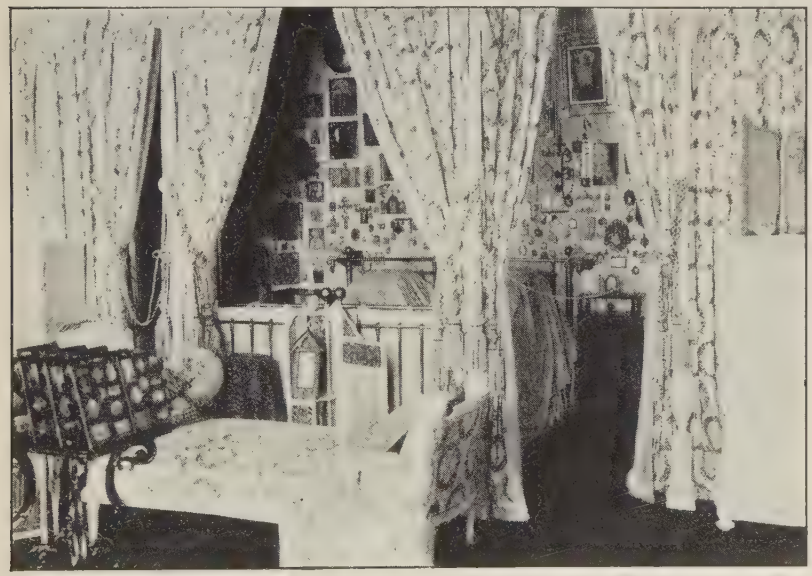
THE CZARINA'S LIVING ROOM AT TSARKOE-SELO

astery, he became a *stannik,* or roving ecclesiastic, not a monk, not in orders, but with a "mission from heaven," as he claimed.

He led a scandalous life and seduced girls and women, many of whom boasted of it, because they declared he was a saint. A village priest reported him to the Bishop of Tobolsk, who reported his findings to the civil authorities, and the latter began an investigation. While this was in progress, Rasputin fled and was discovered at Saint Petersburg, where, as a great penitent, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the head of the Academy, who was confessor to the Empress. In time he gained the confidence of the Grand Duchess Militsa and Grand Duke Nicholas, through whom he was presented at the Palace. The Empress, always impressed by the mysterious and the mystical, at once recognized him as an individual

with tremendous psychic powers, and, as she believed, a man of God.

It was the tragedy of the Czarina's life that while she had four healthy daughters, her only son, the desired heir, suffered from an hereditary inward bleeding, which was likely to cause his death at any time. He had cousins on his mother's side who were similarly afflicted. The members of this otherwise happy family were brought up upon English ideas and usually spoke English in the family circle. In fact, they were known as an oasis in the desert of corruption in Russian court life. The Empress, however, was of a melancholy disposition and exceedingly religious. She believed implicity in the divine right of kings, and spoke of herself as "annointed by God." She was sad, however, and little wonder, when she recalled



BEDROOM OF THE LATE CZARINA AT TSARSKOE-SELO
The numerous religious pictures on the wall are considered in "bad taste" by the present custodians

ABDICATION ROOM IN THE PALACE AT TSARSKOE-SELO

Desk at which Nicholas II signed the last papers before the journey that ended in death for his whole family

that three out of her husband's immediate five ancestors had been assassinated. She disliked the ceremonies of the court, because they savored of the world, and she thought more of religion. At one time she was under the influence of a French fake "soul-doctor" who was ordered to leave the country. It is said that her confessor believed he was presenting a "native" to take this man's place when he introduced Rasputin, who kept very quiet at first and called only when desired to comfort the nerves of the Empress and her sickly son. When he felt that he was secure, with powerful friends at court, Rasputin' life again became scandalous. An attempt to have him ordained as a priest by the Holy Synod met with defeat, and his name was a chief topic of conversation in the capital city. But the newspapers were ordered to refrain from referring to him and his villainy. Relations between him and the imperial family seem to have been somewhat strained; but when the latter were hunting in Poland in 1912, the Czarevitch fell upon a boat and the internal bleeding threw the family into a panic. The Empress distractedly sent a message to Rasputin to come to them, but he sent a telegram in reply: "This illness is not dangerous; don't let the doctors worry him"—whereupon the health of the boy improved.

When the war broke out, Rasputin was seriously ill at Tobolsk, one of his female victims having tried to murder him. But he sent a telegram to the Empress, recently published, which said: "Let papa (the Emperor) not plan war—it will be the end of Russia and of all of us. We shall be destroyed to the last man." War was inevitable, however, and the time came when Russia practically was ruled by the Empress, and Rasputin was her prime minister, dictating the appointment and removal of the highest officials. He launched again into his former dissolute life and upon one occasion at

PLAYROOM OF THE LITTLE CZAREVITCH, WHO WAS SHOT TO DEATH WITH HIS PARENTS AT EKATERINBURG

Moscow the police made a full report of his conduct to the Czar; but the latter dismissed the officials who made the report and let it be known that the so-called monk had his protection.

In 1915, when the Czar was starting for the front, the Czarevitch was taken ill, so he hastened back to Tsarskoe-Selo and Rasputin was summoned. Again the boy made a speedy recovery as soon as the monk arrived. The Czar went to the front and practically turned over the administration of affairs at home to the Empress, who made Rasputin the chief factor in all important decisions. Rasputin was not slow to grasp his new power, and set himself virtually at the head of all church officials, even creating a new saint, St. John of Tobolsk. He held a daily conference with notorious swindlers, boasted publicly of his "influence" with the Em-

press, and it is not too much to believe that he and the wife of the Czar, as much as anything else, were directly responsible for the collapse of the Empire. Rasputin finally was lured to a party and assassinated; after which the Empress is said to have had his body placed in a silver casket and buried in the grounds of the palace.

Czar Nicholas II. signed his abdication and came back to his family at Tsarskoe-Selo. I wanted to photograph their living rooms, and as my official permission from Moscow permitted me to go where I pleased, I expressed this desire to the guardians of the sealed apartments of the imperial family. The request was received with consternation. Such a thing never had been done, they said; it could not be allowed. But it was allowed in this instance, and altho the guardians protested vigorously, the seals on the doors were broken and I found myself in the largest room of the apartment, the living-room of the Empress. She occupied rooms on one side of the palace; the Czar's rooms were on the other side. She had several small reception rooms where she entertained her friends, and all her rooms, as well as those of the Czar, were filled with family portraits and personal mementoes. Her bedroom decorations indicated her religious nature and delight in things mythical. Behind her bed are one hundred eighty icons on the wall, and there are pictures on the other walls that

CATHERINE THE GREAT ON HER FAVORITE HORSE

WHERE THE CZAR AND HIS FRIENDS PLAYED BILLIARDS

are of the same kind. A servant, long in the palace, told me that the Empress was a religious fanatic, but a woman of strong character, who dominated the Czar. "But what execrable taste!" exclaimed my guide, voicing the new Soviet teaching. "Icons in a bedroom, and so many of them!"

Here are many souvenirs of the Czarevitch, never a strong child, but one who was loved devotedly by his father, mother and sisters. In his playroom we see his toboggan slide, his little automobile, and numerous playthings that amused him until the time of the overthrow of his father. The Czar spent much of his spare time in his billiard-room. It was here that he retired with intimate friends for rest and recreation. He was fond of chess, cards and billiards, and enjoyed good cigars, but often smoked a pipe. I was told that he preferred light reading, and enjoyed Mark Twain.

His bathroom contained not merely a marble tub, but a large pool lined with marble, which he used as bath and swimming tank. His Majesty either disliked or feared bathing in the sea, and did most of his swimming in this pool.

We see the desk at which he was sitting just before he went on the journey to Siberia that ended fatally for himself and his family. Some say that he signed formal state papers at this desk, documents that had a bearing upon the abdication signed on a railway car. The pen on the desk is where it dropped from his fingers. The pipe was put down half-filled with unsmoked tobacco. Evidently, there was great haste just before the departure, and likely as not the last of the Czars realized that he was going forth to his doom. There had been so many similar tragedies among his an-

A CORNER OF THE IMPERIAL BATHROOM AT LIVADIA

WHERE ROYALTY BATHED AT TSARSKOE-SELO

cestors! He must have feared something of the sort whenever there was an outbreak among his subjects, for he must have known that they were still the same, altho they had taken on a veneer of European ways and manners.

The village surrounding the park of the palace has many small villas and presents a gloomy aspect. It was due in the first instance to Catherine the Great, who called it Sophia, her maiden name; it appears that she intended it as a retreat for oppressed serfs, who found an asylum here from their masters, just about as criminals in other days in other countries had sought protection within the walls of a church. This protection was not allowed, however, when it was found that the idle or profligate took advantage of it.

The palace was begun by Peter the Great, but the greater part of it was built during the reign of the Czaritsa Eliza-

beth. Its front is a mass of pillars and caryatides, and originally it was covered with gold leaf, about one million dollars in bullion having been used for the purpose. When the gilt began to peel off, Catherine ordered paint for the whole exterior. A couple of dealers sought an audience with her before the painting and offered her five hundred thousand rubles for the privilege of removing the gold that was to be covered and turning it to practical use. Catherine was angry and replied: "The Empress or Russia is not so poor that she must sell her old clothes!" And, because the men had "insulted" her by their proposal, she ordered them sent to jail.

There were times when Catherine became weary of being the superb Empress, upon whom the eyes of the world were

A LIVERIED DRIVER IN THE DAYS OF ST. PETERSBURG'S GLORY
Photographed by Mr. Newman in 1911

THE PALACE GROUNDS AT PETERHOF STILL OFFER MANY BEAUTIFUL VISTAS

resting. She ordered her own personal life as she pleased; but court etiquette made great demands upon her circle of intimates and those whom she viewed with favor, so all etiquette was forgotten—theroetically at least—and she was enabled to enjoy associations with her friends, who were given the utmost freedom. At the various palaces this was impossible; but here composers played their music, artists showed their work, men and women of wit aired their opinions, and the greatest freedom was felt by all. There was a word of caution to all who were invited; the greatest discretion was to be exercised in the matter of gossip. It was not tolerated, and any one who was guilty of comment upon anything that transpired never was bidden again, and likely as not lost favor in all court circles. It was a playground and must be considered in that light. Here the Empress was a woman, and her noble friends, like the other guests, were merely human beings making merry; and so far as I have read, the innovation never was abused. Probably the friends of the Empress knew too well of the penalty attached to taking advantage of her hospitality.

Catherine came here with her lovers and was the courtezan instead of the empress. When she cast her smiles upon a new lover, she gave him a present of one hundred thousand rubles, and later, on the first of each month, he received twelve thousand rubles as pocket-money. She was exceedingly jealous, however, and it was understood that when a newcomer was in favor he must banish from his mind all thoughts of other women. Even when he dined with friends, it was the rule for the mistress of the house to be absent during his visit. In Tooke's biography of the Empress, we learn that after the installation of a favorite, the marshal of the court was commissioned to provide him with a table

IMPERIAL PALACE AT PETERHOF, NEAR LENINGRAD
The beautiful grounds and fountains around the palace are now public property

of twenty-four covers, and to defray all the expenses of his household. The newcomer attended the Empress at all parties and amusements, at the opera, balls, promenades and excursions, and could not leave the palace without permission.

Much of the gorgeous interior of the palace dates from Catherine's reign. There is a drawing-room of lapis lazuli, a room of amber with yellow panels, one of jasper, one of tortoise-shell, one of mother-of-pearl, a Chinese room of teakwood, a Japanese room of bamboo, which formerly had a fine collection of Oriental bronzes. Many of the apartments had Gobelin tapestry upon four walls. The ballroom is gilded and of polished wood mosaic. A collection of pictures of eight hundred sixty-three Russian maidens had an

interesting origin. After Catherine had tired of the artist, Count Rotari, who had been her lover, she wanted to have him beyond her sight for a period, so she sent him traveling through the empire, with orders to paint the portrait of every pretty girl he saw.

The park around the palace consists of two thousand acres, in which there are statues, fountains, bronzes, lakes, boat-houses and a splendid arrangement of landscape. Fêtes were held here, as at Versailles in France, and banquets served aboard barges afloat on the lakes amid brilliant illuminations that transformed the place into a fairyland. Six hundred gardeners were employed here during Catherine's reign.

We proceed to Oranienbaum, situated near the mouth of the Neva, opposite Cronstadt, which rises like a great Martello tower. The palace here stands upon a terrace and is attractive in a melancholy way. Then on to the beautiful palace of Peterhof, which was founded by Peter the Great in 1720, and was much enlarged and beautified by the Czaritsa Elizabeth. Surrounded by an extensive park containing numerous fountains, it was and is one of the loveliest spots in Russia. A long walk brings one in sight of the palace, and of the terrace in front of it, from which fountains spout streams of water. These extend the length of a grass-covered lawn. The main fountains

THE SAMSON FOUNTAIN AT PETERHOF

converge into two cascades, which rush over steps of varicolored marble into a huge basin below. Flanked on both sides by golden statues, the scene afforded is one of unusual beauty. Particularly beautiful is the central basin at the base of the terrace, with its "Samson" fountain. Samson is seen tearing open a lion's mouth, from which water spouts skyward, one of thousands of sprays flowing everywhere in the park. One may walk for miles and never be out of sight of flowing water. Jets of water spring from the earth, from trees, from benches and the most unexpected places. One unusual fountain consists of a whirling spray, with the golden sun on one side and the silver moon on the other. As it slowly revolves, the spectacle is presented of the golden rays of the sun alternating with silver moonbeams. Every imaginable design was created for effect. One marble stair-

ONE OF THE MARBLE FOUNTAINS AT PETERHOF

case has water flowing over it in a thin stream, as if it were constantly washing the colored marble. Grecian temples, and other architectural bits from which water spouts, lend variety to the numerous fountains.

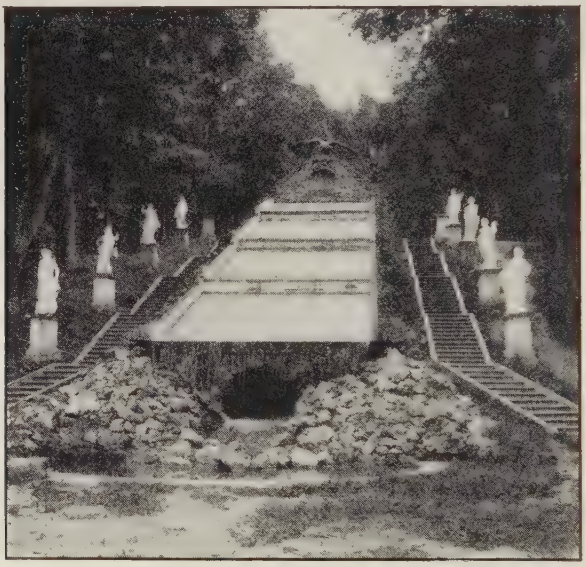
During the summer, many thousands travel from Leningrad to Peterhof to spend the day. They bring their luncheons with them and picnic on velvety lawns, once reserved for royalty. When I visited Peterhof in 1911, soldiers sprang

ONE OF THE MANY FINE VISTAS IN THE PARK AT PETERHOF

suddenly from behind trees; spies were everywhere, guarding the royal family while it was at this palace. It is still closely guarded, not to protect aristocrats, but as Finland is nearby, on the shores of its gulf, there is eternal vigilance. The Reds zealously protect their boundaries; they take no chances with their neighbors. Within the confines of Soviet Russia, the secret police keep a watchful eye on every one. Russia's hope for the future is not in those who are now in high positions; not in any man or woman of to-day, but in the chil-

dren, the rising generation, are all the hopes of Red Russia centered.

Peterhof has been called the Russian Windsor, for in addition to the events of Catherine's reign, which are associated with its beautiful apartments, one also thinks here of the daughter of Peter the Great, who found here a favorite retreat from the hustle and bustle of the city. In Tooke's



A NOVEL WATER EFFECT AT PETERHOF

biography of Catherine we read that the government of Elizabeth cost her empire every year at least one thousand of her subjects by private imprisonment, which during her reign makes the number amount to over twenty thousand.

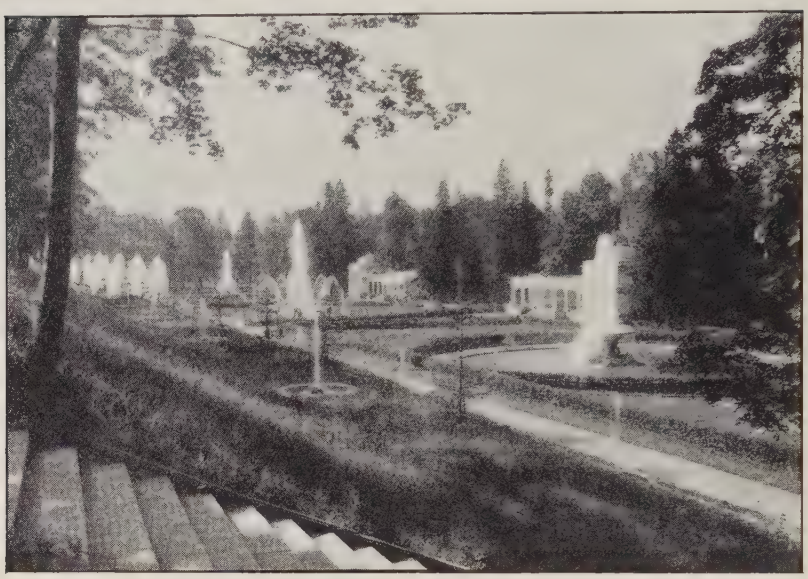
"Nothing," we read, "was more easy than to obtain a secret order for this purpose by the flatterers of all ranks that swarmed about her person. It was sufficient for one of her maids of honor to think herself slighted, for getting an order

FAN FOUNTAIN, PETERHOF

to have a person taken out of bed in the night, carried away blindfolded and gagged, and immured underground, there to drag out the remainder of life in a solitary and loathsome dungeon, without ever being charged with any crime, or even knowing in what part of the country he was. On the disappearance of any such person from his family, from his relations, from the circle of his acquaintance, it was highly dangerous to make any inquiries after him. 'He has disappeared' was held a sufficient answer to questions of that nature."

Elizabeth was a vicious person of appalling ignorance, yet Russia prospered during her reign. She loved amusement above all else, and it has been said that while she could dance the minuet, she never read a book and was unaware of the fact that Great Britain is an island. At her death she possessed fifteen thousand dresses and never tired of paying attention to her personal appearance and her love affairs, which were numerous.

Over across the water, marking the end of the Gulf of Finland, is Cronstadt, whence a return to Leningrad by boat is a pleasing trip for the visitor, again impressing the fact that the country hereabouts is as watery as that in the environs of Amsterdam, which the metropolis resembles somewhat in the location of its buildings along canals. Cronstadt



FOUNTAINS AND MARBLE PERGOLAS AT PETERHOF

has a military aspect to-day, as it had in the Czarist times, the Soviet considering the strategic importance greater than before, owing to the independence of the Baltic countries. Therefore, the number of inhabitants has a definitely fixed maximum. The city is situated on Kotlin Island, which Peter the Great recognized must be well fortified after his empire had reached to the mouth of the Neva. In the year of the foundation of St. Petersburg, a strong fortress was built here, simultaneously with the beginning of the Russian fleet. A settlement naturally arose around the fort, and the town developed into an important harbor. The whole was a creation of the Czar, but the troops and sailors of Cronstadt always were reckoned to be a leading revolutionary element in Russia, and this remained true until 1921, when the place was attacked by the Soviet Government, following counter-

revolutionary movements, and was taken after a short fight.

Admission to the naval harbor and forts is not permitted, but there is a beautiful view of these from the boulevards of the city that repays a visit. The Greek Cathedral of St. Andrew is a striking feature of the city, and here is also what is now known as the State Italian Palace, which was built for Prince Menshikov in the early part of the eighteenth century. This extraordinary personage was a favorite of Peter the Great and is said to have enjoyed this favor primarily because he was the butt of many of Peter's coarse jokes, and often enough, altho of princely rank, was publicly insulted by his master. Formerly a servant, the prince was so illiterate that he barely was able to sign his own name, as is proved by a curious document bearing his signature, and still preserved in his Leningrad palace, which we have already visited.

A visit to the Church of St. Andrew at Cronstadt reminds us of an extraordinary character who was merely an officiating priest here in 1855, but who came to be regarded by the peasants of Russia as a saint. He was known as Father John of Cronstadt and was revered for his acts of charity. It is recorded that he turned to his congregation and shouted: "Love your neighbor," after which he spent the remainder of his life in administering to all who sought his help. People in

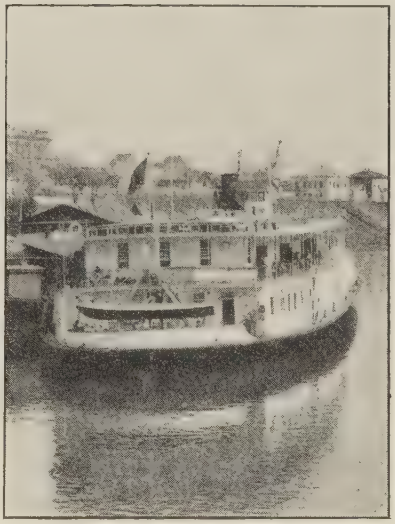
SWEDISH COLUMN WITH ST. ISAAC'S IN THE BACKGROUND

A LITERARY TRANSACTION

distant parts of the country sent him gifts of money to distribute as he desired. In one day he would receive money beyond his hopes, and would then distribute it so freely that he was penniless in the evening. Doubtless he was imposed upon by the undeserving; but he continued to receive and to give, which extended his reputation as a "holy man." Before long, he was reported to have performed miracles, and when he went into the streets of Cronstadt he was besieged by an adoring mob that sought to touch him or his garments.

Father John sought to conduct his church services in the manner of the primitive Christians, and invited his congregations to sing, which is not usual in Russia. The Czar Alexander III. held him in very high regard, and is believed to have died in Father John's arms. Finally, the people insisted that he was the reincarnation of Jesus, and holy icons were made bearing his portrait, so he started out upon a pilgrimage and endeavored to convince the people of their error by telling them that he was human like themselves. But they founded a sect in his honor, and at length the police were forced to interfere, because some of the "disciples" were exploiting the simple-minded people and taking their money. None blamed the "saint," however, for what was done in his name, and he died, as he had lived, in the odor of sanctity.

Another pleasant excursion from Leningrad is to Krassny, the former Krassnoye Selo, and to Trotsk, the former Gatchina, which was renamed for Leo Trotsky in 1923. At Krassny the Corps of Guards formerly had a summer camp in June, July and August, and the officers' races took place there; a vivid description of these is to be found in Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina." Here is a palace built for the Czaritsa Alexandra Feodorovna in 1828, and not far away is the château at Ropsha, where Peter III. was brought after his dethronement by his wife, Catherine the Great, and where he was murdered a few days after his arrival. Gatchina is situated in a beautiful country of lakes and fir forests. There was an estate here in the days of Peter I., which he presented to his sister. Catherine presented it to her lover, Gregory Orloff, who ordered the castle built and imported English landscape gardeners to lay out the beautiful park. When Orloff fell from favor, Paul organized his own court here and turned the place into a sort of military camp. The castle contains six hundred rooms, including three throne-rooms and a theater. It retains most of the furnishings and decorations that were in place when it was occupied by imperial residents. The throne-room of the Czaritsa has a throne of orange-colored velvet and silver. The throne-room of Czar Paul is hung with Gobelin tapestries.



ONE OF THE NEAT GERMAN TOWNS ON THE VOLGA

LITTLE TARTARS CAUGHT IN THE CRIMEA

The bedroom of the Dowager Empress is in imitation of that of Louis XIV. at Versailles. Her bedroom has carpets with scenes from "Don Quixote." In Paul's private apartments are many personal souvenirs, including his clothing and bed, the sheets of which still show bloodstains from his murder. His reverence for the Bourbon King, Henry IV., is revealed by many portraits of his hero. On the stairway are portraits, appropriately enough, of Gregory and Alexis Orloff, who were leaders in the dethronement of the Czar. The park leads down to the shores of the lake, in which there are many islands connected by decorative bridges. In the grounds are numerous large ornaments; for example, what is known as the Priory is in the Labyrinth, where a birch archway reveals the artificial ruin of a triumphal arch; other ornaments are the Eagle and Sylvia Pavilion.

A pleasant excursion for a day takes us up the Neva from Leningrad to Shlüsselburg, a town with about five thousand inhabitants, which is interesting to the visitor, but, like so many places in Russia, has a grim history. The fortress here was considered of such importance by Peter the Great that he gave it its present name—The Key (to the sea). As early as 1323 there was a fort here, owned by a duke of Novgorod; but in the wars between Russians and Swedes, the place

frequently passed from one country to the other, until it became definitely Russian when taken by Peter's army. After the defeat of the Swedes, however, the fortress lost its military importance and was converted into a prison, and many important political prisoners were incarcerated here. Peter sent his first wife and his daughter here, and the latter remained until her death. Czar Ivan VI. was imprisoned in this fortress and met his death while trying to escape. Lenin's brother was hanged here in 1887.

# VIII HOLY MOTHER MOSCOW

MOSCOW THRILLS THE VISITOR WITH ITS SEMI-ORIENTAL BEAUTY

## VIII

## HOLY MOTHER MOSCOW

MOSCOW, when viewed from a distance, appears to be a fantastic city, such as artists have painted to illustrate the "Arabian Nights." More Asia than Europe. Much older than it is. A brilliant flash of colored walls and roofs with onion-shaped towers of gold and spires of green, red and blue. The sort of place that the old story-books told us appeared when the magician waved his wand. Exactly the place for the picturesque historical pageantry and the crimes that have startled the civilized world. A city of the imagination, perhaps not one of reality. The first sight is a vision of a dream city that never was. Something that ought to be, however; and closer acquaintance proves that it is—that it is the heart of the great former Russian empire, the present U. S. S. R.

While it appears to be a city of great antiquity, the first mention of it appears in the chronicles of the twelfth century, when we read that the Prince Yuri of Suzdal invited the Prince Soyatoslav to meet him there. Yuri built a house for himself in 1147 on the hill where the Kremlin now stands. The first buildings of the city that was to be were of wood (as was the Kremlin itself), but under the two Ivans, white stone walls were constructed around these buildings as a protective measure. Thus, from almost its earliest days, the town was referred to as "Holy Mother Moscow with the White Walls." For a considerable period it was a place of

MOSCOW IS CROWDED, BUT THE STREETS SELDOM SHOW IT

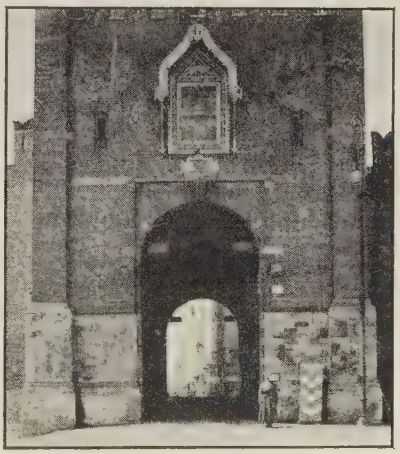
no importance, and it was not until the fourteenth century that the metropolitan Peter transferred his residence from Vladimir-on-the-Klyazma to Moscow. His example was followed by the Grand Prince Ivan Danilovitch, who was recognized by the Grand Khan as chief ruler of Russia. He surrounded the town with a palisade, and gave the name of Kremlin to the castle, which the district has since retained.

The town was frequently besieged, even in its early days, and finally was burned in 1382. It was sacked by the Mongols and did not attain prosperity until the reign of Ivan III., who made it the center or capital of Russia and beautified it with buildings erected on the plans of Italian architects. More conflagrations followed, so that it must have seemed to the inhabitants, as so frequently in later years, that the city was doomed. But it persisted through the ages, a

fact which perhaps has strengthened the devotion of the people to the legal capital. Peter founded St. Petersburg and made it his capital, and his successors followed his example; still Moscow retained its importance.

Napoleon arrived in 1812, and the world knows the fate of the city. The governor and the greater part of the population left, and the metropolis was burned. Famine compelled the French to evacuate the city, and the order was given to blow up the Kremlin; but the order was executed only in part. "Who would have thought that a nation would ruin its own capital!" exclaimed Napoleon, when he was told that a man had been left behind to put the torch to each building, following the evacuation.

In 1813 the city was rebuilt and quickly retrieved its former importance, causing it to be held in greater veneration than ever before. It was Holy Moscow, because it remained seemingly eternal despite the foes who tried to blot it out. And it remained the commercial center of Eastern Europe. Statistics show that at the beginning of the nineteenth century, out of two hundred fifty thousand inhabitants, three thousand were noblemen, whose servants numbered seventy thousand, and nine-tenths of the rest were serfs owned by the noblemen.



GATE OF THE SAVIOUR

In 1905 a general strike extorted the calling of the Duma by the Czar. The Bolshevik party was dominant in

RUSSIAN SHOPKEEPERS STILL ADVERTISE
The two large signs on the left proclaim "MEAT," which few can now afford to buy

the Soviet, which was formed at that time. After the February revolution of 1917, the Moscow Soviet again came to life and the Bolsheviki gained their majority. In October of the same year, the Red Guard was organized, and the garrison was in sympathy with it. When the news came of events in St. Petersburg, the officer troops occupied the Kremlin and the center of the city. After a struggle, the bombardment of the Bolshevik artillery upon the Kremlin decided the issue. Civil war raged on all sides, and Moscow's population decreased from two millions to eight hundred thousand despite the fact that the seat of government was transferred here from St. Petersburg in 1918. Since the conclusion of civil war, however, the population has increased rapidly, and today it is estimated at considerably over three millions, which

makes the housing problem acute and has caused other serious economic difficulties.

Moscow at close range is exactly as fantastic as it appears to be from a distance. Like Cairo, it seems to be the melting-pot of the nations. Here East meets West; Europe mingles with Asia. Arriving in the suburbs, with their wooden structures, the newcomer might believe that he was entering a large village; but this error is soon dispelled. The wooden houses give way to beautiful stone mansions, six or seven stories high—whole streets of them—and church spires and towers rise everywhere—all dominated by the Kremlin, which guards the city like a huge fortress, and which more than anything else has prompted the reverence that Moscow inspires in the hearts of all Russians. When the rest of the city

WOMEN OF THE FORMER NOBILITY SELLING HOMEMADE HATS TO WORKERS' WIVES

WHERE THE GOVERNMENT HAS A MONOPOLY ON EVERYTHING YOU EAT OR WEAR

lay in ashes, an order was given to destroy the Kremlin; but it never has been destroyed. The city was built around its walls in the beginning, and the city has been rebuilt around its walls after each disaster.

I had not seen Moscow since the war, but it seemed as Oriental and picturesque as ever. Some of the golden domes and a few of the spires may need regilding, but on the whole it was a beautiful, apparently peaceful scene that confronted me. The river Moskva flowed as I saw it in pre-war days, a languid stream as indifferent to the change of government as was the Kremlin. Everything was reminiscent of the city I once knew. But this impression did not last long.

On arrival, I found myself at the same railway station that I had entered years ago. Porters to assist with one's baggage are plentiful, and there is a fixed charge of twenty kopeks or ten cents for each handbag and about twenty-five cents for a trunk. There is no bickering, and one is soon on one's way to a hotel. Taxicabs race through the triumphal arch erected in 1812 to commemorate the deeds of Alexander I. In the center of a street we see shelters that have been provided for people who want to take street cars. Men in uniform are directing passengers to their cars, and most of the cars as well as the passing buses are crowded. Fares average about four cents. They charge two cents for a short distance.

It was only when I entered the business streets that I began to discover the difference between Russia of to-day and the country as I knew it before the war. Many of the shops are closed, numerous windows are broken, and there is an apparent shabbiness in the appearance of the stores. All industries, all shops have been confiscated or nationalized. Everything is owned and operated by the Government. All

PALACE ROOM NOW USED AS A CRÈCHE
Where babies of the proletariat are cared for while their mothers are at work

the land, all property, mines, ships, everything belongs to the Government. The only exceptions are special limited concessions, of which we shall learn more. A baker may obtain a special license to open a bake-shop, but he can not open until ten o'clock in the morning. If you want bread for breakfast, you must stand in line in front of a Government bakery where five or six hundred people are trying to purchase bread. This is also true of meat. Long queues are to be seen every morning in front of Government shops. Private shops charge thirty per cent more for the same kind of merchandise. They can not import anything, but must purchase all their supplies from the Government, which has a monopoly on everything that is made as well as everything that is edible. Unlike anarchy, which advocates no Government,

no army, no police, no courts, communism places all control in the Government. Thus opera, which is still given on a lavish scale, is subsidized by the Government for the benefit of the people. The most pretentious ballets in the world are to be seen at Moscow. I have never witnessed such marvelous acting as I saw in the Soviet capital, but when I wanted to go to the opera, I found that I had to go to a scalper and pay six rubles for a seat which the worker buys for one ruble. I am a capitalist and not a producer. They did all they could to make me realize that I would be better off without any money, charging me $25 a day for two rooms with bath, sixty cents for a cup of imitation coffee with two pieces of bread. These are prices charged in the Government-conducted hotels.

In the markets, vegetables of the coarsest varieties are plentiful—cabbages, carrots, turnips, etc., from which the people make soups. Meats are rarely eaten; the workers can not afford them. The maximum wage of a Communist is $115 a month, and the average is from $60 to $80 a month. Soup is also made from sugar beets; they call it *borsch*. It is good and wholesome. A plate of *borsch* is a substantial meal. Bread is more expensive than in our own country—about twelve cents for a loaf smaller than ours. Bread is made from wheat and rye. A coarse black bread made from a mixture of grain is also very popular.

Since all business has been nationalized, farmers bring their produce to market. They must have a license if they want to carry on business in the city, and they are taxed on their receipts. This has resulted in a well-developed system of bootlegging. Unlike the situation in this country, where a man who sells liquor clandestinely is known as a bootlegger, in Russia a peasant who brings chickens, ducks or

edibles into market without a license, bootlegs food. If the police arrive, the food bootleggers run, and if they are caught they are fined or sent to jail. To avoid paying for a license or being taxed, many peasants have developed this secret trading in food products into a very considerable industry. There are many sidewalk markets, where thousands of men and

BOOKS IN ABUNDANCE, BUT ONLY THOSE WHICH THE CENSOR ALLOWS

women sell food and homemade articles such as wearing apparel.

During the revolution many of the former nobility ran away if they had time; some were killed, but many have been left to eke out a living as best they can. A number of them are to be seen in the sidewalk markets. Refined, cultured women, who once lived in palaces and mingled with royalty,

now bring homemade hats and other apparel, made by their deft fingers, and offer them to the wives of workers. In Russia to-day, the former social scale is reversed; the worker is now on top, the aristocrat is declassed and has no standing. The magnificent homes of the wealthy have been taken over by the Government and filled with workers and their families.

The population of Moscow has more than doubled since the revolution. For lack of rooms, some husbands and wives are separated, the husband living in one room with six or seven men, the wife in another room with the same number of women. Fifty or sixty people use one kitchen. You may imagine the situation when the wife of one man is using the kitchen stove and the wives of other men are waiting to cook their husbands' dinners. The Soviet does not view this as a hardship, however, and as a matter of principle, is doing what it can to encourage the communal kitchen—also communal nurseries for the care of the children. Each person is permitted to occupy only so many square feet of space, and no one may own a home unless he is a foreigner or a concessionaire; and he can not own the land. When his concession expires, his home reverts to the Government.

Some of the former palaces have been converted into schoolrooms, where peasants and workers may learn the doctrines of communism. Schools are springing up everywhere, and there is a keen desire on the part of the proletariat to learn. Marxism and Leninism are the economic and philosophic doctrines of Red Russia. A number of palaces are now homes for children. Little tots have been placed in mansions and are being brought up as proletarians amid scenes of grandeur, surrounded by splendor which to them is a dream of the future.

THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW'S HISTORIC RALLYING GROUND FOR WORKERS AND SOLDIERS

I thought from what I had read in newspapers that the Soviet had destroyed everything—that it had no love for art—but I found that I was mistaken. Practically every work of art has been preserved. Even icons taken from the churches have been arranged in the rooms of a former rich man's home, now known as the Museum of Iconography. The icons have been so placed that this particular art is shown from the earliest paintings down to the most modern. It is a comparative study in religious art, of its kind the most complete in existence. Many of the palaces have been stripped of their treasures and converted for use of the people. Little if anything has actually been destroyed. Works of art have been carefully preserved and moved into museums and art galleries. The Soviet is a great believer in study and the dissemination of books and literature. A book-fair is held annually in Moscow, and Government bookstores are numerous in every city. The Government encourages the education of the masses, but along communistic lines. At the book-fair each booth specializes in a certain kind of literature. One sells scientific works, another sells only books on philosophy, still another has books on hygiene and the cure of disease. Women in charge of a booth discuss with prospective purchasers the importance of the subject matter in the books they offer for sale. They are keen students and are always a match for purchasers who may differ from them.

Vodka made beasts of men in pre-war days. Manufactured from the juice of potatoes fermented, vodka is almost pure alcohol, so strong that the average individual would gag were he to drink much of it, yet I have seen Russians drink it by the tumblerful. I have seen them so intoxicated that they lay in the gutters like dead men. In the Czarist

THE UNIVERSITY OF MOSCOW

days, men begged in the streets and spent every kopek they could obtain for this deadly drink. During the war and after the revolution, vodka was banned, but the loss of revenue was such that the Soviet Government rescinded the law, and there are again many inebriates. Formerly, there were more drunken men in Russian streets than elsewhere in the world. Perhaps this condition has changed to a certain extent, and they are not so frequent now, owing to the financial shortage.

There is a popular folk-tale that goes as follows: When God created the world, He made different nations and gave them all sorts of good things—land, corn and fruit. Then He asked them if they were satisfied, and they said they were, with the exception of the Russians, who possessed as much as the rest, but who murmured: "Please God, some vodka!"

The most ancient drink in Russia was *kvass*, which was in use by the Slavs as early as the first century of the Christian era, according to the chronicle of Nestor. The Russians learned to drink wine from the Greeks before the Mongol invasion, and vines were cultivated at Astrakhan as early as 1613. Gradually the wines of Greece were replaced by those from Hungary, and Peter the Great, the first Czar to visit Europe, introduced the wines of France, which remained popular throughout the imperial days, altho it was said that the champagnes from the Don and Crimea were just as good and cost only one-fifth as much.

At the tables, it is usually the Russian custom to drink first and eat afterward.

Some of the former palaces of Moscow are now homes

A MOSCOW WORKMAN PAINTING PICTURES IN HIS BACK YARD AFTER BUSINESS HOURS

for little children. Mothers, unable to care for their babies in crowded homes, take them to a crèche, where they are placed in charge of trained nurses. Here they remain until the mothers are able to care and provide for them. In many factories, rooms are set aside, where babies are placed in charge of trained nurses while the mothers work. Hours are not long in Soviet Russia, rarely more than an average of five hours a day. Stores open at ten in the morning and close at 4:45 in the afternoon, with one and three-quarter hours for luncheon. Babies receive every care and attention in the institutions provided for them. In the public schools, there is a rigid examination weekly of every child's eyes, teeth, nose and ears. It is not a perfunctory examination. A record is kept of every case, and each child is watched.

It is generally known that Russians are possessed of an ar-

THE SOUKEROFF TOWER, MOSCOW

tistic nature. This is evident when we visit the workers' homes in Moscow. When unemployed, many of them take their easels, go into the garden and spend their time painting. Others are sculptors, who for lack of space have to bring their clay into the one room which they use as a living- and dining-room, and as a place in which to sleep. There is little encouragement for them, because there are few if any purchasers. They try to express themselves as artists without much chance of remuneration.

ONE OF MOSCOW'S THREE GREAT ARCADES

In Moscow we encounter a mingling of nationalities such as exists in few great cities of the earth. For example, the representatives of Asiatic tribes in brilliant or ornamental costumes always give an Oriental aspect to the street crowds. Nowadays, practically all important political congresses and sessions of the Union of Soviets are held in Moscow; thus the delegates come here from distant regions, wearing their national costumes, adhering to their national customs and religious practises. Also, Moscow has become the chief city of Russia in the matter of parades, demonstrations and celebrations. There is a particular evidence of gaiety on the days when the revolutions are celebrated—November 7, January 21, and May 1. The buildings are decorated and the streets illuminated; despite all the political changes, the

MOSCOW STILL ENJOYS THE ANCIENT SPORT OF BARGAIN HUNTING

Russian maintains his love for spectacular display, as in the time of the Czars. Or, as the Soviet explains: "The combining of the Russian spirit and that of the Orient with Socialist international traits, gives to the city an inimitable individuality and a new aspect."

Perhaps I had seen Moscow's waifs before, but not in such numbers, so I failed to recognize them; to me, therefore, one of the remarkable sights of the city to-day was that of the Tramp Children, the Wolf Boys or Wild Boys. There are great flocks of them in Moscow, and later we shall see them in even larger numbers in the cities of the Crimea. It has been observed by travelers that they have a tendency to steal in the North, while they are beggars in the South. In fact, they follow the climate and drop off the railway trains in swarms, suiting their fancy or inclination. During the day,

they usually huddle together in alleys, or even on the curbs of the main thoroughfares, and sleep; in the evening, and probably during the night, they forage; they make the rounds of restaurants and places of entertainment, and groups of five or six select an *ataman* who begs for them from table to table. They eat what they can get from leavings on the plates, drink what wine and beer is found discarded, bottle and take what they can get to their waiting comrades. Waiters drive them out repeatedly; but they come back, and it has come to be the custom for restaurant diners to leave portions of food for them.

The children seem to be from twelve to fifteen years of age, as a rule, and their character varies, partly on account of their treatment and partly on account of national or hereditary traits. Their number must be estimated, as there are no reliable figures; but it is thought that fully twenty thousand of these unfortunate youngsters are roaming about the country. Their parents were killed during the civil wars and the revolution, or they were separated from them, and it is said that the majority of the waifs have no recollection of the time when they lived at home or were cared for like other children. Naturally, only the hardy ones have survived. They remember only that they belonged to a "pack" that existed in the great for-

GRAVE OF PRINCE KUTUSOFF, HERO OF 1812

SHRINE OF THE IBERIAN VIRGIN, MOSCOW

ests or in the streets of one of the great cities. In the woods, they lived upon roots, nuts, and probably upon game or birds, which they were able to capture by primitive efforts to survive. When the pack took to the railways, they also jumped aboard and clung to the bumpers, going as far as the train went, or getting off where their companions decided to stop.

Realizing that these children, many of them already a degenerate crew, will become a public menace as they grow older, the Soviet authorities have attempted to shelter them in institutions. But, accustomed to a life of absolute freedom, they run away from the confinement of four walls; and restraint is not a Soviet principle, so they are not captured or punished. Even when they are caught picking pockets in the streets of the cities, Soviet officials deal gently with them, fully appreciating their unfortunate condition.

At least a week should be spent in Moscow by the visitor who hopes to leave with anything like a comprehensive idea of the city. Perhaps at the present time it will be well to make several tours to the principal points of interest under the leadership of a guide. Inquiry at the offices of the Society of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries (Sverdlov Place, 2) will bring desired permission for entrance, and

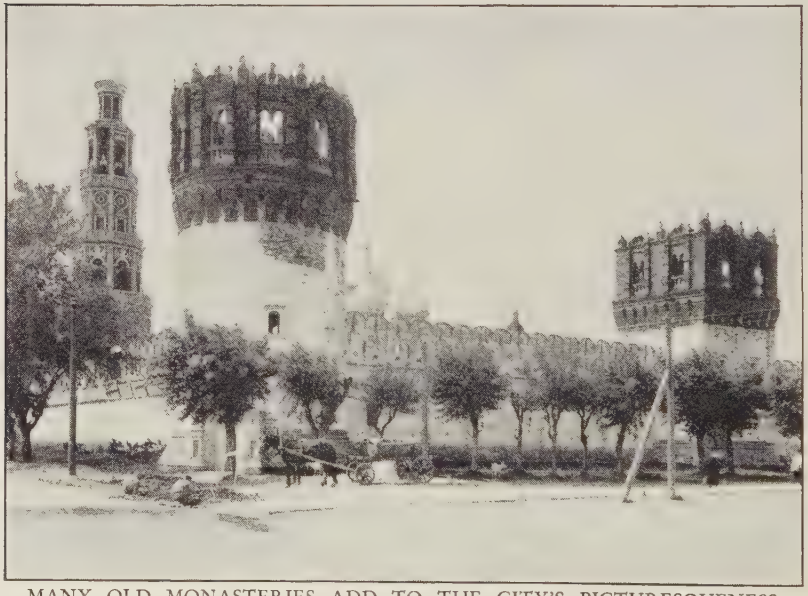
guides may be engaged here, who speak English, French or German, as well as Russian.

Let us first go to Red Square, opposite the Kremlin, whence three of the principal thoroughfares run parallel and are the chief arteries of trade, making what is known as "The City." Here we are in the Inner City, which has been surrounded by a wall since the middle of the sixteenth century. In reality, it is the old Kitai-Gorod, or Chinese City (Kitai meaning Cathay), not because Chinese live here or ever did, but because it was built by the Mongols. The buildings here, on the main streets as well as the connecting lands, are chiefly occupied by Government offices at the present time, so that the district has a scant resident population.

"RELIGION—OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE"
Inscription placed by the Soviet near the shrine of the Iberian Virgin

Most of the bus lines and trams meet in Red Square, and in this connection it will be of interest to note that Moscow has as fine buses as New York, London or Paris. Let us go to the front of the Russian Historical Museum (formerly the Moscow University) and look around us. The lichen-covered Kremlin wall rises to the right, and before us is the celebrated temporary monument of Lenin, which is to be replaced by a memorial built of stone. In the background is the famous and fantastic Cathedral of St. Basil the Blessed, and on the left are the Arcades.

There are in reality three Arcades in the great building—in pre-war days, more than a thousand shops catered to throngs which filled the area. Most of the shops are now closed; only one Arcade is open, and its shops are all conducted and owned by the Government. Patrons of the old Arcade, after making their purchases, stepped into a *droshky* and rattled over the cobblestone pavements to their homes. There are a number of vehicles left, but most of them are shabby, as there are no longer so many people who can afford to ride in them. Nowadays, it is interesting to view this great square—one of the finest in Moscow, by night as well as by day—on account of the illuminated red flag on the Government buildings in the Kremlin, which seems to wave defiance to the whole world. The Red Square has been a center for Russian political events for centuries. Bloody



MANY OLD MONASTERIES ADD TO THE CITY'S PICTURESQUENESS

STATUE OF LIBERTY, MOSCOW

battles were fought here with the Tartars. On Palm Sundays, the ancient patriarchs observed the day in ritualistic fashion by riding here upon asses. On great festival days, the Czars led spectacular and dazzling processions. Of even more importance was the market of the whole country, which was held here in the early days. The last far-reaching event here occurred when the Red Guard engaged in fierce fighting in the October revolution of 1917. The Guard came in from the suburbs, and as they gained possession of the "Chinese City," drove the "Whites" back into the Kremlin. It is very natural that this square has become the great rallying ground for the demonstrations of workers and of the military forces.

At the north end of Red Square, the Iberian Gate leads to the Square of the Revolution. The Gate is so named from the icon of the Iberian Virgin enshrined between the two openings. This was (and perhaps is) held in higher esteem than any other icon in Russia. For centuries it has been credited with the possession of miraculous powers, and during their visits to Moscow even the Czars and other members of the imperial family paid it a visit. It dates from 1648, and is a copy of the miracle-working Virgin of the Iberian Monastery on Mount Athos, which is believed to date from the eighth or ninth century. The head, enveloped in a net of

STREET LIFE IN MOSCOW IS ENLIVENED BY VERY FEW MOTOR CARS

pearls and formerly wearing a diamond crown, proved the reverence in which it was held by all classes, as the jewels were the gifts of devotees, who were grateful for blessings received. A carriage with four horses formerly belonged to the icon, and for a sum of money it was sometimes taken down (a copy being left in its place) and carried to the bedside of the dying, to the aid of a mother in childbirth, or to any one especially threatened with danger. Or, when a new house was completed, the owner sent for the icon and besought the Virgin to confer upon it her blessing and protection. She was also invited to attend weddings—for a fee of fifty to one hundred rubles. When the requests were too numerous, a message was sent to the would-be hosts, informing them that "The Mother is fatigued to-day and can not accept your invitation."

As the carriage passed through the streets, attended by priests and acolytes, it was observed by every one with great solemnity. During its long history, it has rarely suffered profanation. There is a scar on the cheek of the portrait that was inflicted by the lance of a Tartar soldier; and there was a princess who, when appearing to kiss the icon, bit out one of the large diamonds from the crown and went away with it in her mouth. She was detected in the theft, however, and as a punishment was sent to Siberia for life. The income of the icon was estimated at ten thousand rubles a year, most of which went to the Metropolitan. The excuse for placing a duplicate icon in the shrine during the absence of the original, who was making calls, was "that the income of the Metropolitan may not be less."

The Iberian Virgin remains enshrined in her chapel, but on an adjacent building there is the much-commented-upon inscription placed there by the Soviet, which says: "Religion

—opium of the People." The picturesque old guard who stood just outside the gate is gone. These guards may have represented an autocratic government, but they lent color to the city. Many of us who were attracted by the wonder-

AN ICON MOUNTED ON A CARVED PEDESTAL

ful uniforms of former days, miss them in the capital of to-day.

The Russian Historical State Museum was opened in 1883; but it has been reorganized and now contains most interesting collections, which represent the history and life of the nations included in the Soviet Union. The magnificent

library of the Holy Synod, notable for its rare manuscripts, was moved here after the revolution of October, 1917. The museum library now contains over one million volumes, most of which pertain in some way to history or literature, and there are five hundred seats in the reading-room for the accommodation of students and visitors. A special section is devoted to the Russian novelist, Dostoievsky, his manuscripts, his printed works in many languages, and personal memorials of the man himself. The greater part of the collections here belong to the archeology of Russia; a vast number of objects represent barbaric culture in the various States of the Union. A room is devoted to a reproduction of St. Sophia's Cathedral in Kiev; others to ornaments from the rarest Russian illuminated manuscripts, copies of the Korsun Gates of Novgorod, a gigantic Russian cross dating from

A PALATIAL PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NOW NATIONALIZED

AN ARTISTIC OLD ICON

1133, stucco designs from the celebrated Dmitrievsky Cathedral at Vladimir, frescoes from the Uspensky Cathedral, Oriental ware of the seventeenth century found in a vault at the Kremlin, and many ecclesiastical rarities. On the first floor is probably the finest collection of old icons in the world. Many of them were discovered after the revolution and restored for exhibition purposes. They have been gathered from monasteries and churches in all parts of the country.

In Red Square, near the Kremlin walls, are the so-called "Brothers' Graves"—the graves of about five hundred men and women who lost their lives in the revolution. In addition, here are the graves of many Communists who have died recently—for example, the American writer, John Reed, who died in 1920, and whose tomb is marked by a block of granite. In front of these graves is the strange red mausoleum of Lenin, a temporary construction. Two flights of steps lead to the roof, which often becomes the rostrum for speakers during demonstrations in the Square. A guard of honor always stands at the entrance, which leads into a deep vault sheltering the embalmed remains of the leader of the revolution. A railing

A ROOM IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, MOSCOW

DELICATE CARVINGS AND BRONZE WORK IN THE SAME MUSEUM

surrounds the tomb, and along this the crowd goes each late afternoon and evening to view the idol of modern Russia in his crystal casket. The banners of the Communist International and of the Paris Commune of 1871 are preserved in the vault.

# IX MOSCOW'S ARCHITECTURAL CHARMS

MOSCOW'S MAGNIFICENT OPERA HOUSE, FORMER RESORT OF WEALTH, NOW FREQUENTED BY ILLITERATE WORKMEN

## IX

## MOSCOW'S ARCHITECTURAL CHARMS

WE now approach the Cathedral of St. Basil the Blessed, which doubtless is the most extraordinary church building in the world, and which reminds us of Ivan the Terrible, certainly one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. The church* dates from the sixteenth century, and there is none like it or resembling it in any way. Napoleon is said to have exclaimed: "Destroy that monstrosity!" when he first beheld it, and he profaned it by permitting his soldiers to stable their horses within the holy precincts. "Build something that was never built before," was the order which Ivan the Terrible had given to his architect, and the legend persists—as it does in regard to several other remarkable buildings of the world—that when the cathedral was completed, the Czar ordered the architect blinded, so that he could never duplicate his work. The church has eleven small, dark chapels, arranged in two stories and combined in unusual style. It has twelve domes of strange forms, bulbs, pineapples, and onions, painted in lurid colors and with twisted and serrated spirals, or covered with scales. Each dome is crowned by a massive cross, and the effect is highly fantastic—the sort of thing that a scene-painter might place upon canvas for an extravaganza. The interior, formerly uninteresting, has been restored by the Soviet, and the whole edifice has been transformed into a

* See frontispiece.

RAILWAY SQUARE, WHERE THE VISITOR GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF MOSCOW

museum, some of the chapels now exhibiting plans, historical manuscripts and records relating to the building.

The Czar Ivan, known as the Terrible, seems to have been abnormal from birth, and he lived a tempestuous, evil life that startled the civilized world. The Russians declare that when he was born, rolling thunder was heard throughout the land. His father died when the child was about three years of age. For a few years, his mother played at reigning with her lover; but she died mysteriously—probably was poisoned. Under the rule of the boyars, the child was taught to be cruel, was taken to see people run over by heavy carts, was forced to witness executions, was encouraged to mistreat animals, was purposely left hungry and cold and even threatened with torture. Doubtless, these events of his nursery days had much to do with the shaping of his character.

One day he bade his servants throw his chief tormentor to the hounds, and at eighteen years of age he was crowned first Czar of Russia.

Like so many of his successors, Ivan believed that he was appointed by heaven to rule the nation. In the first days of his reign his conduct may be described as wild. Then a great conflagration broke out, and most of the houses of Moscow were burned, including the imperial residence. He went to live with his confessor on the outskirts of the city, and the priest told him that the fire had come as a punishment for his misdeeds. Thereupon he repented, and he seems to have been anxious, after that, to rule in a proper manner.

When his offers of marriage were scorned by foreign rulers with marriageable daughters, Ivan selected a mate by a method of his own. Word was circulated that the Czar de-

A QUIET STREET ON A BUSY MORNING

STATE PUBLIC LIBRARY, FORMERLY THE RUMIANTSEV MUSEUM

sired a wife, and hundreds of daughters of good families were brought to Moscow for his inspection. They were quartered in a building set apart for them, and with one courtier the young Czar prowled through their apartments at night. Thus was a girl, Anastasia Romanovna, selected to become the ancestress of future Czars. Ivan loved his wife devotedly, and for a time was a wise and a just ruler. As the country prospered, he annexed new territory.

A son was born, and a bishop prophesied that it would die. Then Anastasia died, and the gentle Ivan again became a raging demon. His lust for blood caused him to order the slaughter of his subjects in a brutal manner. Men were boiled in oil, beaten to death, impaled, and the whole country was horrified. He became melancholy and developed all the symptoms of a dangerous maniac. Then, with a strong

bodyguard, he retired eighty miles from Moscow, put on priest's vestments, and played at being religious. Wholesale executions were ordered in Red Square. He married four wives; three died, and the fourth was sent to a convent, while a mistress took her place. There were more mistresses and then another wife, this last marriage being celebrated at the same time as that of his son, Theodore, to Irene, sister of Boris Godunov.

Then came the murder of his eldest son. The generally accepted version is that the boy was struck over the head with an iron in the hand of his father. Ivan was overcome with remorse and howled his grief. He was carried to the treasury to play with precious stones, which seemed to please him. Then one day, when playing chess with Boris Godunov, he gave an outcry and died. Inhuman monster, maniac, and doubtless a genius. It is said that Basil, the monk for whom Ivan's cathedral was named, was the only one who dared oppose him, and that he branded him as a fiend from hell. When Basil died, the Czar had his remains placed in this monstrous church, which officially is dedicated to the Intercession of the Virgin.

St. Basil usually is conceded to have been an idiot—perhaps because he defied the Czar. It is more likely, however, that he gained in sanctity and popular esteem as a result of being feeble-minded. Another idiot, called "Ivan the Big Cap" on

PROLETARIAT BABIES KICKING UP THEIR HEELS IN A PALACE

IN HONOR OF THE TIME WHEN MOSCOW FOILED NAPOLEON

account of an iron helmet that he wore as a penance, was placed in a tomb beside Basil. Some of these "holy idiots" roamed around Russia in ancient days, nude and filthy, and called themselves "Prophets of God." The business became so profitable that Peter the Great ordered bishops at their consecration to swear to give up to the authorities all "impostors who go about as possessed." The relics of Basil, however, were credited with many miracles. Even Boris Godunov carried his dying child to the tomb of St. Basil, praying for its restoration to health.

A popular version of what prompted Ivan IV. of Muscovy to construct this cathedral is that it was his expiation for having murdered his own son; but the inspiration was a desire to commemorate the taking of Kazan. In front of the church is a circular stone from which the ancient Czars proclaimed their ukases, and it was the scene of many of Ivan's wholesale executions. In the old days, the Patriarch read the Gospels at Easter, and then, mounted on an ass led by the Czar, rode into the cathedral.

From St. Basil's church we go to what the Soviet calls officially the Museum House of a Russian Boyar, thus casting doubt upon its reputation as the birthplace of the first Czar of the Romanoff family, Mikhail Feodorovitch. Doubtless this attitude is taken because the house was so

completely restored in the last century that it was practically rebuilt. The house was presented to a convent after it was given up by the Romanoff family, and during the passing of the years it became entirely surrounded by other buildings. The French plundered it in 1812, and then it was practically discovered, having been almost forgotten. Czar Alexander II purchased it and ordered the restoration, so

"BEFORE THE MOSQUE"
Painting by Verestchagin in the Russian Museum of Art, Moscow

that it represents the house of a boyar of the sixteenth or seventeenth century in Moscow; and in this connection one should recall that the Romanoffs were merely boyars until 1613. The ground floor is chiefly devoted to storerooms, with the kitchen and servants' rooms above. In the main reception room on the second floor is the family plate, and in the chapel are pictures of saints. In the room of the Patriarch Philaret, the Czar's father, are shown personal souvenirs of the pair and other interesting memorials.

HERMITAGE GARDEN, FAVORITE PARK OF THE MUSCOVITES

In some of the great houses of the period the number of servants retained by the owners was so ridiculous, from the modern point of view, as to be barely conceivable. The duties of one consisted merely of sweeping the stairways, another brought water for the dinner table, and still another brought water for the tea table. The expense of their maintenance was very little because they dressed and lived like peasants, subsisting chiefly on cabbage soup, black bread and sour beer or *kvass*.

In this immediate vicinity are several churches and monasteries, one of the most interesting of which is the Church of the Georgian Holy Virgin, now known as the Simon Ushakov Museum. It is a fine example of seventeenth century architecture, and is preserved for that reason; it is named for the painter whose numerous works are on exhibition inside.

What is known officially as the State Public Library Named after Lenin was formerly the Rumiantsev Museum. The building dates from 1787. In the latter part of the nineteenth century it received the museum and library of Count Rumiantsev, which he bequeathed to the State. The collections have been enriched by gifts, and to-day there are fully three million books in the library. The collection of manuscripts contains about one hundred thousand incunabula and historical documents, many manuscripts of Russian writers like Pushkin, Gogol and Leo Tolstoy, and many Chinese books of great value. Whole libraries from "nationalized" monasteries have been placed here, and there is a special exhibit of books that were prohibited during the Czarist régime. The reading-room has four hundred fifty seats, affording ample accommodation for students. The old museum was officially dissolved a few years ago by the Soviet,

and the works of western painters were transferred to the Museum of Fine Arts. The paintings by Russian artists were moved to the Tretiakov Gallery. The ethnographic section remains and contains national costumes, drawings, models, ornaments, weapons, and articles for household use—also relics of the religious cults of the various nations. Of particular interest are the articles from Kamchatka.

Nearby is the Communist Academy, described as a scientific academy of Marxism, where researches are conducted into the history of socialism and classes are held in its theory and practise. The library of the Academy contains half a million volumes.

The First Museum of Modern Western Painting contains the fine collection of S. I. Shtchukin, which was nationalized in 1918. It devotes itself primarily to the works of the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, and it is

THEATER IN HERMITAGE GARDEN, MOSCOW

claimed that the examples shown are as fine as any in Europe. Among the painters are: Claude Monet, Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Matisse, Derain, and Picasso. It is said that the largest and best collection of the works of the last mentioned is here. There are likewise some fine examples of Whistler, Renoir, Van Gogh, Rousseau, Zuloaga and Toulouse-Latrec.

IN THE HERMITAGE GARDEN, MOSCOW

Let us go to Arbat Square and turn into Arbat street, where there are many points of interest, including many houses of the old nobility. Pushkin, the poet, lived at No. 12, after his return from exile. No. 7 belonged to the poet, Khomiakov. It has become the Museum of Life and Customs in the Forties, as its furniture and arrangements date from about 1840. Not far away is a flat once occupied by the composer, Scriabin, and now it has become the Scriabin Museum, where his manuscripts and memorials of his life and work are on exhibition. This is in the Bolshoy Nicholo-Pesskovsky, where there are several mansions worthy of a visit. At No. 52 is the house of the Counts Sollozub, described in Tolstoy's "War and Peace." At present it is occupied by the Museum of the Evolution of the Art of Painting, and its collections are designed to give an idea of modern trends and currents, as for example the Cubists, Futurists and Non-Objectivists. In the seventeenth century, the servants of the Czars' households were quartered in this neighborhood.

THE BEST PLACE TO SEE THE PEOPLE AND COSTUMES OF RUSSIA IS IN THEIR TEEMING MARKETS

At No. 15 is the Lunatcharsky children-colony, where there are work-schools, workshops, hospitals and other experimental places for the education of children and artistic improvement. At No. 17 Trubnikovsky is the Museum of Iconography and Painting, containing a fine collection of icons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Russian paintings of the nineteenth century, and the works of masters like Paolo Veronese, Goya, Ingres, Manet and Greco.

Hitherto it has been my observation that more school children were to be found in museums and art galleries of Munich, Bavaria, than elsewhere on earth; but the palm now goes to Moscow. Every day I saw numerous groups of boys and girls, with their teachers, being taken through these galleries and given a liberal education in the arts. The teachers seemed to make their talks and explanations so interesting that the youngsters were enjoying themselves hugely and were eager to hear every word and examine every object or painting.

One of the finest buildings in the city is the Museum of Fine Arts, which was built in 1912 just before the war. It houses a remarkable collection of Egyptian, Assyrian and Babylonian art, which has been greatly enhanced under the present Government. Pure Russian art is to be seen here to advantage. Most of the rooms are large, filled with copies of the world's masterpieces in sculpture.

Bronze and marble groups are artistically arranged so that the student may follow various periods of Grecian, Italian and other ancient art. Many of these things were taken from private collections that belonged to Grand Dukes and noblemen, who had acquired them by purchase and retained them as prized possessions until the revolution, when all art works were nationalized. A number are copies of such familiar

GATE THROUGH THE CHINESE WALL, MOSCOW

works as the Tomb of the Medici, by Michelangelo; the famous statue of Mercury, and other examples of which we have seen the originals in Italy. Entrances to churches, wells, pulpits and many other religious gems have been reproduced. These were collected from homes or monasteries and placed in this museum, as I was told, for the benefit of all the people instead of the privileged few, as was the case in Czaristic days.

In 1924 this museum was reorganized by the Soviet from a nucleus of the collections of the former Museum of the Institute of the Classic East; from the pictures, drawings and engravings of the former Rumiantsev Museum; and from the picture gallery of the Kremlin Palace, a number of paintings from the Hermitage at Leningrad, and the Shtchukin Museum of Western Old Masters.

The finest examples of Russian art are housed in the State Tretyakov Gallery. It shows in its entirety the development of Russian painting from the remotest epoch to the present day. Since the revolution the collection has been increased from four thousand to six thousand paintings. Perhaps this is the finest gallery in modern Russia. It was nationalized in 1918 and has been completely reorganized.

Best known to many of us, because his work is comparatively modern, is the Russian artist, Verestchagin, whom we remember for his war pictures. Another Russian, whose paintings are highly valued, is Victor Vasnetzorf. Surikof is one of the most popular of Russian painters. His art, realistic at times, is seen to good advantage in "The Morning of the Execution of the Streltzi," a painting highly prized in Russia. In the background we see the St. Basil Cathedral.

Let us go from here to the Church of the Redeemer, which usually is considered the most beautiful in Moscow, and which certainly is one of the most celebrated churches in the world. It is splendidly situated in a large square on the left bank of the Moskva. The church cost over fifteen million rubles and commemorates the events of 1812. It is surmounted by five golden domes, the largest of which has a diameter of one hundred feet. Over ten thousand

AN ICON IN THE TARTAR WALL, MOSCOW

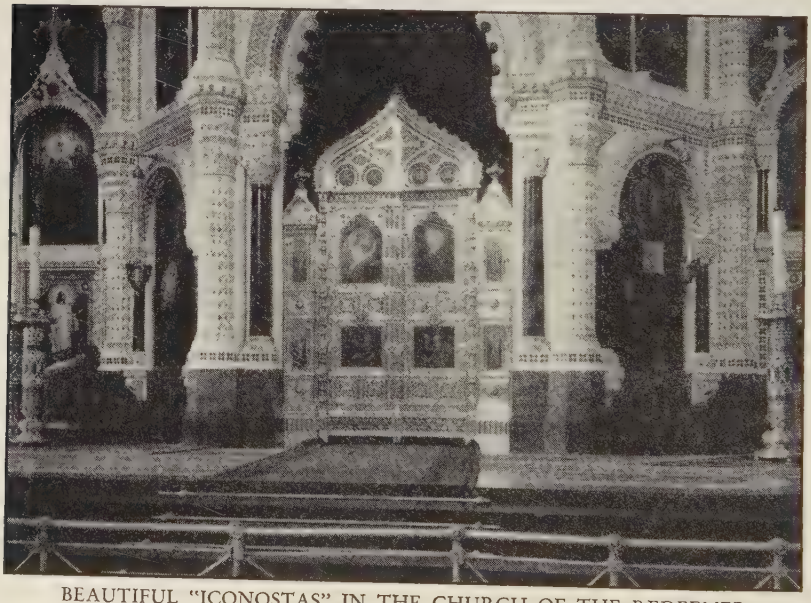
CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MOSCOW, WHOSE FIVE GOLDEN DOMES ARE GREATLY ADMIRED

people may attend service in the edifice at one time. I anticipated no difficulty in photographing the church, because my permit was very elastic, and I naturally believed that the cathedral would be no exception to the rule. But I was informed when I attempted to point my camera in that direction that such a thing was unthinkable and impossible. After ten long days of argument, during which every kind of influence was brought to bear for me, Madame Kamineff, sister of Trotsky, finally induced the O. G. P. U. to grant me a permit. The president of the church, after carefully scanning my authority to take pictures, permitted me to climb to the roof and photograph its bell-tower. Magnificent views of Moscow may be obtained from this height.

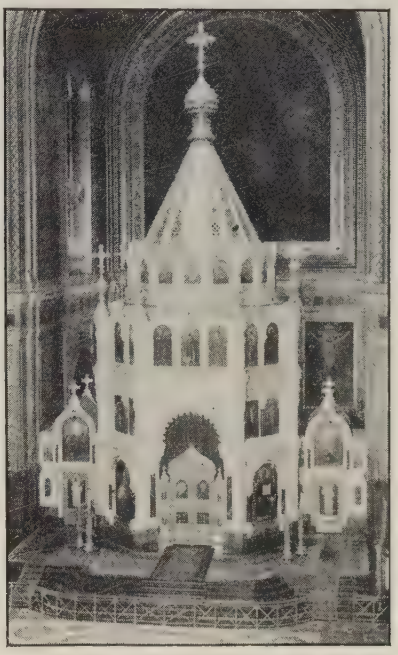
The outside walls of the church have a veneer of marble; the twelve bronze portals are approached by wide granite steps, and the roof is bordered by a bronze balustrade. There are forty-eight marble reliefs with a variety of subjects and depicting various scenes: David showing Solomon the plans of the Temple, the Nativity and Resurrection, St. Sergius consecrating Demetrius of the Don, and the saints upon whose days there were victories in 1813-14. The interior of the church is lighted by sixty windows and is elaborately ornamented with marble and gold. On festival days, over three thousand candles are burned during the hours of worship; and the choral music here long ago became celebrated throughout the world. On the interior walls are one hundred seventy-seven marble tablets bearing imperial decrees, the names of battles and officers in the War of Liberation. The largest dome is supported by four huge piers and has a colossal picture of the Lord of Sabaoth, while below it are Old Testament scenes extending to the piers. The *iconostas* is of white marble and has a bronze-gilt roof. The holy doors

are ornamented with the Annunciation and scenes from the lives of the Apostles. Above the throne of the Metropolitan is "The Last Supper," and above it, "The Nativity," two fine paintings. In the galleries above are the chapels of Saints Nicholas and Alexander Nevsky, both containing numerous pictures of other saints. The former has decorations illustrating the history of the church, and the latter shows scenes from the life of Alexander. In other parts of the church are many paintings illustrating the history and development of Christianity in Russia.

I attended mass here, and while the service is so involved that I was unable to grasp most of its symbolism, it seemed to me to be one of the most impressive religious services I ever witnessed. Now and then the holy doors of the *iconostas* were opened, and in the brilliant scene beyond we caught a



BEAUTIFUL "ICONOSTAS" IN THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER



HOLY OF HOLIES, CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

glimpse of the presiding ecclesiastical dignitary, a golden crown upon his head, and surrounded by priests, who were chanting the prayers in deep bass voices, vibrant and characteristic of the Russian choirs. America is more familiar with this peculiar *timbre* than it would be otherwise, owing to the frequent appearances of the great Feodor Chaliapin, who, but for existing political conditions, doubtless would be living among his own people. To them he is more than a singer, even more than a great artist—a national idol, who was a peasant himself and has the power to penetrate the great national emotions of the masses. A tremendous favorite during the Czarist régime, the Soviet honored him by "denationalizing" his home in Moscow—one of the very few who enjoyed this distinction; but recently, on account of his refusal to return to Russia, the house was confiscated and he was stripped of official honors by the Soviet Government. It is likely that some of his published remarks have been interpreted as criticism of Red Russia, and criticism is something that will not be tolerated. Nobody is permitted to speak what may be considered an incautious word without suffering the consequences.

Lenin, Marx, Kropotkin and others whose doctrines are

IN THE LUBIANSKY SQUARE, MOSCOW

those of Red Russia, are looked upon with veneration, and children are taught to honor their memory. Thousands of boys and girls are taken, for instance, to the grave of Prince Kropotkin in Moscow. To make what is considered severe criticism of the Government or of any of these leaders, when in Russia, is very dangerous. It is well known that a sentence of death is likely to follow what has come to be recognized as folly. Yet, strangely enough, I have heard comedians on the stage poke fun at the Government, telling about the efficiency experts appointed to effect economy. One had figured out, he said, that a quarter of a million Government employees were losing exactly one hundred sixty-seven hours each day, simply by saying good morning to each other. When he added that this greeting should be dispensed with, for the purpose of saving the people's money, he was

greeted with laughter and applause. At another time, in a Moscow theater, I saw a scene depicting what would happen if the promises of all the public speakers came true. The scene showed an orange grove. The people, strolling into the grove and reaching to the boughs in nonchalant fashion, were plucking oranges of solid gold.

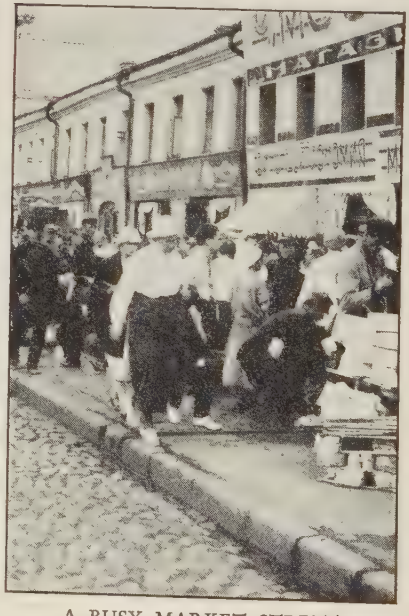
An interesting excursion takes us to the Novodyevitchy Convent, which usually is thought to be the most beautiful in Moscow. Like a fortress, it is surmounted by a strong wall, and it dates from 1524, when it was founded by Grand Duke Vassili III. in memory of the victory at Smolensk. It has been regarded as one of the wealthiest ecclesiastical institutions in the country, as it enjoyed rare gifts from several Czars. After the death of Feodor, his widow—daughter-in-law of Ivan the Terrible—took the veil and retired here, as did also her brother, Boris Godunov, tho he left almost immediately to become Czar. The crown was offered to Irene, but she refused to accept it. Official business, however, was transacted in her monastic name of Alexandra. The Patriarch Job made the suggestion of the elevation of Boris, but for a time he also declined the scepter and concealed himself in the cell of his sister. In 1689 the Czarevna-Regent Sophia was compelled to live here, and was forced to witness the hanging of the Strelitz sol-

MOSCOW LOAFERS

MONASTERY WITH TYPICAL ONION DOMES

diers or "Streltzi," opposite her window, on the orders of her brother. The convent was pillaged in 1812 by the French. In 1922 it was officially declared to be a museum by the Soviet Government.

The most prominent building within the walls is the Cathedral of Our Lady of Smolensk, with its five cupolas. In its vaults are the remains of Sophia and of Peter the Great's first wife. In the cemetery are the graves of many prominent Russians, including Scriabin, the composer, Prince Kropotkin, the anarchist, and several celebrated actors. There is a large bell-tower, from which one gains a view of Sparrow Hills, now known as Lenin Hills. Here we get a fine panorama of the city, which has a circumference of twenty-four miles and a diameter of nine miles. It is said that there are three hundred twenty-nine gilded domes visible from this point —most of them with bulbous roofs of Byzantine origin and most of them in need of re-gilding at the present time.



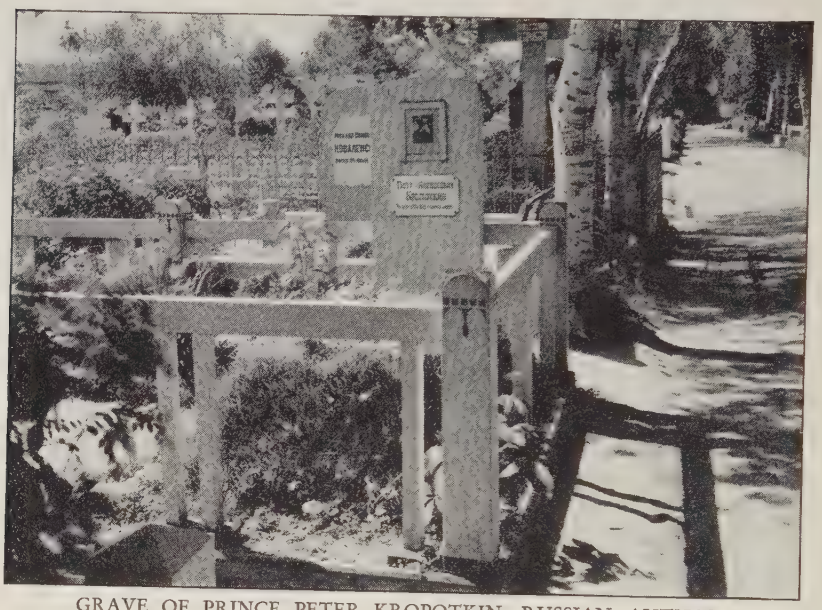
A BUSY MARKET STREET

In the older day, pious citizens left fortunes in gold to be placed upon certain spires, and to-day this is not so much in the spirit of things. Many of the churches are now classed as museums, and people do not leave gold to be put on museum roofs after their death.

Midway between the Hills and Moscow is the Donskoy

ENTRANCE TO AN OLD MONASTERY IN MOSCOW

Monastery, erected in 1592 by Czar Ivan to celebrate his victory over the Tartars. It is a great fortress-like structure that stood guard over the roadway leading to the Russian Steppes, and is named for the icon of the Virgin, to whom the Russians had committed themselves in the great struggle. High walls enclose seven churches—reminiscent of the seven churches of ancient Irish monastic institutions—and many



GRAVE OF PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN, RUSSIAN AUTHOR AND REFORMER

noble families are buried here. The chief church, built by Catherine, has several mural paintings of scenes from the Bible. Near the holy doors is the icon of the Virgin of the Don, which, in the earlier day, was richly adorned with priceless jewels.

THE KREMLIN IS AN IMPOSING CITY IN ITSELF

# X

## THE MOSCOW KREMLIN

MOSCOW'S history revolves around the Kremlin; all its hopes for the future are centered there. The Kremlin is to-day the pulsating heart of the Soviet Union. Within its walls, former Czars were crowned, married and buried. Now they are all dead and gone, and the Red flag floats above their palaces, while within them the Soviet Congress meets. The interior of the Kremlin bristles with cannon. No place in Russia is more closely guarded. All the leaders of the Soviet Government meet within these walls. Special permission has been needed in recent years for any one else to visit the Kremlin. Photography is rigidly forbidden. Mine were the first and last photographs taken of the interior since the beginning of the Soviet régime.

Again it required days of argument and all the influence I could bring to bear to obtain permission to enter the Kremlin with my cameras; but at last I was successful. All Soviet officialdom is slow to recognize authority for anything for which there is no precedent. No one enters Kremlin walls to-day without permission from the Commandant. This permission, when gained, admits sightseers to more or less perfunctory glimpses here and there, within a prescribed area. To photograph this most guarded spot in Russia, where officials are said to be in constant fear of assassination, was something that threw the guards into confusion. The cause, of course, is that each man fears he will be held responsible

INSIDE THE KREMLIN WALLS THERE IS MUCH TO SUGGEST THE ORIENT

for having committed an unpardonable mistake. To be guilty of this, means speedy death, and one does not blame the custodians for what seems to be unnecessary caution.

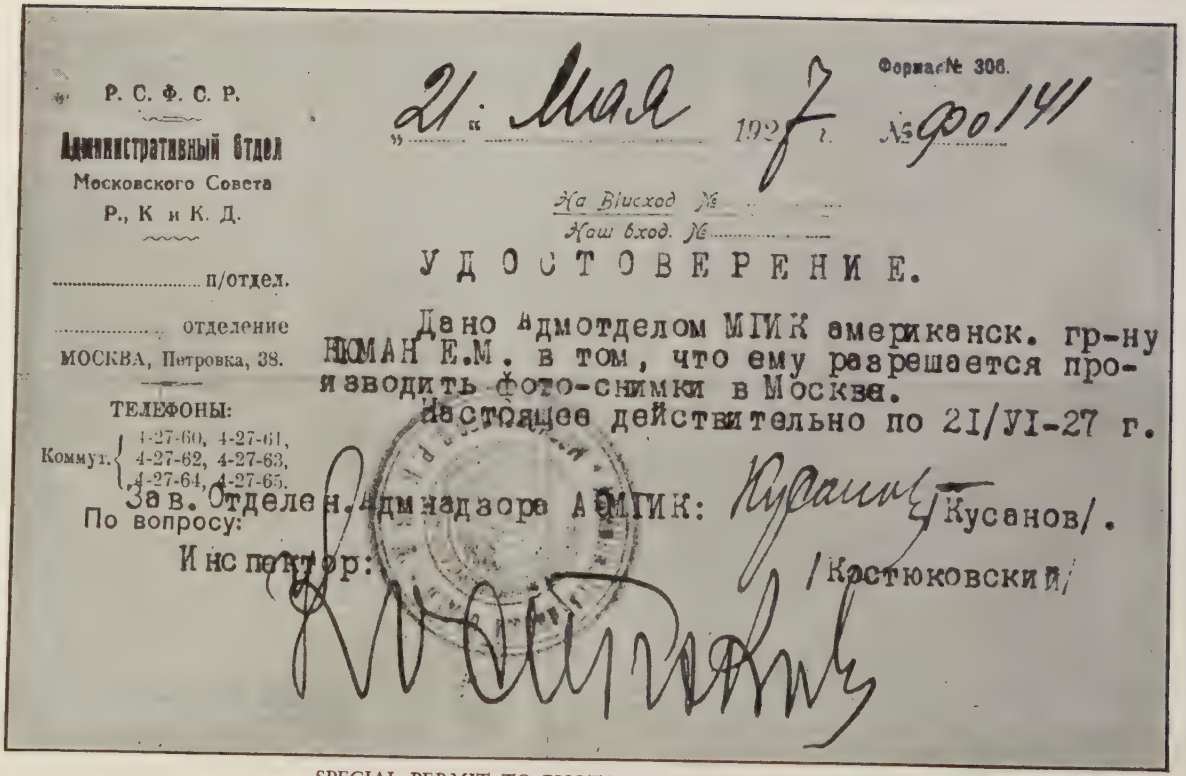
The permission gained, however, we pass to the Kremlin through the Gate of the Redeemer. We are upon what the average Russian considers holy ground, altho the foreigner who knows anything about the history of the place is likely to view it in another light. It was here that the Czar received the official sanction of the church, when the bells announced that he had ascended the throne of his ancestors. Here have transpired the greatest events in Russia's tragic history. A proverb has it: "There is nothing above Moscow except the Kremlin; there is nothing above the Kremlin but heaven." The word is Tartar and means "citadel"; and Russians expect it to protect and guard their future lives. It is

to Russia what the Acropolis was to Athens, the Colosseum to Rome, the Alhambra to Spain, the Doge's Palace to Venice, the Bastille to Paris and the Tower to London. It was not only the legal residence of the Czars, but the Vatican of the Russian Church. The mightiest citadel in all the world, yet only a comparatively short time ago—as history goes in Greece, Italy or Ireland—it was only the site of a farm overlooking the Moskva.

The Kremlin is an important city of cathedrals, palaces and official buildings within a battlemented wall about sixty-five feet high, something over one mile in circumference, and having nineteen towers. It is entered by five gates; but we pass through the one that leads from Red Square, which is the best known.

The Gate of the Redeemer dates from 1491 and is so

CARRIAGES OF FORMER CZARS—RELICS OF BYGONE SPLENDOR



Р. С. Ф. С. Р.

**Административный Отдел**
Московского Совета
Р., К и К. Д.

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УДОСТОВЕРЕНИЕ.

Дано Адмотделом МГИК американск. гр-ну НЬЮМАН Е.М. в том, что ему разрешается производить фото-снимки в Москве.

Настоящее действительно по 21/VI-27 г.

Зав. Отделен. Адмнадзора МГИК: /Куранов/ Куканов/.

По вопросу:

Инспектор: /Костюковский/

SPECIAL PERMIT TO PHOTOGRAPH THE KREMLIN

The issuing of this permit to Mr. Newman created such a storm that for a long time nobody was allowed inside the Moscow Kremlin except soldiers and officials

named on account of the fresco representing the Saviour. The tower was erected upon it in 1625 by an Englishman, and he placed the clock bells there which strike the hours. At the present time, at twelve and six o'clock the bells peal the melody of the Workers' Song, the "Internationale," and at three and nine o'clock, the "Russian Revolutionary Funeral March." In the older day, it was estimated that over ten thousand people visited the gate every twelve hours. The picture of Jesus above the entrance was placed there by Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch in 1647, and was regarded as the Palladium of the Kremlin; because of it, the Czar decreed that no man should pass through the gateway without removing his hat, an order that was strictly enforced until the revolution. Since that time, it is only the Orthodox who raise their hats, and no attention is paid to the custom of centuries. When I was in Moscow before, the coachmen, when passing through the gate, would not only raise their hats, but would also watch their passengers, and, if the heads of these remained covered, admonish them to follow the custom. If, as in the case of certain American tourists of whom I have heard, they declined to be so "superstitious," they received an order from the guards or the police to raise their hats. The picture has defended itself from foreign invaders throughout the centuries. The Tartars, believing that its frame was of gold, sought to demolish it, but the ladders raised against it are said to have broken in the middle. The French brought up a cannon to batter it to pieces, but the legend is that an angel wetted their powder.

After we have passed the gate, we enter an open space, and to the right we come to the Convent of the Assumption, built in 1389 by Eudoxia, who retired thither after the death of her husband and died in 1407.

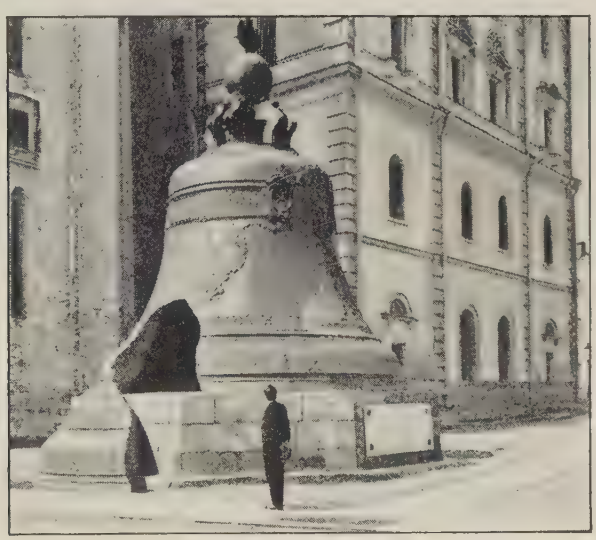
TOWER OF IVAN IN THE KREMLIN

Then to the Bell Tower of Ivan. This tower is about like the Washington Monument at the base, and rises in five stories to a height of three hundred twenty feet. In the olden days it was the custom of maidens about to marry to visit the tower on Sunday for the purpose of prayer. There are thirty-three bells in the chime, the smallest of which is said to be of pure silver, and the largest, the so-called Festival Bell, weighs sixty-four tons. The full chime formerly was heard only on Easter and when the Czar was in his capital.

The tower is ascended by flights of stairs to just beneath the gigantic gilded dome, and one who may get permission should avail himself of the opportunity to view the city from here. About half-way up is a gallery, from which the Czars used to address the people. On Holy Thursday, before Easter, the Metropolitan washed the feet of twelve men with most solemn rites, and then, on Easter eve, the largest bell of the tower was sounded, to be followed by all the other bells of Moscow. The whole structure was illuminated from the base to the cross on its summit. After the Metropolitan had conducted a long service in the cathedral, the bell was sounded again, and the people took up the universal shout of "*Christos voskres!*" (Christ is risen!), followed by the Russian custom of kisses of love. On a clear day it is possible

from this tower to see the meanderings of the Moskva River twenty miles away; from its top one may also observe the walls of the Kremlin below, separating this section from the remainder of the city, which is not visible elsewhere here.

One realizes at this height why it is that so many observers have noted a similarity between Moscow and Rome. "Voilà Rome Tartare!" exclaimed Madame de Staël, when she



"THE CZAR KOLOKOL"
Largest bell in the world, weighing two hundred tons

beheld this panorama. "The new Rome, which is Moscow," said another writer. They see in Sparrow Hills something that reminds them of the Janiculum, in the Cathedral of the Redeemer something similar to St. Peter's, while the Moskva flows between rows of roofs like the Tiber.

At the foot of the tower is the celebrated great bell (known as Czar Kolokol) which stands upon a vast granite pedestal. It is easily the largest bell in the world, weighing

THE ONLY GUNS IN THE KREMLIN THAT MR. NEWMAN WAS ALLOWED TO PHOTOGRAPH

two hundred tons and being twenty-two inches thick at the bottom and fifty-four feet in circumference. It is a second recast from the material of a bell ordered by Boris Godunov, and is broken. There is a legend that it was hung in position and was broken when it was rung; but the truth is that it was cast where it stands. There was a fire in the Kremlin that consumed a temporary shed which covered it, and when water was thrown upon it, the bell was fractured. Probably the present Government would like to rechristen it and ring it as a Liberty Bell, but this can never be done, as a large portion of it has broken away, depriving it forever of its tone. It has bas-reliefs showing the Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch and the Czaritsa Anna Ivanovna.

Altho we are surrounded by church buildings, we find ourselves in a political center with a warlike atmosphere.

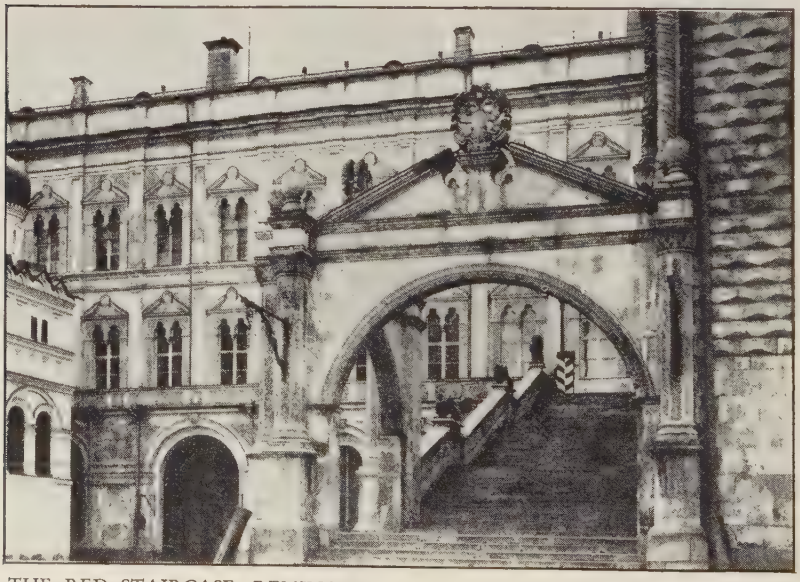
The Kremlin is now filled with big guns, which I was not permitted to photograph. I was never for an instant out of sight of the watchful eye of a Red officer, who followed me everywhere, watched me closely, and saw that I took no forbidden pictures. It was as tho the visitor had arrived within the secret fortifications of a friendly country, a place where governments never are friendly, but always suspect strangers of evil designs. I was permitted to photograph the so-called Czar of all guns—obsolete and reminiscent of the past—and a number of cannon taken from Napoleon and in the war of the Crimea. But that was all, so far as guns were concerned. Nor was I permitted to go into the palace where the Soviet Congress now meets. High officials are in constant fear of assassination, and I could not convince the authorities that I was entirely harmless.

The treasures of the Orujeynaya Palata are made up of collections, comparable to those in any of the museums of Europe. Some of them date back to the time of Ivan the Terrible in the sixteenth century. The place was at first a repository for the patterns of the armorial workshops; but during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Czars contributed articles of great value, and finally it was trans-

LATEST FASHIONS FOR YOUNG MEN IN MOSCOW

formed from a hall of armor to a Treasure Chamber and Court Museum. After the revolution, it was reorganized as a Museum of the Decorative Arts, with the addition of rare objects from the Patriarchal Treasury, which was rich in tapestries, enamel and silver. Some of the finest art works of the cathedrals and monasteries of Moscow were also added; likewise many splendid articles from the Court Treasury at Petersburg, which were sent to Moscow for safekeeping at the beginning of the World War. Since 1922, the "nationalization" of the Ecclesiastical Treasures has added still further to the display, and the Museum is to-day one of the sights that should not be overlooked by any visitor in Moscow.

I was permitted to enter this Treasury, with its wealth of rare objects. Evidently the officials had more confidence in



THE RED STAIRCASE, REMINDER OF TRAGEDIES IN RUSSIA'S HISTORY

ALEXANDER II. MEMORIAL AS IT IS TODAY
The statue of the Czar is gone from its pedestal, and gone are the armed Cossack guards

my honesty than in the possibility of my being an assassin. I was amazed to find many cabinets filled with gold and silver. Vast fortunes were represented in each, things that they could turn into money without difficulty, yet they refuse to part with a single piece. I had to have a special pass to enter, and was given a receipt for my cameras. When I left, each item was counted, and the guards made certain that I was taking out only what I brought in. It was a great experience to be so closely watched, but, as I afterward learned, I was never to be out of sight of eyes that are trained to observe.

The entrance hall is devoted to collections of weapons and armor of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Room One has a rare collection of decorative woven stuff, of both

GREAT PALACE IN THE KREMLIN, HOME OF THE CZARS IN PAST CENTURIES

secular and ecclesiastical importance, even gold and pearls. Room Two is devoted to furniture, with the throne of the Czaritsa Elizabeth and Paul I. as its chief exhibit. Room Three has state coaches with harness and saddles. Among the exhibits are: the coach given by Elizabeth of England to Boris Godunov, the coach of the Patriarch Philaret, the gala state coach of Elizabeth I., and the sedan chair of the Swedish King Charles XII.

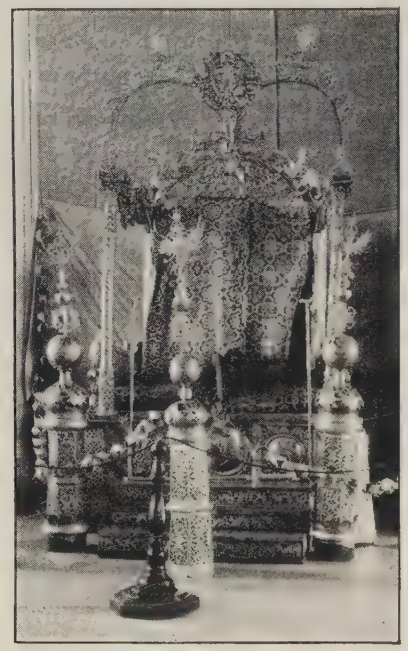
On the first floor, Room One contains wrought metal of exquisite design and workmanship. Here is the armor of Boris Godunov, a boy's helmet worn by the son of Ivan the Terrible, who murdered him, and models of Russian warriors in full armor. Room Two contains rare armor and weapons that belonged to famous Russians; several ecclesiastical objects, such as a representation of Mount Sinai, which held the host in the Uspensky Cathedral (1846); enamel settings for crosses and icons, a collection of artistic metal from a monastery on the White Sea, rare documents of the fifteenth century, and the carved coffin of St. Sabbatine. Room Three is devoted to art objects of ivory, glass, mother of pearl, amber, enamel and stone, including a sacramental chalice of the sixteenth century, a set of tableware in mother of pearl and silver, and watches and fans of famous persons in Russian history. Room Four has wrought gold and enamel, and the art treasures from the former "Room of the Crowns," augmented by acquisition through "nationalization." Here are the walking sticks of Peter the Great and other Czars, the Kazan crown worn by the last Czar of Kazan, the clothing of Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch; an ivory throne of Sophia, wife of Ivan III.; the throne of Czar Mikhail Feodorovitch; the coronation robes of Elizabeth, Catherine I., Catherine II., Peter the Great, Peter II.

and Paul I.; the throne of Czar Alexis, studded with diamonds and rubies; the Siberian crown of gold lace and jewels, the Imperial Orb, the scepters of various Czars, and the filigree mounting of the Vladimir Virgin. Room Five contains one of the finest collections of silver in the world, and shows a vast array of Russian, European and Oriental workmanship. Here are two panthers from Queen Elizabeth of England and a variety of other objects, a fine collection from Germany, three cabinets of French objects, and so many of Russian handiwork that they deserve a catalog; they include the table utensils of Ivan the Terrible, the double silver throne of the Czars Peter and Ivan, and the silver throne of the Khan of Khiva.

On the second floor is the remarkable Gobelin Gallery, which contains wonderful tapestries of the eighteenth

CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION, INSIDE THE KREMLIN WALLS

century, chandeliers, woven stuffs and vestments of the eighteenth century and the robes of several Czars and Czaritsas.



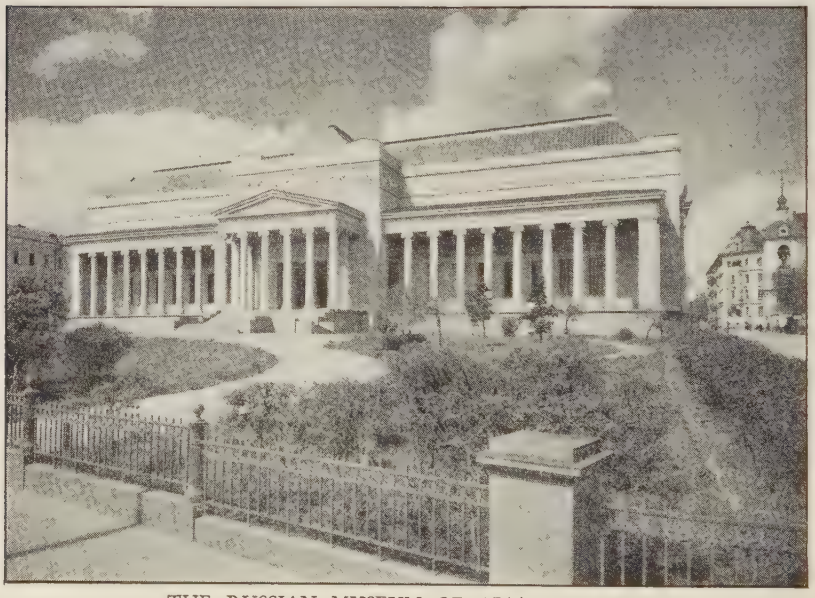
THRONE OF PETER THE GREAT
Kremlin Museum, Moscow

Opposite the Orujeynaya Palata is what is known as the Great Kremlin Palace, which was erected by Czar Nicholas I and occupies the site of the old palace erected for Czaritsa Elizabeth. The Church of St. John the Baptist, which stood between here and the Cathedral of the Redeemer, was demolished, so that a view of the cathedral would not be obstructed from the Czar's window. The palace cost twelve million rubles. On the ground floor are the private apartments of Czars, which were occupied by them during their visits to Moscow. The whole building is now occupied by Soviet officials, and admission is forbidden to the public. It contains the St. George Room, the largest in the Kremlin. On the walls of this room are inscribed the names of Russian regiments that have distinguished themselves, and of officers who received the Order of St. George. The St. Alexander Room is decorated in pink and gold and is one hundred feet long. It is named for the Order of St. Alexander-Nevsky. The room contains six large paintings representing scenes from the hero's life. The Throne Room of St. Andrew is for the Order of St. Andrew and is of blue

and gold. Opposite it is the Imperial Throne constructed for the coronation of Nicholas II.

There are several other rooms of similar nature named for other orders, and after passing through them, the apartments of the Czaritsas are reached, after which we pass to the so-called Sacred Vestibule, which leads either to the celebrated Red Staircase or to the Granovitaya Palata; the last-named room formerly was the audience chamber of the Czars and later became the banquet-hall, in which the Czar, after his coronation, and wearing the imperial robes, dined with foreign princes.

From the Sacred Vestibule we may visit what is known as the Terem Gallery, which corresponded with the harem of Eastern countries. The Western world seldom gives a thought to the fact that, until the time of the mother of



THE RUSSIAN MUSEUM OF ART, MOSCOW

ROOM IN THE RUSSIAN MUSEUM OF ART

Peter the Great, the wife of the Czar was virtually a prisoner and rarely was seen even by members of the court. An old chronicle declares that barely one out of one thousand men of the court could boast that he had seen the face of the Czaritsa. In 1674, two chamberlains suddenly turned the corner of a corridor and met the Czaritsa, who was going to prayers at a convent. They were arrested, examined and deprived of their offices, as no longer fit to enter the palace. This was in the reign of Alexis, who was far less strict than his predecessors, and when it was proved that the meeting was entirely by accident, the chamberlains were restored to their positions.

Peter's mother rebelled against this Oriental treatment and drew back the curtains of her litter when she was carried into the streets; and her son abolished the *terem* as an insti-

MANY OF ITALY'S FINEST SCULPTURES ARE REPRESENTED IN THE MOSCOW MUSEUM OF ART

tution. The Czaritsa was supposed to be in absolute authority in this section of the palace, but it was understood that neither she nor the imperial princesses should be seen in public. It was technically explained by a fear of the "evil eye," which might affect the health and fertility of the royal race. The Czaritsa held a court of her own and was in charge of a large number of sewing-women and servants, who attended to her personal wardrobe and that of her husband and children. She received petitions and attended to various charities. She selected husbands and provided dowries for her girls, and had private estates whose rents she collected and held in her own purse.

At one period the female members of the Czar's family were secluded, so that when an Empress or Princess was in need of treatment by a physician, it was necessary for him to examine and prescribe for her on the other side of a gauze curtain.

The Red Staircase brings to mind again Ivan the Terrible, who once received an ambassador from Poland here, and, to show his contempt for Poland, grasped a spear from the hand of a guard and drove it through the ambassador's foot. It also recalls a far more interesting story, the mystery of which, like so many in Russia, never will be solved. This is the story of the False Dimitri. It was upon this stairway, or near it, that the False Dimitri's body lay after his murder. And now for the story:

Ivan was dead, and his younger son, Theodore, succeeded to his throne. Theodore, married to Irene, sister of Boris Godunov, was a weakling and a religious fanatic, a mere figurehead in the power of his brother-in-law. Boris had sent Ivan's last wife, Maria, into exile at Ouglitch, with her young son, Dimitri. The child was growing up, wholly un-

ENTRANCE TO THE RUSSIAN MUSEUM OF ART, MOSCOW

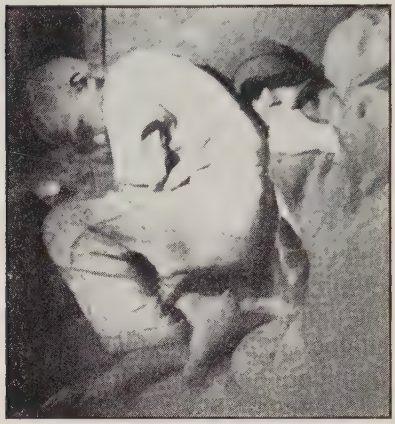
aware of the fact that his name would figure in one of the most dramatic of all Russian dramas. He lived with his mother and uncles and was carefully watched by a nurse and governess. He was seven years of age, when one day he was playing in his palace garden and the son of his governess asked him for a closer view of the collar of precious stones around his neck. The prince threw back his head, whereupon his playmate thrust a knife into his neck and killed him. Simultaneously, the bell of the church tower was rung and the people rushed to the scene to witness the death, all of which doubtless was ordered by Boris. After a time the Czar Theodore died and Boris became Czar in name as well as fact.

Almost immediately after Dimitri's murder a rumor was afloat that it was not the Prince who had died, and that it

was the body of another boy that was buried in the cathedral. Then one day a young monk told his confessor in the convent that he was the son of Ivan the Terrible, presumably spirited away by his uncle when word of his murder was given out at the palace. The false one has been called Grishka or Gregory Otrepiev, son of a servant in the house of Romanoff, who was sent away in disgrace and entered a monastery. But the truth of his identity is unknown.

The False Dimitri appealed to the public imagination, however, and, following his "confessor," the army went over to him and he was placed upon the throne of the Czars. The mother of the True Dimitri was sent for, and was forced to acknowledge that the Czar was her son. This young man ruled for eleven months at Moscow. He was a profligate, however, and the people turned against him and stormed the

COMMUNISM HAS NOT YET FOUND A WAY TO CURE ALL POVERTY



HOMELESS BOYS ASLEEP IN A DOORWAY

palace. Either he flung himself from an upper window in his panic, or he was thrown from it by the guards; at any rate, the shattered body was drawn through the streets. Again they sent for the mother of Dimitri. The people, having denounced the pretender whom she had been forced to acknowledge, now dragged the body to the Red Staircase. "Is this your son?" they demanded. "Such as it is," she replied, enigmatically, "I cannot say that it is my son," after which she was sent back to her convent.

Then a second False Dimitri arose, and it was acknowledged that the first had been an impostor. Nobody knows for a certainty who either was. For a time, there were two Russian courts, neither Czar having the courage to move against the other. After the abdication of Schoniski, a Polish Prince became Czar, and the second False Dimitri was killed by Tartars. Perhaps the mother of the True Prince could have told the facts in the case; but she did not, and the subject has been speculated upon by all Russian historians with no authoritative explanation.

To the east of the Great Palace is Cathedral Square, surrounded by churches and probably the most picturesque part of the entire Kremlin. First let us enter the Cathedral of the Annunciation. It was erected in 1416, and is a reproduction of the cathedral in Vladimir, with its nine cupolas. Herein is a pavement of agate and jasper, upon

which the marriage of some of the Czars was celebrated. Something else that should not be overlooked is the famous Virgin of the Don, which often has been carried into battle by the Russian armies.

The Cathedral of the Assumption is the largest in the Kremlin and was built in 1475. The Uspensky Cathedral in Vladimir also served as its model; that structure, in fact, furnished what later became the typical features of Russian architecture. The Cathedral of the Assumption is approached by a corridor that has frescoes of Homer, Thucydides, Pythagoras and Plato—here honored as men who paved the way for Christianity. From the sixteenth century to the twentieth, this was the coronation church of the Czars. They moved in solemn procession down the Red Staircase to the Cathedral, where the Patriarch or Metropolitan placed the crown upon their heads. In 1912, the old frescoes were being revealed by removing later coverings; but when the revolution broke out, the work was halted, so that to-day one may see typical specimens of various periods and schools. The State's Restoration Commission has decided to leave them as they are. The five domes of the church typify the Metropolitan and his four deacons, and are supported by huge pillars bearing the statues and paintings of various saints.

Herein is the tomb of St. Jonah, who swore to save the Kremlin from the Tartars. He was the last bishop of Moscow to bear the title of Metropolitan of Kiev. It is reported that Napoleon ordered the saint's coffin opened and that Jonah pointed an accusing finger at him, which terrorized the Emperor. Another tomb of importance is that of the Patriarch Philaret, who is said to have received from the Shah of Persia a seamless coat worn by Jesus at the time of the Crucifixion. At the time of the parting of the raiment it

fell to one of the soldiers, who took it to Georgia, and it was preserved for ages in a cathedral there. Here also is the tomb of the Metropolitan, Saint Philip, the only martyr of the Russian church. The last Patriarch died in 1700, and Peter the Great declined to name a successor. With the abolition of the patriarchate, the Holy Synod came into

MONASTERY IN THE CRIMEA, NOW STATE PROPERTY

being. Upon the screen of the *iconostas* is the icon of the Virgin of Vladimir, which has been attributed to St. Luke.

In the heyday of the Czarist régime, a service in this cathedral, when the Metropolitan officiated, was a spectacular sight rarely witnessed elsewhere. After a service, he came forth in state, and the congregation as well as the people gathered outside the church, seeking to touch his robes and thus to receive his blessing; then, in a white cowl, he entered

a carriage and was later drawn away by six black horses.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael is a beautiful edifice, built to celebrate the deliverance of Russia from famine. It dates from 1505-9 and marks a turning point in the history of Russian architecture, showing the influence of the early Italian Renaissance. It became the burial-place of the Russian Princes and Czars from the time of Ivan Kalita to the Czar Peter II., grandson of Peter the Great. The tombs are arranged in chronological order and have white tombstones with inscriptions and ornamentations. Forty-five Princes repose here, and their story is the chronicle of early Russian history. The True Dimitri lies here, and over his tomb is his relief portrait in solid gold—called one of the finest examples of the goldsmith's art in all Russia. Ivan the Terrible is here beside the body of the son whom he murdered. In fact, murder by poison, by knife and by smothering seems to have been the end of most of the imperial clan here lying in peace. In the older day, a spectacular service was held here, when prayers were offered for the repose of the dead Czars and Princes. The officiating clergymen were dressed in black, and the names of the imperial dead were recited, one by one; then the Metropolitan was lifted up to kiss the tombs of two of the Princes, who have been canonized.

So, on and on, one might wander about for days in this magnificent Kremlin city, if the authorities would permit. Every square foot of ground seems to have its interesting history or its bloody chronicle. Formerly it was a holy of holies of Russia; and even to-day it is the heart of the nation, altho military exhibitions of one kind and another seem to have taken away the odor of sanctity and the recollection of imperial parades.

"THE MORNING OF THE EXECUTION OF THE STRELTZI"
From a painting by Surikof in a Moscow gallery

I was not permitted to photograph any of the modern war machinery, and four Soviet officials stood uncomfortably close to the camera when I snapped it in front of the so-called Czar's cannon, which weighs tons and is entirely obsolete, as it was cast in 1586. In fact, altho it is a cannon, it always has been considered an art object rather than a weapon of warfare. There are several other historical cannons here, and the guards were as thoughtful of them as of the "Czar." Frankly, there was a nervousness during my stay in this part of the great enclosure, despite all my permits, that made it more agreeable for all concerned when I moved away.

We had come close to the Kremlin Arsenal, and while they could not understand it that way, I had no desire to take photographs there, knowing how not only the Soviet, but all governments, feel about such things. The vast arsenal was

restored in 1922, and the exterior is painted orange and white, in striking distinction to the prevailing red of the new régime. Until the revolution, practically all the vast war munitions of Moscow were stored here; nobody other than Soviet officials knows what is there to-day.

Opposite the Arsenal is the Moscow Senate, built in 1775. Since 1918, it has served as the seat of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, and since 1923, of the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R. The red banner on the illuminated dome of the building is the symbol of the Soviet's rule over the former Russian Imperial realm.

A great change has taken place since I last saw the Kremlin. The splendid memorial to Alexander II. is still there, but the statue of the Czar has been tumbled off its pedestal and thrown away. The Imperial Eagle still crowns the spires, but these are merely reminders of a reign that to-day is a memory. I need but turn back to the time of my previous visit to visualize for you the memorial as it was, when the statue of Czar Alexander was on the pedestal. At either end, we may observe the sentry-boxes where at that time armed Cossacks were on guard. Now, statue, sentry-boxes and Cossacks are gone.

I entered the spacious Kalyayev Square between the Arsenal, Government buildings and barracks, crossing over to the Nikolsky Gate that was to take me beyond the Kremlin walls. My eyes were weary from the splendor of what they had seen, and my mind was confused by the eternal paradox of Russia. As soon as I would attempt to form a conclusion from my observations, there would be something to overthrow any logical and rational estimate of what is, when thinking of what is to be. Of course, that is the Soviets' problem, and for them alone to solve.

But Moscow is no more Russia than New York is the United States. If one would know the problems of the Soviet Government, one must travel through the country, traverse its many republics, come in contact with the people of numerous races and religions. From the frozen North to the waving palms in the South, there lies a great stretch of territory, the most amazing country in the world! Unless one has seen it, one does not know Russia.

# XI THE VOLGA VOYAGE

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS ON THE VOLGA STEAMER

## XI

## THE VOLGA VOYAGE

THE most nerve-racking experiences of my life occurred during a ten-thousand mile journey down the River Volga to the Caspian Sea, then through Daghestan to the Caucasus, into the Crimea and back through the Ukraine to Moscow and Leningrad. Armed with credentials which I thought could not be questioned, I was nevertheless arrested so many times that going to a police station became a daily habit. Officials in the autonomous republics ignored or denied authority from Moscow. I fought with Commissars all day long, insisting on my right to take pictures, and demanding local permission. It was a long and bloodless battle, and I eventually won; but it was a tiresome and uncomfortable experience.

It is hardly to be expected that the American traveler should exercise the patience that one might have who had a fuller knowledge of his background. The present officials seem stupid, slow and inefficient; yet it should be remembered that this is caused chiefly by their fear of making mistakes, which they know will be punished promptly. They are afraid to assume any responsibility for which there is not ample precedent—afraid to recognize even the authority of their superiors. But one must remember that Russia has not yet emerged from the darkness, notwithstanding the apparent progress made in certain cultural centers. More than eighty per cent of Russia's population are *muzhiks* or peas-

NIZHNI-NOVGOROD, SAD AND SILENT SINCE ITS FAMOUS FAIR HAS BEEN ABOLISHED

ants. They form the backbone of the country; and without them one can not know Russia, or form any intelligent opinion of what is taking place. We shall go through republics where numerous languages are spoken, where we shall observe a strange mixture of Oriental and Occidental civilization.

I left Moscow at night, entering a rather shopworn sleeping-car, and the next morning I found myself at Nizhni-Novgorod, a large and important city, situated on the river Volga. It cost me seven dollars for droshkys from the railway station to the boat, which, for a proletarian country, I thought rather expensive. Upon arrival at Nizhni, I sought a restaurant and asked for a cup of coffee, but the waiters shook their heads. Coffee is an imported luxury and is not procurable. It is against Soviet law to import edibles, but I found that by paying fifty-two cents a cup, I could get cocoa, altho the supply is very limited. The Soviet exports surplus food products, but permits nothing except necessities to enter the country.

One willingly overlooks some of these things, however, for the privilege of seeing an old city like Nizhni, which has maintained itself in a position of importance from a remote and vitally interesting past. It is Russia's great gateway to the East, and was established as early as 1212, becoming the capital of a large manufacturing district. Here again we find the Kremlin to be the great center and heart of the city, as well as its protecting fortress. Upon the hill where it is situated, one obtains a view of a beautiful country, the Volga river, the confluence of the Oka and Vezloma, and the broad fields that stretch away toward the Urals. Here is a fine place in which to wander about with no particular destination in view, merely absorbing the atmosphere and observ-

NIZHNI-NOVGOROD NO LONGER THROBS TO THE TREAD OF ASIATIC CARAVANS COMING TO THE FAIR

ing the people. We note that a change is taking place. Nothing is as we had thought Russia to be, from what we have seen at Leningrad and Moscow.

The old town is passing through difficult days, because the chief item of its importance, the great Fair, has been eliminated. This is only temporary, it is said, and the people of the city are optimistic enough to accept the official explanation. Until the Soviet has developed its industries, they are told, there is no necessity for holding the annual Fair.

The Fair at Nizhni-Novgorod was one of the largest in the world, extending over the period from July 15 to September 10 each year, and bringing a vast number of visitors and merchants from Bokhara, Turkestan, Siberia, the Caucasus, Turkey, Poland, Belgium, Germany and Tartary. It was as spectacular as a pilgrimage to the holy spots of

Tibet, consequently a source of vast revenue to the city, the turnover in a single year from the Fair having been as high as one hundred-thirty million rubles. It was the great meeting-place of East and West, this Yarmark, the most popular of all fairs in Russia, a country where fairs are exceedingly popular and important events. It was a descendant of the fairs organized by the Tartars at Kazan and at or near the convent of St. Makary. In fact, the Nizhni Fair often was spoken of by the natives as the Makary Fair, and it was the principal one among thirty annual fairs held in the former empire. Probably it had its origin in the rivalry between the Grand Prince of Muscovy and the Tartar Khans at Kazan.

But to-day the highway across the pontoon bridge to the huge Fair building, with its twenty-five hundred exhibition booths, no longer carries the flashy and excited throng of other days—a throng that was as interesting as any in the world, and of far greater importance to the city itself than to the sightseer, because the city prepared during ten months of the year for the two months of fairtime, and largely depended upon it for its livelihood.

A TARTAR MOTHER

The Kremlin, which dates from the fourteenth century, should be visited. It is enclosed within a wall sixty-five

to one hundred feet in height and having eleven towers. On entering the gate we see the arsenal, and in front of it the Cathedral of the Transfiguration, which was founded in the thirteenth century, but frequently has been restored and rebuilt. On a pillar beside the *iconostas* is a picture of the Redeemer that was brought here in 1352. On the opposite side is the icon of the Virgin sent from Constantinople in 1381. The crypt contains the graves of ten Princes and Princesses and of several archbishops. In the church treasury are several rare manuscripts. Southwest of the church is the Cathedral of St. Michael, which dates from 1227. Several Princes are buried here. Nearby is the Cathedral of the Assumption.

From the Kremlin we go to the Alexander Garden, an artificial terrace overlooking the river, and halfway down

A TYPICAL VILLAGE ON THE UPPER VOLGA

GREAT LUMBER RAFT ON ITS WAY DOWN THE VOLGA
In the neat houses on board, the lumbermen and their families live during the long trip to the Caspian

the slope to the Petcherski Convent. Inside the walls is the Church of the Ascension, which dates from the seventeenth century. It formerly contained some rare ecclesiastical vessels and the miraculous icon of the Petcherskaya Virgin. The convent library had several rare treasures, which were removed to St. Petersburg before the revolution. There remain some interesting records of masses for the repose of many important persons executed by Ivan the Terrible.

There is no way to obtain accurate shipping figures of the present day; but before the war, the Volga, one of the great rivers of the world, was the highway for two thousand boats, all of which used fuel-oil. There is again a huge traffic here, as it is the chief means of transportation in Eastern Russia. Huge quantities of timber are floated down the river in rafts,

THE RIGHT BANK OF THE VOLGA IS HIGH, THE LEFT LOW, FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES

and the other chief cargoes are salt, grain and petroleum. The rafts require from three to five weeks to float lumber down to the Caspian Sea. Most of the rafts have on them two well-built houses, in which the people on board live. I have seen several families on a single raft. The men look after the steering while the women cook the meals and keep house. As the river is frozen in winter, all traffic is tied up. During the summer months, the schools are closed, so the children live on the boats with their parents.

The fishing is excellent through the long reaches of the river, and there are many huge stations for the preparation of caviar, which is the great industry in Russia, where the finest caviar in the world is found. By Russians, the river is almost always referred to as "Mother Volga," and the affection in which it is held is likely to cause expectation of more

beautiful scenery than is visible along its banks. To me, at least, the unusual natives in the cities along its banks are far more interesting than the almost commonplace landscape, which is interesting chiefly on account of the turrets and domes of monasteries and churches visible at almost all times. One is reminded of the Nile and its banks, and I venture the opinion that the natives of these cities are as picturesque and have as many customs of interest to the visitor, as the toilers along the Egyptian river. The buildings of the villages and cities are painted in brilliant colors—some of them in need of repainting; but, unlike the Nile country, the Volga banks here and there show great forests of evergreen and of oaks and limes.

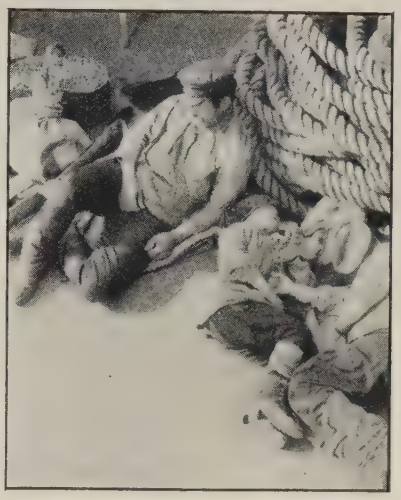
At Nizhni we seem to have entered the great melting-pot of nations, and the varieties of nationalities multiply as we

OFF FOR THE LONG RUN DOWN THE VOLGA

proceed down the stream. The steamers are a welcome surprise—large roomy boats, good cabins with running water, everything apparently clean. There was but one bathroom, which was for the use of all the passengers, and as we had a crowded boat, if every one was inclined to bathe, it meant standing in line. The boats, which have been "nationalized," are named for such well-known radicals as Lenin, Maxim Gorky, Karl Liebknecht and others. Most of the captains and crews are the same that were on the boats in pre-revolutionary days, but apparently they are now Reds. No one speaks English, and all the menus are in Russian, which makes it somewhat uncomfortable for the foreigner, without an interpreter. Most of the passengers in the first class, I found, were workers and their families on a holiday. Silk stockings being forbidden, many of the young ladies wore no stockings, or only a short sock which protrudes just above the shoe top.

THE FIRST MATE IS CHEERFUL THIS MORNING

Our fellow passengers included curious natives from various republics in the Soviet Union. On the lower Volga, close to the Caspian Sea, is the Kalmuk Republic, where live a Mongolian peo-



TRAVELING THIRD CLASS ON THE VOLGA

ple who closely resemble our Eskimos. They are sheep- and cattle-herders, nomads who roam for hundreds of miles with their herds, moving on whenever the pasturage gives out. There was a throng of them in the third class. They may ride a long distance for a few rubles, and consequently jam the boats. Crowded, they cover the deck, bringing with them all their belongings. I could not describe them as particularly clean, as sometimes the odors wafted to the upper deck were far from pleasant. But they are a patient, long-suffering people, and while I believe they do not know what Communism means, I think most of them favor the present Government.

Under the Czar the *muzhiks* were virtual slaves. Nearly all the land belonged to the Grand Dukes; the peasants were kept in ignorance and lived in filthy hovels. Now they have land which they may occupy as long as they till the soil. They are permitted to eat as much of the food they grow as they like; but the surplus must be sold to the Government. The Soviet Government fixes the price of grain and farm products. Ask a *muzhik* what Communism means, and there is not one chance in a thousand that he knows what you are talking about; but one thing percolates through his thick skull, and that is the fact that he now has land.

Below Nizhni, we enter a region that is strikingly Oriental,

and our fellow passengers in the third class seem to be much more at home. The Tartars are amused for hours at a time with their games, which we do not understand and never saw played before. Hot water is on sale for the making of tea. Music from the *balalaika* and accordion is in favor, and there is more native dancing on the deck below than when we first started. The favorite pastime is to join in the singing or chanting to Mother Volga—Matushka Volga.

Our first town of importance is Kazan, capital of the Tartar Republic. It is some distance from the river, and as the Volga had then overflowed its banks, we rode for some distance through water before we entered the main thoroughfare. The streets of the Tartar capital are roughly paved. Wagons bounce over the cobblestones, now and then an electric street car passes, but there is no great excitement,

ENTRANCE TO A TARTAR MOSQUE AT KAZAN

ALONG THE SOUTHERN REACHES OF RUSSIA'S GREAT RIVER

no unusual traffic. Tartar men and women fill the streets, and native bazaars cover the sidewalks with their wares.

One immediately perceives the spirit of the Orient. Many of the men are indolent, squatting idly on the pavement, as we have often observed in Oriental countries where they spend much of their time gossiping. Most Tartars are Mohammedans, but in Kazan their wives do not wear veils or cover their faces. Since the Revolution they have become more tolerant, yet five times every day the muezzin ascends the minaret of the mosque and calls the faithful to prayer. Tartars speak a language of their own and have an autonomous government. They belong to the Soviet Union, but are given local independence, much as our States enjoy State rights. The Tartar, being an Oriental, is a shrewd trader, and one must never pay him more than one-

LIFE IN A COUNTRY TOWN ON THE LOWER VOLGA

half the price he first asks.

On my first day in Kazan I went out and set my camera up, and just as I was about to take a picture a man asked me what I was doing. I turned around, and there was a soldier with a bayonet drawn back as if he were on the point of running me through. I showed my official authorizations, but they meant nothing to him, and he took me to the police station. There I was led into the presence of an unshaven official with his feet on his desk. He also refused to honor my permits and told me that if I took one picture in Kazan I would be shot. I thought that boldness was the better course, and I told him that if anybody was going to be shot, it would not be I, but that it would be some one else then in that room. This changed his attitude. He told me I could go ahead and take my pictures, but to be careful.

ALL A LITTLE SHY, BUT INTERESTED

The same experience was repeated in almost every place I visited in this region. I found that the officials were all in a state of semi-hysteria. They all feared making some mistake which might cost them their own lives, and they couldn't see why they should get themselves shot on my account. Underlings like to scare a man to death, but they backed down when I would not scare. So, in ten weeks, I was arrested from one to three times a day. At the end of that

time I had lost fourteen pounds and my nerves were on edge.

Kazan sits upon the hills and is plainly visible from the river, a long street crossing the town to the Kremlin. It has a population of close to two hundred thousand, and in addition to its churches has thirteen mosques. In Czarist days it was famous for its university, with over three thousand students, and besides being an educational center, was known as an industrial city of consequence on account of its fine leather and other articles. Here is a peculiar and interesting blend of the ancient pagan religion with a veneer of Christianity, accompanied by a strong leaning toward Islam. An icon called "Our Lady of Kazan" in the Bogoroditsky Convent has a reputation for miracles, and there is a record of a peasant who came to it and sacrificed a young foal when praying for the restoration of his health. From

A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE MARKET ON THE VOLGA
Note the typical Russian harness on the farmer's draft-horse

early days, the Tartars became nominal Christians; but the converts easily drifted away to the faith of their fathers, and finally, when all else had failed, a law was passed ordering its officials to "terrify, imprison, put in irons and thereby unteach and frighten from the Tartar faith those who, baptized, do not obey the admonitions of the Metropolitan." During the reign of Catherine the Great, an imperial ukase

IN A HURRY TO GET TO MARKET, BUT CURIOUS ABOUT THAT CAMERA MAN

called upon these people, most of whom could neither read nor write, to sign a promise to forsake their "infidel errors," altho there is no reason to believe that they had the slightest knowledge of what was required of them.

It was Ivan the Terrible who annexed Kazan and its Khanate to his own realm. Before the revolution, the Cathedral of the Annunciation contained rare treasures, and it still re-

PASSENGERS WHO CAME ABOARD AT SAMARA

pays a visit. The Synyumbska Tower is seven stories high and affords a fine view of the city and surrounding country to one who has the endurance to climb to the top. Legend has it that a Tartar Princess threw herself from this tower when the city was destroyed in 1552. On the site of the Convent of the Virgin, the icon afterward so reverenced at Leningrad is said to have been discovered, buried in the earth.

After leaving Kazan, the river turns and affords a fine view of the city, and while looking back at the place retrospectively, I tried to compose myself. It seemed hopeless to go on unless I was willing to fight it out with every Commissar along the line. Convinced that there was no other way, I made up my mind to go through with it.

About five miles from the river, forty miles below the city,

are the ruins of Bulgary, which was a flourishing city in the seventh century, but which was razed by the Tartars and practically forgotten until the time of Peter the Great, when the ancient site was found again, covered by a heavy forest. The city of Simbirsk makes an imposing picture as viewed from the boat, but there is nothing of interest here for visitors. The founders were of a Turkish-Finnish race, whose history is unknown; but it is believed that they reached the Volga region not long after the beginning of the Christian era. It appears that they became Moslem converts somewhere about the tenth century. Their kingdom was conquered by the Khanate of Kazan. South of Simbirsk, the character of the scenery changes, and instead of the flat and low country, the river flows through gorges. The mountains of Siberia meet the Volga, and behind the hills are several mountain peaks.

AT THE NIZHNI-NOVGOROD WATERWORKS

We arrive at Samara, which lies between two hills and is one of the largest of the Volga cities, being a distributing point for a vast wheat-growing region. At Samara the police fooled me. They let me take pictures without interference, but when I returned to the boat, two plainclothes men were looking for me. Locking me

PEDESTRIANS IN SAMARA ARE NOT TROUBLED WITH MOTOR TRAFFIC

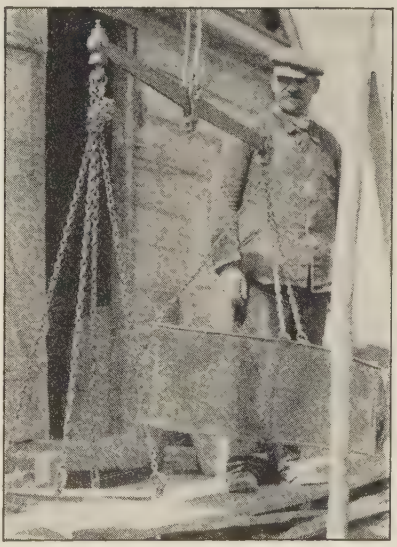
in a room, they put me through the third degree. In vain I showed my credentials. Then followed another long argument, with threats on both sides, and finally the injunction to go and not come back.

About two miles outside the city there was formerly a celebrated "cure," called a *kumiss* establishment. *Kumiss* was known as milk wine, and patients drank from two to five bottles of it a day. It was mare's milk fermented, and was said to be helpful to persons suffering from indigestion.

The railway taps the Volga from its source to its mouth, picking up freight and passengers destined for the large cities in the interior. In all these river towns I found conditions much the same as in Moscow; many shops closed; some open, but all run or controlled by the Government. Every-

where the same acute housing problem. Only on the farms or in remote villages is there sufficient housing accommodation. Electric street cars are to be seen in every town of any size. There are but few automobiles; only those owned and "nationalized" by the Government are to be seen anywhere; the single exception is where there is a diplomat's car or an automobile brought in by a foreign concessionaire.

A curious thing about the Volga is that the right bank going down stream is high, and the left bank is low. This is true for hundreds of miles. Picturesque markets may be seen from the boat, and everywhere are the golden domes and spires of Russian churches. Most of the houses are built of wood; only an occasional brick house is to be seen. There is still considerable poverty, much of it inherited from the former régime. Lack of personal cleanliness is everywhere evident; most of the houses need a coat of paint, and the towns appear dilapidated. In places the water was so high that everything was flooded, and we could not approach the towns. Along this part of the river, there are many German colonies. The Germans came to Russia under Catherine II., about two hundred years ago. The German towns seem to be cleaner. Most of their houses are painted. There is apparently a more prosperous condition among them than in Russian towns. More German is



WEIGHING GRAIN ON THE VOLGA

ASTRAKHAN, ON THE CASPIAN SEA, IS A BUSY CENTER OF THE CAVIAR TRADE

spoken than Russian, yet the Germans are offended when one asks whether they prefer Germany to Russia. Saratov is one of these cities that owe their prosperity to German immigrants. It has a Cathedral of Alexander Nevsky, and a University, and American visitors will be interested in a museum devoted to souvenirs of the Russian novelist, Turgenev, who was born not far away.

A GEORGIAN SAFE FROM WINTER WINDS

I was intensely interested in types and characters that I saw in various places where we stopped. Some were hardened men, others just roustabouts who never worked. The Soviet officials told me that when a man refused to work he was suffering from some disease. I told them we had a number of men afflicted with the same malady in the United States.

One of the curiosities I saw was a set of trick scales that had been used for weighing grain in the pre-war days, when to cheat an ignorant *muzhik* was considered shrewd. Now the scales are tested weekly, and if found incorrect the owner is sent to jail.

We float down to Tsaritsin, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, named for the Czar and now known as Stalingrad, a compliment to Stalin, the political leader. We

GEORGIA'S WONDERFUL MILITARY ROAD THROUGH THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

RAPID TRANSIT IN GEORGIA

are here approaching a drier region, where there is but little rain. From this city, down to the Caspian Sea, are the steppes, vast plains where tens of thousands of cattle and sheep roam at will in the land of the Kalmuks.

Fifty-seven feet below the level of the sea is the large and important city of Astrakhan, center of the caviar industry. Caviar is the cheapest thing on the river steamers. I paid only thirty-five cents for a large order, sufficient for any one. The city has one hundred fifty thousand inhabitants and has Greek Catholic and Armenian archbishops. It lies on an island in the Volga delta and is the center of the great Caspian Plain. It has a mixed population of Russians, Kalmuks, Persians and Armenians. The city was founded in the fourteenth century, after Timur's destruction of the older city, which lay seven miles away. It was a leader in espousing the cause of the False Dimitri and was the base of operations in the campaign of Peter the Great against Persia. Astrakhan has its Kremlin, whose walls enclose the Cathedral of Uspenski, which has five green cupolas. Here, however, it is natural to be more interested in caviar than in buildings, because the trade name of Astrakhan caviar has gone around the world, and when one recalls that it is sturgeon eggs and that tons of it are required to satisfy the world's appetite, it seems remarkable that the supply of fish did not long ago become exhausted.

It is claimed that the pollution of the water by oil is diminishing the output, but it remains at an astounding amount annually. Sturgeon is caught here by harpooning and nets—in winter, through holes cut in the thick ice. In a single year the fishing industry has yielded twenty-eight million rubles, and in twelve months, caviar to the value of three and one-half million rubles has gone out from Astrakhan alone. In recent years, the oil and naphtha trade has increased to an extent that has added greatly to the importance of the port.

FAIR-HAIRED GEORGIANS WILLING TO ENTERTAIN YOU

# XII IN THE CAUCASUS

TIFLIS IS ONE OF THE CLEANEST CITIES IN RUSSIA

The cog railway on the hill beyond takes you to a popular restaurant, where you can dine on "shashlik"

## XII

## IN THE CAUCASUS

I WENT by steamer from Astrakhan down the Caspian Sea to Petrofsk, which is in the Republic of Daghestan. Most of the inhabitants are mountaineers who come down to the seaport to dispose of their products. They are a hardy people. Curiously attired in hats of shaggy wool, they employ a special breed of water-buffalo for their farm-work. They are a warlike people and have never been entirely subdued. It is the only place in Russia where for generations the mountain Jews have been farmers.

And from this city we pass along to Baku, which lies on the Caspian Sea, and which is well known to all newspaper readers because it is in one of the world's richest oil districts and has become a battlefield for the financiers of all great nations. A controversy has arisen as the result of the purchase—by an American company—of oil claimed to have been stolen. The merits of the case are not for us to discuss. The Soviet Government nationalized not only all the oil-wells, but also an enormous fleet of tankers and steamers, pipe lines, tank-cars, and everything needed for the production and sale of oil. The city is a tremendous asset to the Government, giving it something for which the nations must negotiate. Millions of tons of oil are obtained from its oil fields. Red Russia fought long and hard to retain this oil, and the Soviets recently made a contract with the Standard Oil Company, by which they have agreed to deliver

BAKU POSSESSES SOME OF THE RICHEST OIL FIELDS IN THE WORLD

DEFYING ARREST, THE AUTHOR SNAPS A MARKET IN BAKU

millions of tons of crude oil.

Baku is a distinctly Eastern city, and its surviving Persian monuments help to make it picturesque. Here one makes boat connection for Turkestan, and there is rail connection to Batum through Tiflis, the former being reached in about eleven hours and the latter in fourteen hours. A pipe-line for oil runs the entire distance between Baku and Batum.

A STREET IN BAKU

I arrived in Baku at midnight and was charged sixteen dollars duty for the contents of my handbags, which contained only necessary articles for travel. They insisted on weighing my baggage, while third-class or "hard-seat" passengers walked off with tons of luggage. There is a fairly good hotel, even rooms with private bath; but since it has been operated by the Government there is no restaurant and I had to find a place to eat. I found one, but could not eat. The moment one leaves Moscow and Leningrad the food problem becomes acute.

The city lies in an amphitheater in a treeless district and is fifty-six feet below sea level. High above the town is the old Citadel, now principally surrounded by Tartar settlements that closely hug the wall, which is over a mile in length.

The older buildings and quarters, however, are giving way to wide streets and new buildings. The old Palace of the Khans is a military magazine, altho it contains two

WHEN VLADIKAVKAS RALLIES AROUND THE STATUE OF LENIN

mosques. There is a shadeless boulevard along the seacoast that was much frequented in the older day; even now it is the favorite loitering-place of the people. In the market-place, which is like those of Moscow, only on a smaller scale, I saw former aristocratic women selling simple gowns for wives of workers. One of the pathetic sights of present-day Russia is that of the hardships endured by men and women who formerly lived in luxury.

I shall not soon forget my experience in trying to get out of Baku, when I saw several hundred people waiting vainly in front of the ticket window, and when I had to buy a ticket over a round-about route to Vladikavkas because all the seats in the direct trains were already sold three days ahead.

After a train-ride of two days, an experience too terrible to relate, I arrived in Vladikavkas. I had been up two nights, when at five o'clock in the morning my *isvostchik* drew up at a hotel facing the square. Tired as I was, flies made sleep impossible, so I waited for a cooperative restaurant to open. On returning to the hotel after breakfast, I was startled to see thousands of soldiers and workers with red banners gathering in the square. The Soviet Ambassador to Poland had been assassinated in Warsaw. Thirty-five minutes after receipt of the news, soldiers and workers had gathered in thousands for a great demonstration. Men and women addressed the crowd and blamed England for instigating the murder. It was an orderly demonstration.

The name Vladikavkas means "Mistress of the Caucasus," as the town is at the entrance to the famous highway known as the Georgian military road. Many Russians arrive to go by Government motor through the mountains. Town cabbies try to be up to date and have placed real pneumatic

VLADIKAVKAS MAY WELL BE PROUD OF ITS BEAUTIFUL PARK

tires on the wheels of their droshkies, but cobblestone pavements make driving a misery. Twenty times big armies have penetrated into this valley, plundering, burning and robbing. The warring past shows itself in the peasant dress. Across the breast runs a row of cartridge pockets, and from the belt hangs a silver poniard. The usual greeting is "Be Victorious," and the reply: "And may Victory be Yours."

There are several interesting churches, a museum of weapons and a beautiful park in Vladikavkas, the last being considered a playground for the people. There are promenades, an artificial lake and a gambling-house where lotto is played for about five cents per card. The Government takes a percentage of all winnings. One of the decorative features of the park is the face of Lenin in flowers. The design, tho crude, is easily recognized as a likeness of a man whose por-

trait adorns the walls of many homes, every place of business, every court, the office of every Commissar, no matter where one may go in the U.S.S.R.

From this park we obtain a splendid view of the Caucasus range of mountains, which we are to traverse, following the Georgian military road. It is one of the finest military highways in the world, and the distance over it to Tiflis, capital of Georgia, is one hundred thirty-two miles. En route we shall cross two passes. The journey takes an entire day. Starting at five in the morning, we are due in Tiflis at about seven in the evening.

This road has been compared by travelers to the celebrated gorge of the Fraser in British Columbia. And every foot of the way has its tragic history. Through this gorge the

PROGRESS IN VLADIKAVKAS HAS REACHED THE STAGE OF PNEUMATIC TIRES

THE GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD IS A BUSY THOROUGHFARE

Persians came to sack the Georgian towns; here entered Timur the Tartar and the Golden Hordes, who in their migrations from Asia made their way westward. Hereabouts, in the spring, takes place the great migration of the sheep to the mountains. They come in hundreds of thousands, one, two or three thousand in a flock. Out of the hot blazing valley they follow the road that leads to the hill trails, up to the cool springs and succulent grass of the mountain meadows. They go into rich pasturage, but not to a shepherd's paradise. Up there, far above them, are avalanches, hailstorms, wolves, and worst of all there are sheep raiders; but even the youngest of these Georgian shepherds are unafraid.

IN GEORGIA THEY GROW THEM LARGE AND HUSKY

Georgians are a peculiar people. Wine runs in their veins. Along with his mother's milk the young Georgian gets his father's wine. Redder still than the wine is the fluid that has run into the soil. Every pass, hill and highroad has for centuries been soaked in blood. The Soviets have invaded their valley with crude posters picturing a Georgian gagged and bound by alcohol. Beneath the posters are the words: "Wine weakens will, mind and body. Out of the taverns into the

OPERA HOUSE IN TIFLIS, THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA

schools!" The posters are prompted, no doubt, by the fact that the Georgian by nature is addicted to feasting. His life is an almost unbroken series of banquets. His birth, christening, marriage and death are celebrated by special feasts. Even when he lies in his grave, his friends meet on three occasions and solemnly gorge themselves in his memory. There are feasts to celebrate the spring sowing, and the autumn reaping; feasts in honor of horses and cows; in honor of worms, that they may be merciful to the crops; in honor of birds, that they may be merciless to the worms. In the autumn there is a week's festival for Saint George. All other saints are likewise fêted on church holidays. With the advent of the Soviet, there are six more holidays to be celebrated for the revolution, and six more feasts. If there are any more revolutions, there will not be enough days in the year for all the feasts.

MONGOLIANS IN TIFLIS

Crossing the first pass, where we are likely to be uncomfortable from the intense cold, we descend into splendid gorges through which we ride for many miles. It required fifty-three years to complete this highway. Begun in 1811, it was not finished until 1864. Low-hanging clouds at times obscure the mountain-tops, but occasionally we obtain fleeting glimpses of snow-covered

summits. Our motorcar follows the edge of precipices, from which we may look into valleys, a sheer drop of several thousand feet. Georgians in sleeveless coats of shaggy wool greet us here and there. The coats are of curious design, suspended from sticks and hanging shapelessly from the shoulders. The people are certain that Georgia is the most beautiful country in the world. They claim that even the animals are affected by its scenery. One Georgian told me that he cut an opening through the trees and bushes, which gave a wide outlook for his goats and lambs, and that at once they showed their appreciation. On the summit of the pass, a bleak and dreary place, we meet hardy Georgian mountaineers who cross the ranges in their two-wheeled carts, traveling many miles to market to dispose of their products.

Georgia is an autonomous republic and has been given

PICTURESQUE TYPES THAT FREQUENT THE STREETS OF TIFLIS

wide latitude in the administration of its local laws. Since the beginning of the Christian era, Tiflis has been considered the capital of the region. While everything now has been nationalized and is owned or controlled by the Central Government, the Soviet, knowing the strength of these mountain people, is more lenient with them than with some other republics under its sway.

FUTURE WIVES AND HUSBANDS OF TIFLIS

The mountains dwindle in height as we approach Tiflis. Having crossed the Caucasus range, we descend into a valley which grows greener as we approach sea-level. Tiflis, capital of Georgia, and one of the cleanest cities in Russia, has wide, tree-lined streets. Contrary to what I had anticipated, it is quite modern and not as Oriental as I expected to find it. Electric street-cars are plentiful, but there are few automobiles. During the summer, the climate is hot. There are

FLOCKS OF SHEEP DOT THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS AROUND TIFLIS

many ice-cream stores where they serve a frozen concoction without cream and almost tasteless, yet the Georgians consume quantities of it. I was astonished to see the Opera House, which, built in Oriental style, is one of the most attractive buildings in the city. The Georgians are fond of music, and companies from Moscow and Leningrad are brought to Tiflis by the Soviet Government, and the performances are subsidized.

The hotel in Tiflis is a magnificent building, constructed with private capital, but nationalized by the present Government and badly conducted, as are most Government-owned hotels. There is no restaurant, and every guest must search for a place where he may dine. One of the popular restaurants is on top of a hill reached by an inclined railway. The favorite dish is called *shashlik* and consists of lamb impaled on a long skewer, with bits of bacon separating each piece of meat from the next. With his finger, the waiter pushes the meat to one's plate. Sometimes onions are interspersed. Should the lamb be tender, it is not an unpalatable dish. Usually the meat is tough, yet no real proletarian complains.

CONTENTED MOTHERHOOD IN TIFLIS

The palace of the Georgian

EVEN THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS HAVE THEIR PLEASANT COUNTRYSIDES AND SMILING FARMS

kings has disappeared. George XIII. renounced his crown in 1800 in favor of Emperor Paul, and died soon afterward. The Cathedral of Zion was formerly the church of the Patriarch of Georgia, and its foundations date from the fifth century. It was the repository of the celebrated cross of vine stems, bound with the hair of St. Nina, by which Russia first was converted to Christianity.

There is a native quarter, where the markets and bazaars are Oriental. In contrast to the modern city, the bazaar is filled with Persians, Kirghiz and other Eastern people. Mohammedans bring their donkeys down from the mountain villages to purchase supplies in the native bazaars. Numerous languages are spoken, so some of the merchants have a difficult time conversing with prospective patrons. One meets Circassians, Caucasians and others, but the Tartars predominate. Many of the Georgian women are beautiful. A number have blonde hair and light blue eyes. Circassians, as a rule, are all fair. One often sees them in Tiflis dancing for the entertainment of a street crowd and incidentally picking up a few kopeks. The men dance the *lezkhinka,* stamping the ground in ever

FULL DRESS IN GEORGIA
Cartridge belt and dagger, relics of generations of warfare

faster measure. Suddenly unsheathing two daggers, the tips of the gleaming blades are placed on the eyes. A slight misstep or jerk would draw blood, but they are so skilful that blood is never seen.

Officials in Tiflis gave me a most uncomfortable time during my visit. Refusing at first to acknowledge my letters of

TRAVELING DE LUXE IN TIFLIS

authority from Moscow, they said that the Caucasus was independent of any instructions from the Central Government. I contended that I had the right to take pictures and intended to go ahead. Then came threats that I would be shot if I attempted anything of the kind, but finally they capitulated. I then asked if their approval was good in Batum, which is also in Georgia, and they said it was. But the first picture I took in Batum was followed by my arrest.

YOU CAN "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS" IN TIFLIS, TOO

Another trip to a police station, which by this time was becoming like home to me. The Commissar in Batum denied absolutely the right of the police in Tiflis to give me any privileges for photography in Batum. More arguments, more threats, and finally, "Go ahead, but we will watch you."

Travelers who want to climb Mt. Ararat, where the Ark of Noah first rested after the waters of the flood subsided, take the railway from Tiflis to Erivan, which is not far from the frontier of Persia. Within a short distance is Nahitchevan, which is said to have been the first abode of Noah after he disembarked with his menagerie. And presumably he spent the remainder of his life in the place, as his tomb is shown—altho it is also shown and held in great reverence in Palestine, particularly by the Moslems.

We are now on the shores of the Black Sea, in a subtropical region where in the streets and parks there are palm trees. Batum, supposed to be a resort, is on the boundary of Turkey, and much smuggling is going on. Fifty men were being taken to a field to be shot when we were there. We were told that they were smugglers and bandits, but who knows? No chances are taken, men are shot without trial if suspected. Down on the beach, men and women *sans* attire were bathing in the waters of the Black Sea. Nude

bathers are no longer a novelty to the traveler in Russia by this time, however, for one sees them everywhere. It is a custom that was followed long before the Soviet came into power.

YOUNG SHEPHERDS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GEORGIA

# XIII THE RUSSIAN RIVIERA

YALTA, THE PALM BEACH OF CZARIST DAYS

The Crimean summer resort, where the Czars and Grand Dukes lived sumptuously in fine palaces

## XIII

## THE RUSSIAN RIVIERA

A RUGGED grandeur in the landscape, the ultramarine water, subtropical foliage and flowers, the brilliantly colored buildings and white villas—these are certain to remind the visitor here of the Mediterranean coast of France and Italy. The Crimean coast along the Black Sea used to be the fashionable summer resort of Russia. Yalta, at the base of the mountains, was the summer abode of the Czar and the Grand Dukes. Magnificent palaces were built, de luxe hotels were filled with Russian aristocrats. It was one of the show places of Europe, where magnificent jewels sparkled, gorgeous furs were worn, and the latest creations from Paris were to be seen during the season. Gagri also was a favorite seaside resort.

All that has changed. Where artistocrats hobnobbed, the proletariat now reigns. The once-fashionable hotels have been given over to the workers, and the suite of rooms with private bath, which I engaged, had no water in the bathroom, and dirt was a quarter of an inch thick in the marble tub.

The splendor that was, is still evident; one glimpses it in the lovely gardens, in beautiful villas, and in the Casino, once a scene of magnificence. All, however, now show a lack of care. With the aristocrat went the glamor of Yalta. Palaces of the Grand Dukes have been converted into public museums, sanitariums, hospitals and children's homes. Some

LIVADIA PALACE IN THE CRIMEA, SUMMER HOME OF THE ROMANOFFS,
NOW A HOSPITAL FOR WORKMEN AND PEASANTS

are filled with peasants and workingmen, or are used as rest-houses. One of the late Czar's most sumptuous palaces, the Livadia, one of the show places of Yalta, is now the home of primitive peasants and workers. From the balcony of the Livadia Palace, one obtains a wonderful panoramic view of the Crimean coast and the nearby city of Yalta. Below us is one corner of a spacious garden, wonderfully adorned with works of art and flowers. We may easily picture the scene of magnificence when the royal family were at this palace. One may in imagination see the Czar and the Grand Duchesses walking about in this court or promenading in the outer garden. But no sign of royalty in the gardens now!

What almost correspond to a former aristocracy are the sailors and officers of the fleet, who are said to look upon all branches of the army with something like scorn. In his heyday, Trotsky referred to the navy as "the price and ornament of the revolution," and the navy does not forget. As a class, the sailors are handsome and strong and well disciplined. Usually one observes them as the best dressed and most dignified people of Russia at the present time. The officials are now "marine commanders," as the word *officer* is not used, and they are not saluted by the sailors, as this would not be in accordance with Soviet teachings; but pleasant relations seem to exist between all ranks of the Soviet navy.

In the promenades are workers who, at the expense of the Government, are given a vacation with the Palace of Livadia as their summer home. The former State Banquet Hall is now a dining-room for peasants and workers. Plain chairs have replaced the tapestry-covered chairs, and a long, plain table now stands where stood the mahogany table of former days. So unaccustomed are the peasant women to the grandeur of the palace that when they first arrive they still

YALTA AND ITS MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND VIEWED FROM THE BLACK SEA

cross themselves at least fifty times before they dare touch anything. The Czarina's reception room is now their sleeping-room.

The private apartments of the Czar's family have now become a museum. Nothing has been removed, all the furnishings are as they were, and this part of the palace is carefully maintained. The guides criticize the Czar's taste, pointing scornfully to some of the decorations. I was told that the Czarina lacked judgment in furnishing her sleeping apartment. My guide took exception to the pictures on the walls. Those which were not family portraits were of a religious nature, and to these he found objection. He considered it vulgar on the part of the royal family to place icons in the bathroom. They are all left just as they were.

Now thousands of the proletariat pass through the rooms daily during the summer months.

There are several enchanting excursions to be made from Yalta, and they require only a few hours by motor. For example, only twenty-seven miles away is Alushta, and during the drive there we pass through a splendid vine-growing country, formerly the personal property of the imperial family. Wines with a rare bouquet were made here in the older day, altho, strangely enough, their flavor barely was known outside of Russia, and in Russia itself the French wines were preferred by connoisseurs. When the Duc de Richelieu was Governor-General at Odessa, he ordered many improvements hereabouts, notably the beautiful park at Gurzov, which is still the chief attraction of the place. The poet, Pushkin, wrote many sonnets here.

ONE OF THE MANY SUPERB PALACES IN YALTA FORMERLY USED AS SUMMER HOMES BY RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES

COURTYARD OF LIVADIA PALACE, YALTA, FORMER PLAYGROUND OF CZARS

From Alushta we go on to Theodosia, the old Kaffa capital of the Genoese, where in a museum one formerly saw a fine collection of paintings of Black Sea scenes by Aivasovsky. At one time it was considered fashionable to come to this region for what was known as the "grape cure" in the autumn, after the season's activities at Yalta. Kertch, which is not far away, was the ancient capital of the Bosporus kings. Here is the legendary Mound of Mithridates, where the sixth Mithridates is said to have been buried a century before the Christian era; and a lover of the antique world will find many other things to fascinate him.

To know and fully appreciate the Crimea, however, one should leave the coast and penetrate further into the interior. Tartar villages cling to the mountainsides and sometimes cover the hills. The Crimean Tartar differs from those liv-

ing in the Tartar Republic. In religion, they are all Mohammedans; but these people have lived apart so long that they have lost many of the characteristics of their brothers. I found the Crimean Tartar women far more attractive than those of Kazan on the Volga. Generally speaking, they were cleaner, their homes were neater. Some of the children were unusually attractive, with their dark eyes and swarthy skins. These people speak a language which even a Russian does not understand.

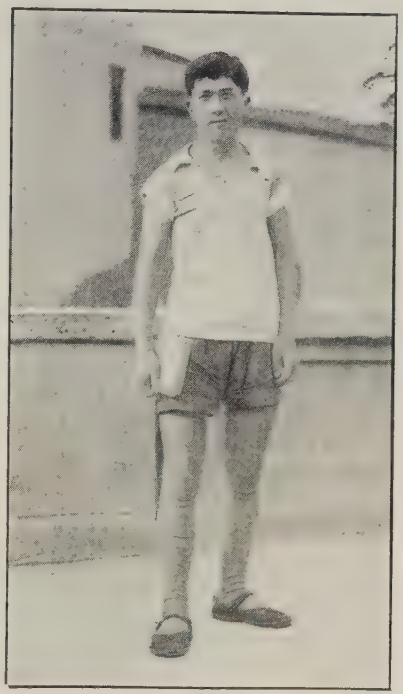
In one village I saw a church built in the fifteenth century by Maximilian IV., and it was one of the few Greek Catholic churches that I saw in Southern Russia. A few Russian priests still survive, most of them shabbily dressed. In the older day, the visitor was likely to observe the poverty

LIVADIA PALACE DINING ROOM, READY FOR THE PEASANT PATIENTS WHO NOW USE IT

THE LATE CZARINA'S BEDROOM, LIVADIA PALACE

FORMER STUDY OF THE LAST CZAR

of the people and then make unpleasant remarks about the magnificence of the gold-embroidered and jewel-studded garments worn by the clergy. To-day, however, it is unusual to find a priest who is even neatly robed. With the general poverty among the people there is little left for the church. During the summer, the weather is so warm that schoolboys attend school wearing little more than bathing trunks. Such costumes are encouraged and are used when the boys go on hikes.



FAVORITE SUMMER GARB FOR SCHOOLBOYS

If we have not seen the Jewish colonies before reaching this part of the country, we have an opportunity to do so in the Crimea, where a remarkable change has taken place in the lives and living conditions of a people that has been sorely persecuted in Russia for centuries. In Czarist days the Jew was permitted to live only in certain districts known as the *pale of settlement*. He could not own land and was limited to a few commercial pursuits. Under these restrictions, the Jews were compelled to become shopkeepers. For centuries this state of affairs continued, until the revolution, when their shops, like all others, were nationalized, their homes seized, their money confiscated, and they were left helpless.

BEAUTIFUL VIEW FORMERLY ENJOYED BY THE CZARS IN LIVADIA PALACE—
YALTA IN THE DISTANCE

Then came the division of the land owned formerly by the Grand Dukes, and the Jews at last had an opportunity to become farmers. In the distribution of land, the Jew has been given his share. Colonies were started three years ago in the Ukraine and in the Crimea, and a back-to-the-land movement was inaugurated, a work made possible by the $25,000,000 raised in America. Aided by this capital, supplied largely by American Jews, new colonies sprang up like magic. In a short time the bare prairie was being transformed into miles of cultivated fields. In three years, about forty-five thousand Jews have become farmers. Two of the most prosperous colonies are named after Julius Rosenwald of Chicago and Felix Warburg of New York.

But the Russian Jews were not farmers. They had no more idea of tilling the land than of the laws of gravity. Experts were hired, therefore, to teach them the business of agriculture, and under this instruction they are progressing. A patriarch I saw walking behind a plow, in answer to my question as to how he liked plowing, answered that he did not know. "They tell me that in a year something will come out," he said. That was the extent of his knowledge of agriculture. Another Jewish farmer I noticed was having difficulty in driving his team of oxen. Pulling at the leading rope at length proved ineffectual, and he gave way to coaxing. His instructors had told him to be patient with his animals and to treat them in a gentle manner. "I ask you, like a gentleman, please to go on," was his fervent exhortation.

These people, when they compare their present state with their terrible existence under the Czars, are now contented. They have full freedom of religion and, except that they must remain on their land, their personal liberty is complete.

PALACE OF FORMER GRAND DUKE DMITRI

To this palace at Yalta, in the Crimea, its owner was "banished" after taking part in the murder of Rasputin

Moreover, they are living in comfortable, healthy surroundings. An old woman I spoke to told me that for the first time in her life she was able to sleep without the fear of being dragged from her bed in the middle of the night to witness the slaughtering of her husband and children before her eyes, with perhaps a worse fate in store for her. This I think typifies the contentment of this once tragically persecuted people.

New colonists are a good deal like a primary class in school. By the time they settle down to a working unit, the discordant ones are weeded out and the natural leaders are chosen. Then follows constructive building and development, until each colony gives promise of material progress.

When stone is near, the villages are built entirely of that

material, but most of the houses are made of wood plastered over with mud and whitewashed. The land, absolutely flat, is treeless; but trees are being planted, vegetable gardens are planned, and every effort is being put forth to make each colony self-supporting within a reasonable time.

Time brings changes. Cattle increase in numbers, experience teaches the colonists, but they do not become experts in one year. One woman planted some grapes. When a visitor told her they were sour and not of good quality, she said: "In my village there were no grapes; I never saw grapes until I came to the colonies, and now in one year you want me to grow fine grapes."

The need for educating children is being met by building schools in each colony. In a short time every child will enjoy the opportunity to obtain an education. Dispensaries, where

THE PROLETARIAT AT BREAKFAST, 11 A. M.

ON THE CRIMEAN COAST OF THE BLACK SEA

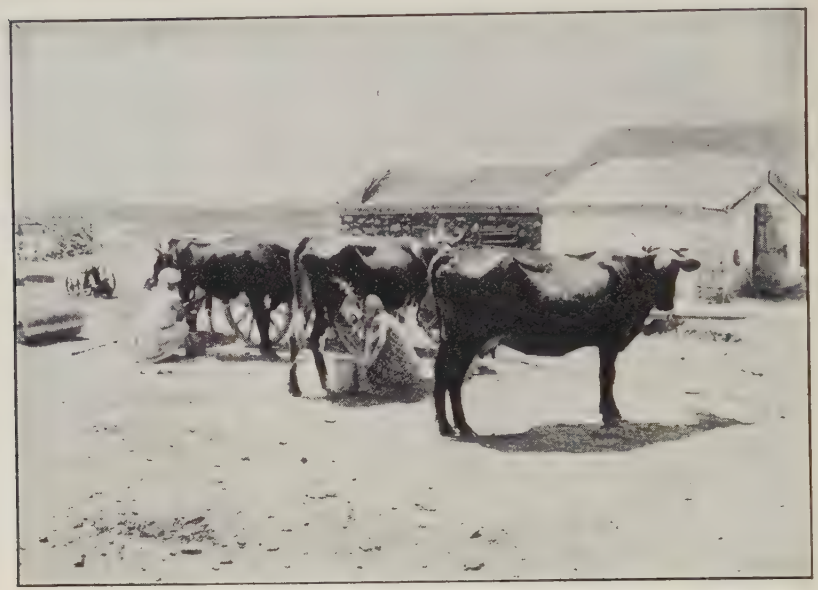
ALUSHTA, A TYPICAL TARTAR CITY IN THE CRIMEA

colonists and their families may be treated for minor diseases, are also being opened.

A JEWISH FARMER VIEWING HIS WHEAT CROP

It is not an easy task to make farmers of people who have been merchants, but many of the Jews take to their new life readily and pitch hay with the same enthusiasm they once employed in selling merchandise. To see them in the field one is reminded of the days of Abraham, when the ancient Jew labored on the soil. In Russia the Jew is returning to the land as an economic necessity, after an enforced absence of centuries. The colony that bears the name of the Chicago philanthropist, Mr. Rosenwald, is one of the best examples of the progress that has been made in the short space of three years. There is but one thoroughfare, with substantial houses built on both sides of this wide street. Trees are beginning to rise, there are fine vegetable gardens, fruit is being grown, and the inhabitants in the Rosenwald Colony now number one hundred seventy-two.

A young daughter of a once prosperous Jewish merchant was busily hoeing in the garden as I approached. She said it was hard, but infinitely better than the fear of a pogrom, as in former days; and that seems to be the general feeling among colonists. Her father, now an old man, has seen members of his family outraged, boys and girls killed before their



MILKING THE COWS IN THE ROSENWALD COLONY

NEW HOME OF RUSSIAN JEWS FROM CITY SLUMS

parents' eyes. Old as he is, he finds joy in the fields and has developed a fine farm with ever-increasing crops. Girls who once held important positions as secretaries in banks or as stenographers in large establishments have gone to the colonies and learned how to milk cows. Chickens, ducks and geese are raised for home consumption, and it should be re-

THEY ARE LEARNING TO LIKE FARM LIFE, THEY SAY

called that the Soviet permits the producer to use as much of his own stuff as he pleases. The surplus is sold to cooperative societies organized by the Government. The colonists have fresh milk, cream, butter and eggs, bake their own bread, and enjoy advantages unknown to them when they were merchants in a large city in the former pale of settlement. Almost all the colonists seem to have relatives in the United States. They fairly bombarded me with questions

PLENTY OF ELBOW ROOM AND OF RICH PRAIRIE LAND
IS GIVEN THE JEWISH COLONISTS

such as, "Do you know Brooklyn?" "Have you ever met Ike Levitsky in New York? He is my cousin." "Is Chicago a safe place to live in?"

It is almost pathetic to observe the pride with which they point to their wheat fields. Three years ago few of them could tell a head of wheat from rye or barley; now they have vast tracts of land covered with waving grain. They use American tractors and plows when they can get them. Many of them plead for American harvesting machinery; but it takes money to establish colonies, and patience is needed. More than three million Jews are in Russia. Under the present Government they can not engage in commercial enterprises, so the work being carried on by the Joint Distribution Committee is one of the most practical philanthropies conceivable. It is a great humanitarian effort and partially

solves a very grave problem. The Jews are in a country where camels, horses and oxen may be employed, a part of Russia where the soil is rich and in a virgin state, a corner of the richest undeveloped country in the world.

The capital of the Crimea, where many of the colonies are located, is Simferopol. It should be a large and prosperous city if the land around it were cultivated. A well-equipped hospital has been built there, which serves also as a home for the aged and infirm. The lovely home of the Grand Duke Dmitri is now a proletarian hotel. When I visited it, I found every room filled with summer guests, who little dreamed a few years ago that they would ever spend their vacation in the palace of a Grand Duke. I arrived at about eleven in the morning. A few of the guests were late for breakfast and were still at the table when I asked them to pause for a

NO RACE SUICIDE IN THESE COLONIES

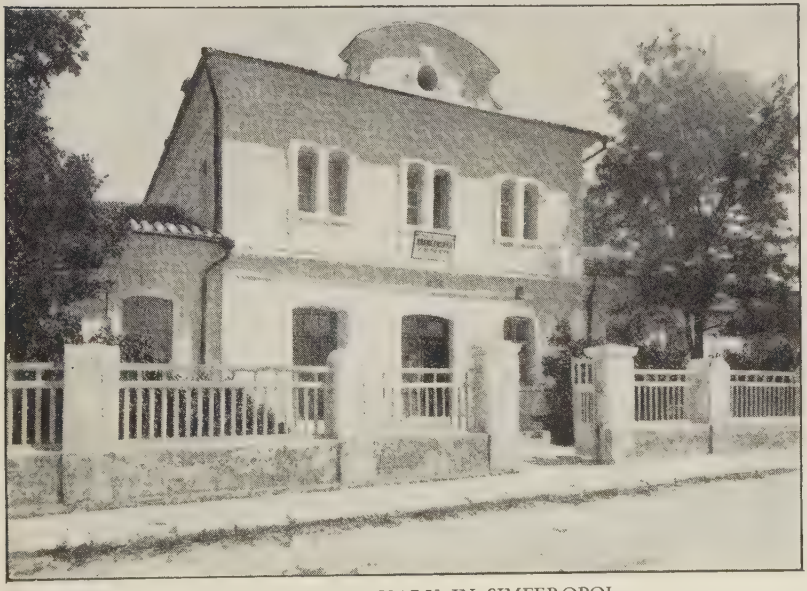
moment and look at the camera. The beautiful palace of the Grand Duke Peter is now a hospital where peasants come to recuperate from some illness which in former days would have been treated in their own village. When the Grand Dukes came to the Crimea, Russian priests came with them. A splendid church was built for the aristocrats. It still stands, but the priests are gone and so is the congregation.

MOTHERS IN ISRAEL, NOW BUSY FARMERS' WIVES

There is a delightful excursion from Simferopol to Bakhshi Serai (Palace of the Gardens), the residence of the Khans from the end of the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. Most of the inhabitants are Tartars, and the place is Oriental in all essentials. The streets of stores are like the bazaars of Damascus or Constantinople and are interspersed with vineyards and orchards, because we are in one of the great fruit gardens of Russia. Near the middle

of the town lies the Khan Serai, or Khan's Palace, which has been called the Russian Alhambra. It was built in the sixteenth Century and has been restored several times. We enter a large rectangular court, at the right of which stands the palace and at the left the mosque, the latter accommodating about three hundred persons. If permission can be gained to ascend it, the minaret offers a fine view. The palace contains a great number of rooms, several of which, like the Golden Room, the Barber's Room, the Divan, the Audience Chamber and the Bathing Room of the harem, are of great interest to western visitors. The Mausolea contains the tombs of the Khans and their wives.

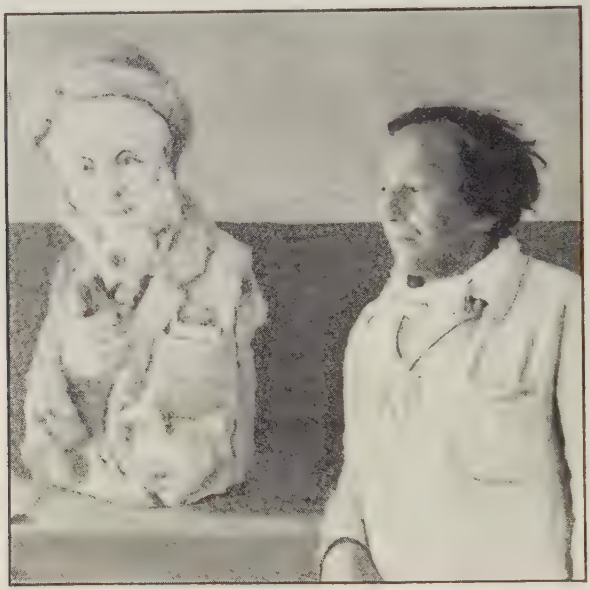
Less than three miles away, we visit the so-called Valley of Jehosaphat, which until the middle of the nineteenth century was inhabited by the Karaite Jews, known as the Disciples



A JEWISH DISPENSARY IN SIMFEROPOL

of the Letter of the Law of Moses, somewhat similar to the Samaritans of Nablus in Palestine.

The entire Crimean coast is a place of unusual beauty. All along the shores of the Black Sea, villas are surrounded by gardens, and magnificent palaces face the sea. All have been nationalized. Some are hotels, some hospitals, but most of



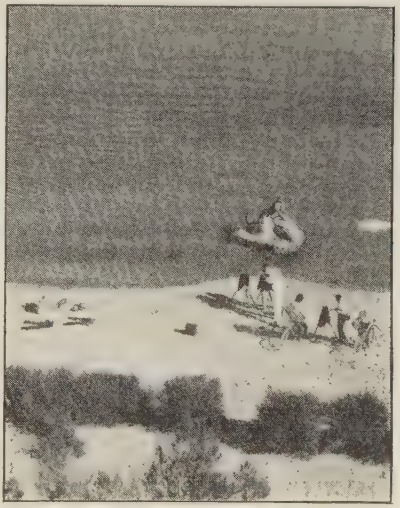
A JEWISH SCULPTOR AT SIMFEROPOL
IN THE CRIMEA

them are rest-houses for workers. Magnolias grow on these southern shores, and numerous palm trees indicate the warmth of the climate. In the cities the housing shortage is acute; but along the Crimean coast, many of the large villas are closed. There are too many for the workers and the Government to maintain. There is a wonderful motor road which follows the coast. At times we rode along a precipice with towns far below us; again we looked up at

A CRIMEAN CHURCH IN AN INSPIRING LOCATION

churches perched on rocks high above our heads. At one place we looked down upon a siren, which, built on a rock, was intended to lure the visitor as well as the bather. Splendid beaches and fine hotels stretch along the coast for many miles. If we may believe gossip, the little castle called the Swallow's Nest, property of the late Czar, was given by him to a famous and beautiful Polish ballet danseuse.

The city of Sebastopol, with its fine harbor, is situated upon the site of an old Tartar village. It was devastated in the war of 1854-55 and has taken on an entirely new appearance. In the large Russian cemetery are the graves of one hundred thousand soldiers who fell during the celebrated siege. There are two cathedrals, each worth a visit, and a museum full of souvenirs of the Crimean War, with tablets showing the positions of the Russian batteries. About two miles from here are the ruins of Kherso-



THE SIREN—ON THE CRIMEAN COAST

BALAKLAVA, IN THE "VALLEY OF DEATH" IMMORTALIZED BY TENNYSON,
"WHERE RODE THE SIX HUNDRED"

nesus, a Byzantine city of importance fully five centuries before the Christian era. It was here that Vladimir formally baptized the priests and gave Russia a religion that was to supplant paganism.

MARBLE CROSS AT BALAKLAVA
In memory of the Light Brigade, whose fate Tennyson has immortalized

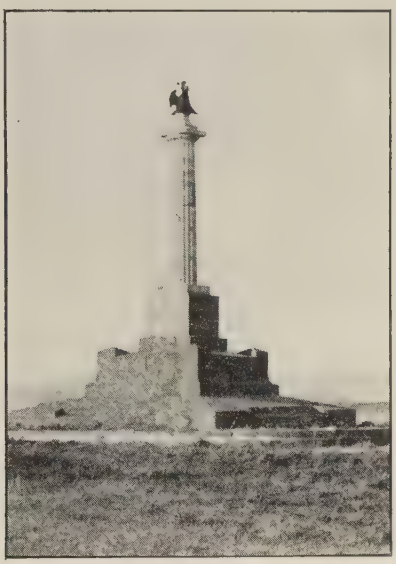
The most interesting place on the Crimean coast to me was Balaklava, the valley through which rode the famous six hundred. I tried to illustrate Tennyson's well-known poem. From a height we look toward the sea where the British entered the "Valley of Death." An arm of the sea penetrates inland, and the town of Balaklava is built around it. The famous Light Brigade entered this valley. On the hills "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered." On the side of the hill two British nurses died while engaged in an errand of mercy.

Not far away is the monastery of St. George, set high on towering cliffs, in which there is a room shown to visitors as the one Florence Nightingale occupied during that war. And near to the monastery is Cape Fiolente, which is said to be the ancient Cape Parthenium, dedicated to Diana Tauropolitana, where Iphigenia came as a priestess. Florence Nightingale earned undying fame by ministering to the wounded heroes who were being torn to bits by encircling

GRAVES OF "THE LIGHT BRIGADE" AT BALAKLAVA

guns. A mistake had been made—it was too late to retreat —the Light Brigade must have known their danger. We may picture the situation as did Tennyson.

The heroes lie buried in a pathetic little cemetery covering the top of a hill. It is surrounded by a wall and cared for by an old Russian. Within is the grave of Colonel Cathcart, once aide to the Duke of Wellington. Around him sleep those who fell in the famous charge. The aged caretaker told me that until 1920 the British Ambassador to Russia paid him for the care of the graves, but since that time his has been a labor of love.



ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF BALAKLAVA

# XIV OTHER IMPORTANT CITIES

THE PARKS AND PALACES OF YALTA STILL MAKE IT ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEAUTY SPOTS

## XIV

## OTHER IMPORTANT CITIES

AN INTERESTING way of reaching Odessa is by steamer from Sebastopol. In addition to providing a pleasant voyage of twenty hours on the Black Sea, this affords an excellent view of Odessa as approached from the front door. The Black Sea is the ancient Pontus Euxinus, and doubtless it received its name from the deep purple of its water, which offers a strong contrast to the comparatively light blue of the Mediterranean, so familiar to the ancients.

Catherine the Great ordered the foundations of Odessa upon the site of an old Turco-Tartar village, and the early governors did all in their power to promote its rapid growth. A prominently placed monument in the city is a memorial to the Empress. Very appropriately, several of her male favorites are grouped around the base of the pedestal upon which she stands. The Museum of Antiquities holds several unique exhibits that should be seen; for example, the only Runic inscriptions ever found on Russian soil, some splendid Scythian bronzes, and Roman and Greek glassware.

Odessa was the most thriving port in the empire in Czarist days, and it has the appearance of prosperity to-day. It is situated high above the sea, has fine boulevards and palaces that give it external beauty; but there are also numerous ruins that bear a tell-tale record of difficult times since the Revolution. The university formerly had three thousand

students, and the streets were thronged with a fashionable, well-dressed population that showed the European influence. In fact, Odessa never had a strong Russian appearance, owing to the cosmopolitan groups of its inhabitants. The civil war seems to have left deeper wounds here than in many of the cities of the interior. The extensive Square of the Victims of the Revolution contains two huge common graves, in which are buried the victims of street-fighting. Their monument is a large pyramid of rough stones, and it has the appearance of having been neglected in recent times.

Some of the large factories of the city are beginning to function again, but there is dissension among the workers, who blame other nations than their own for the condition in which they find themselves. It seems never to occur to the Odessan that his Government could improve his economic condition by giving up its monopoly on foreign trade. The worker curses the *bourgeoisie* of all countries that refuse to do business with the Soviets. He remembers the day when the port of Odessa was teeming with commerce, when hundreds of vessels were lying in the bay for days waiting their turn to load and unload. Now that port is a melancholy sight. It seems never to reach the understanding of the worker that under the Soviet he is paying from his own earnings for the holidays and vacations that he and his wife enjoy at the palaces by the sea, formerly occupied by the Grand Dukes. He believes that the insurance his employer pays for him also does not come from his work and wages. Whoever his employer is, the worker must be insured and compensated in the event of discharge.

The housing problem is very acute in Odessa, owing to the large number of peasants who have flocked to the city. The various revolutions destroyed many buildings, and others

BATUM IS A LIVELY PORT ON THE BLACK SEA NEAR THE TURKISH BOUNDARY

have not been erected to take their places. The housing of the inhabitants rests entirely in the hands of a commission, which has almost autocratic powers. I was told that in order to obtain a room or two, people pay from one hundred to one thousand rubles in advance and sometimes get a quick assignment of quarters, whereas people who have no money to be used in this manner are often obliged to wait for many days or weeks before finding a roof to cover them. It is necessary to obtain a license to become an inhabitant of the city, and then the amount of rent paid depends upon the income. One who earns thirty dollars or less per month is not required to pay rent.

If we take what is called an "accelerated" train from Odessa to Kiev, we arrive in the ancient city, now the metropolis of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, in about sixteen

ALMOST EVERY VALLEY ON THE CRIMEAN COAST HAS ITS PICTURESQUE TOWN OR VILLAGE

hours. The place has a population of nearly half a million, and from the sentimental tourist's point of view it is one of the most fascinating cities of the whole U.S.S.R. Old Kiev has lost very little of its ancient characteristics and to-day the city is the cultural and commercial center of the Ukraine.

It is sometimes known as the Jerusalem of Russia, as it formerly received about fifty thousand pilgrims annually, and doubtless is one of the oldest cities in Eastern Europe, as it was a notable rendezvous for the peoples of the East during their migrations in prehistoric times. It rises like an Etruscan city, or like three cities, each one of which has its individual fortifications; and it seems to have been a place of importance as early as the eighth century. Its princes of the early day were immensely wealthy, and they lavished huge fortunes upon their city. In the ancient days it was a Sclavonian pantheon, sacred to the Russian Jupiter, and in the tenth century embraced the Greek Orthodox religion, followed by the erection of magnificent churches, monasteries and palaces. After the invasion of the Mongols, the highest church dignitary transferred his official residence to Vladimir, and the city ceased to be the religious center of the eastern Slavs. Altho it was pillaged and destroyed several times, however, Kiev persisted and was rebuilt.

Toward the beginning of the nineteenth century, the city began to assume importance as a commercial center, and it was for a long time the home of Ukrainian Nationalist hopes; but in January, 1918, the proletariat revolted and the city was seized, after which the proclamation was issued that made it a Soviet Republic. Political troubles followed, and many buildings were destroyed in uprisings; but, as usual, Kiev speedily turned its attention to rebuilding, and now it is again looking forward to a wonderful future while proudly

renewing its noble past. The city had the first school for higher education in Russia—back in the early part of the seventeenth century—and its citizens do not forget. There are many institutions of learning to-day, some of which have been established by the Soviet.

Vorovsky street is the chief thoroughfare of the city. It was constructed fifty years ago, and as we pass along it we observe many Soviet changes. It is intersected by the Street of October 25, and pausing in front of the New City Hall, now the home of the Communist party of the Ukraine, we observe that the Archangel Michael has been taken down from his tower and replaced by the Soviet star, with the inscription: "Workers of the World, Unite." In front of the building is a bust of Karl Marx in the place formerly occupied by a statue of Prime Minister Stolypin. This is the rendezvous of the people when making a demonstration or celebrating political events.

What is now known simply as the Picture Gallery contains a good collection of paintings by Russian artists and considerable porcelain and old furniture. A section of the Gallery is devoted to engravings by French and English artists. Nearby is the Art Museum, which is now a State Museum. Here are fine examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools, works of Spanish masters, Gobelins, Persian ceramics, and icons. An Ethnographical Museum contains two thousand objects representing the life and customs of the Ukraine. The Zoological Museum contains an unusually extensive and comprehensive collection of insects. The All-Ukrainian Historical Museum has rich archeological exhibits, many of which contribute to the world's knowledge of ancient Kiev and its vicinity. An ethnographical collection is rich in articles illustrating the evolution of native art.

APPROACHING GAGRI

We visit the Sophia Cathedral, which dates from the eleventh century, an excellent example of the Byzantine style. Noteworthy is the eleventh-century figure of the Madonna, made of colored mosaics. The interior of the dome has mosaic representations of Jesus, the Apostle Paul, the Archangel Gabriel, and medallions of forty martyrs. Frescoes on the spiral staircases are interesting, as they date from the eleventh century and show wild animals, games, dances and gladiatorial combats. In the courtyard of the cathedral are the historical archives of the city, the house of the Metropolitan, the Children's Library, and the Agricultural Library.

The Street of the Victims of the Revolution brings us to the Church of Three Saints, crowned with characteristic domes. This dates from the seventh century, but stands upon the site of an ancient temple of the god Perun. It is likely that he was considered the most powerful of the ancient Russian gods, a sort of Jupiter, who could control everything. His bow was the rainbow, his arrows were thunderbolts, and flashes of lightning were golden keys by means of which he unlocked the springs of the earth.

Vladimir caused this god's statue to be disgraced publicly by fastening it to the tail of a horse that pulled it through the streets, while twelve men rode behind it and lashed it. When this curious desecration was over, the statue was

thrown into the river, and the god was believed to have shown his impotence by having suffered this disgrace without smiting his accusers with death. But it had been overlooked that the statue was of wood, so it did not sink in the water, but floated down the river and was washed ashore at Vydoubitski. There the people received it with rejoicing, thinking that a miracle had been performed. Another pedestal was erected for it, and it was worshiped as before. When Vladimir learned of this, he visited the place, ordered the statue hacked into pieces, and erected a Christian monastery on the spot.

The Church of St. Andreas is picturesquely perched upon the highest site of Old Kiev and is said to occupy the place where the Apostle stood when he planted the cross and prophesied that a city would be built around the hill "to the glory of God." The decorations in the Cathedral of Vladimir have been considered the most beautiful in Russia by native writers. Jesus looks down from the cupola, and there are the figures of Vladimir, Olga and Alexander Nevsky on the screen. Mural paintings show "The Baptism of the Prince of Kiev and his Subjects," "The Last Judgment," and portraits of the prophets.

The Lavra is the most famous monastery of the U.S.S.R., and there are historians who consider it the oldest and most important contribution to ancient Russian culture. Its walls and towers are impressive when viewed from a distance. Over what is known as the Holy Gate is the Church of the Trinity. The belfry-top, reached by nearly four hundred steps, affords a fine view of the city and environs. Above the House Gate is the Church of All Saints, with five domes. Opposite this church is the Uspensky Cathedral, with seven domes. Its carved *iconostas* shows a design of entwined grape-

leaves. The altar door is of silver-gilt, decorated with diamonds. To the left of the Cathedral is the twelfth-century Church of St. Saviour, and to the right, the Cavern Monastery, where the cells were excavated from the ground.

The Cavern Monastery, for many, is still the chief object of a pilgrimage to Kiev. Some of the monks here spent half of their lives underground, and after death were buried in their cells. Some renounced the world and declined to hold any intercourse with human beings, even their associates in the monastery. As in Tibet, they immured themselves by building a stone wall at the front of their cells, leaving only a small opening where food and water could be placed within arm's reach by their brethren. If the food remained untouched for several days, the community was summoned to

A CHURCH IN GAGRI, SAID TO HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

bear witness that the brother was dead—a pious suicide. A funeral service was held, and the small opening of the cell was sealed without tearing down the wall that the monk had erected for his imprisonment.

These cells and tombs are held in veneration, and naturally there are many legends concerning their former inmates. There are bodies here that are said to have floated down the river in their coffins, and the monastery officials, answering a mysterious summons, awaited their arrival and gave them Christian burial. There are skulls said to exude an oil that is a miraculous cure for all diseases. The story I liked best, however, was of two brothers who vowed throughout their lives that they would be buried in the same coffin. One died long before the other and remained for years in his tomb. When the other died and they brought him to the tomb for

GAGRI, WHERE RUSSIA COMES CLOSE TO A TROPICAL CLIMATE

burial, the first one lifted the lid of the coffin and moved over to make room for his brother.

The Lavra Monastery was the center of cultural progress in the country at an early date, and a printing-press installed in 1601 is worth seeing. In this monastery is what is now called the Museum of Religious Cults, formed of several notable collections. It contains ecclesiastical vestments, icons, gospels, and books in rare bindings.

There are several interesting excursions to the neighboring towns, and several days may be spent at Kiev visiting the city and its institutions and monuments, as well as gaining an impression of the republic of which it is the metropolis.

The official seat of the Ukraine Soviet, however, is Kharkov, best known, perhaps, on account of its celebrated fairs. The city was founded in the middle of the seventeenth century and soon became important to Moscow as an outpost against the Tartars. After the Tartars had suffered defeat, the place took on new life as a center of trade. If we have not thought of it before in Russia, we appreciate now, as we leave the station at Kharkov, that the new street names of the Soviet are much easier than their predecessors for a foreigner to pronounce. Eastward from the station are two main parallel streets known previously as the Blagoveshchenskaya and Yekaterinoslavskaya. Now they are Karl Marx and Sverdlov Streets.

The chief museums of Kharkov are the Agricultural, the Archeological, the Museum of the Free Ukraine (contains exhibits illustrating the history of the city), the Museum of Ukrainian Art (cloth, ceramic and wooden articles), and the All-Ukraine Social Museum, which illustrates the productive powers of the republic and other Russian states, as well as objects of historical interest. The former university has

A SUMPTUOUS VILLA AT GAGRI, IN THE CRIMEA

become the Institute for People's Education, and some of the treasures of its library have been carried away. Formerly, there were nearly three hundred thousand volumes in this collection.

In Kharkov we see modern apartment houses, which indicate the Soviet desire to encourage communal rather than individual home-making. In a rough manner, they might be said to resemble the American family hotel. In some of these apartment houses, children may be left between six o'clock and midnight in what are known as "evening nurseries" and cared for while parents are attending the meetings of their unions or clubs, or going to the theaters. Shortly before he died, Lenin declared that Soviet Russia had done more for woman in establishing her equality with man than had been done by "democratic countries"—meaning America—in

over a century, altho it had been at work less than ten years.

Southwest of Kharkov is Poltava, recalled as the scene of a great battle between the forces of Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, which resulted in establishing the position of Russia in Europe. Poltava formerly had a big commercial fair during the month of July. The so-called Mound of Swedes marks the burial place of the Swedish dead in the great battle and dominates the town.

We return to Moscow from Kharkov by the main line and prepare for our departure from Russia. Much remains to be seen, and we may feel that we have had only a glimpse of what was the former empire. But we have seen the great centers of population and are enabled to form a better estimate than ever before of this vast country and its people, of the complex problems of government and the ever-present paradox that confronts us wherever we go.

Perhaps a few days remain before our departure, and while we can barely expect them to give us a better understanding of conditions and realities in the country, they may be spent in pleasant excursions from the capital city.

Or, perhaps, instead of returning to Europe, we can continue our journey through Siberia, over the Trans-Siberian Railway, to the Pacific Ocean. Various routes offer themselves. The Trans-Siberian Railway is the longest in the world, and a trip from one end to the other formerly was looked upon as a de luxe excursion; but conditions were more inviting a few years ago than they are today. Still, a glance at Siberia from a car window is an experience that will not be forgotten. Also, it is likely to correct impressions of the country as merely the dreary and bleak home of exiles.

Siberia is a country of rivers and vast forests. According

CHARMING GAGRI, WITH THE BLACK SEA IN FRONT AND MOUNTAINS BEHIND

to the song of Igor the Brave, the Russian forests are due to the prayers of St. George. "Forests, thick forests, grow, O dark forests, over all the famous land of Russia, by the commandment of God and the prayer of George." According to folk-lore, they are inhabited by the *lyesky,* giants who have hoofs and horns. Storms in the forest are battles of the *lyesky,* and the beasts and birds are their servants, while the bear is their friend. To invoke *lyesky,* cut down a number of birch trees, place their trunks in a circle, and then put their tops in the middle.

If we have the time at our disposal, it will be interesting to go from Moscow to ancient Novgorod for a couple of days, or at least for one day. Formerly the old city was always spoken of as Novgorod the Great; but time has not

dealt gently with it, and it has dwindled to a town of minor political and economic importance. Sentiment for its romantic past, however, will continue to attract travelers from foreign lands, and they will not be disappointed with what they see in the somewhat dilapidated town of the present time.

Novgorod was founded in the early days of the Christian era. The Veriags came here in the ninth century under Rurik and established themselves upon the site of the present Kremlin. According to the chronicles, the Republic of Novgorod sent its invitation to the Norsemen in this language: "Our land is great and fruitful, but there is no order in it; come and rule over us." Here Rurik administered the first formal government of the nation, and from a mere settlement its commerce finally reached the Volga and Baltic

THRIVING WHEATFIELDS, VINECLAD HILLS AND SUMMER CLOUDS ADD TO THE LURE OF THE ROAD IN THE CRIMEA

countries and gave it great prominence in the affairs of the region. Novgorod was victorious in its warfare with the Mongol hordes, but, for reasons of policy, cultivated friendship with the Khan of the Golden Horde. There was an ancient saying: "None can resist God and Novgorod the Great." The one-thousandth anniversary of the city was celebrated in 1862, and at that time a monument was erected to Rurik.

The decline of Novgorod as a place of supreme importance extended over a long period and was bitterly contested; but the devastating blow came when Ivan the Terrible kindled his wrath and killed sixty thousand of its citizens. There are many stories concerning the ruthlessness of the tyrant on this occasion. One that is typical concerns an archbishop, who survived the slaughter and persecutions. Presumably to flatter Ivan, or perhaps to attempt to express his gratitude, he invited the Czar to the arch-episcopal palace for dinner, and the monarch accepted the invitation. While they were dining the guards were searching the cathedral for treasure, but reported to their master that it had been removed to the palace for safe-keeping.

Then Ivan ordered the palace searched and thoroughly sacked. He reminded his host that it was silly for him to pretend that he was archbishop, because he had been deprived of his honors, and ordered him to take off his fine robes, adding that they must be uncomfortable. Ivan also informed the victim that he had thought of a new livelihood for him, a source of income that would depend upon his cleverness. He would receive from the imperial hands a dancing bear and a bagpipe, and must appear with them upon the public streets and take collections from the people who witnessed his performances. More! He also had decided

that the prelate must marry. The Czar would provide the bride, and all the clergy of Novgorod must attend the ceremony. Thereupon he had a horse brought in and announced: "Behold your bride!" The archbishop was compelled to mount the horse, his feet were tied beneath its belly, he received bells, a fiddle and a flute, and was forced into the streets to announce his betrothal. The prelate endured the degradation and survived, but the priests who were summoned to witness it were killed before they returned to their homes.

The Kremlin walls are picturesque with their round and square towers. At one time eighteen churches and one hundred fifty houses were enclosed within the walls, where there are now large vacant spaces. The chief building is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, which has six domes covered with gold and zinc. This church has served as the model for thousands of churches throughout the country, and it seems itself to have been inspired by more ancient edifices at Constantinople. The Platzk door is celebrated throughout the world and appears to have been made at Magdeburg. It is twelve feet high and is of oak, covered with forty-eight plates of bronze, each with the representation of an Old or New Testament or mythological subject. The piers of the interior are decorated with frescoes of the saints. The head of Jesus in the main dome is surrounded by angels and prophets, and doubtless dates from the eleventh century. When the artist began to paint the portrait in the dome, the legend is that Jesus appeared and said: "Do not paint my hand outstretched in blessing, but closed, for in that hand I hold Novgorod, and when it opens, the town will perish." The *iconostas* is adorned with gold and silver, and in front of it are thrones for the Czar and Metropolitan.

There are many monuments to princes and saints in this church, one of which is the silver sarcophagus of John of Novgorod. Many of the treasures, however, have been carried off to enrich the museums of Leningrad and Moscow. The icon of Mary, formerly here, is considered the oldest picture of the Virgin in Russia. She was arrayed in golden garments, decorated with precious stones, and is said to have wept real tears at the time of the fall of Novgorod. St. Sophia's domes are conspicuously prominent, even in their little city, which is said to have seventy church domes towering above the roofs of the town.

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# SEEING ITALY

*By* E. M. NEWMAN

(*Companion Volume to "Seeing Russia*)

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